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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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INDEX OF AUTHORS

		PAGE
BELL, MISS G. L.	The Ruins of the Hauran	April 105
BINDLOSS, HAROLD	Nigeria and its Trade	June 67
CALDERON, G. L.	The Wrong Tolstoi	May 129
CHILDERS, ERSKINE	Relations between Officers and Men on Active Service	May 54
CHOLMONDELEY, MISS MARY	An Art in its Infancy	June 79
COLOMB, SIR J. C. R., K.C.M.G., M.P.	The War Office, the Admiralty, and the Coaling Stations	June 27
DE MAULDE LA CLAVIÈRE, R.	Reflections on the Art of Life	April 147
DU CANE, MAJOR-GEN. SIR E., K.C.B.	The Civil Service and Reform	April 21
EDITORIAL ARTICLES	A Great Debate	April 1
	Investment, Trade and Gambling	May 1
	The Pyramid of Studies	June 1
	On the Line	April 11, May 12, June 15
ELLIS, HAVELOCK	The Distribution of British Ability	April 91
FRY, ROGER E.	Florentine Painting of the Fourteenth Century	June 112
GALEATUS	Field Guns—II.	May 26
HARTLAND, E. SIDNEY	The Native Problem in Our New Colonies	April 73
HOPE, ANTHONY	Tristram of Blent	April 165, May 163, June 165
HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.	The Evolution of the Englishman	April 136
JOHNSON, MRS. H. B.	Lady Hesketh and "Johnny of Norfolk"	May 152
MACFARLANE, H.	The Lost Art of Catching	May 142
MARDON, EVELYN J.	Trade and the Administration in British East Africa	May 72
MOORE, T. STURGE	The Defence of Reynolds	April 120
NELSON, THE EARL	The Administration of Patriotic Funds	April 51
NEWBOLT, HENRY	The Romance of a Song-Book	June 135
"PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA," THE AUTHOR OF	The Protestantism of Christ	May 98
ROSCOE, SIR HENRY E.	The Outlook for British Trade—II.	May 40

			PAGE
ROUND, J. HORACE	Companions of the Conqueror	June	91
SICHEL, MISS EDITH	Charlotte Yonge as a Chronicler	May	88
THOMSON, H. C.	The Policy of the Powers in China	June	41
WALDSTEIN, PROFESSOR C.	Recently Discovered Greek Masterpieces	May	110
WARREN, T. H., PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD	Gray and Dante	June	147
WEDGWOOD, THE HON. MRS.	Spring: A Sonnet	April	164
WILLIAMS, BASIL	Volunteer Efficiency	June	53
WOLFF, HENRY W.	German Anglophobia	April	58
YOUNGHUSBAND, CAPT. F. E., C.I.E.	Sir Robert Hart on China	April	37

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
Administration of Patriotic Funds, The	THE EARL NELSON	April	51
Admiralty (*see* Coaling Stations)			
An Art in its Infancy	MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY	June	79
Anglophobia, German	HENRY W. WOLFF	April	58
Art of Catching, The Lost	H. MACFARLANE	May	142
Art of Life, Reflections on the	R. DE MAULDE LA CLAVIÈRE	April	147
British Ability, The Distribution of	HAVELOCK ELLIS	April	91
British East Africa, Trade and the Administration in	E. J. MARDON	May	72
British Trade, The Outlook for—II.	SIR HENRY E. ROSCOE	May	40
Catching, The Lost Art of	H. MACFARLANE	May	142
China, The Policy of the Powers in	H. C. THOMSON	June	41
„ , Sir Robert Hart on	CAPT. F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.I.E.	April	37
Christ, the Protestantism of	THE AUTHOR OF "PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA"	May	98
Civil Service and Reform, The	MAJOR-GEN. SIR E. DU CANE, K.C.B.	April	21
Coaling Stations, The War Office, the Admiralty, and the	SIR J. C. R. COLOMB, K.C.M.G., M.P.	June	27
Companions of the Conqueror	J. HORACE ROUND	June	91
Dante, Gray and	THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD	June	147
Debate, A Great		April	1
Distribution of British Ability, The	HAVELOCK ELLIS	April	91
Evolution of the Englishman, The	HORACE G. HUTCHINSON	April	136
Field Guns—II.	GALEATUS	May	26
Florentine Painting of the Fourteenth Century	ROGER E. FRY	June	112
German Anglophobia	H. W. WOLFF	April	58
Gray and Dante	THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD	June	147
Greek Masterpieces, Recently Discovered	PROF. C. WALDSTEIN.	May	110
Hart, Sir Robert, on China	CAPT. F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.I.E.	April	37

		PAGE
Hauran, The Ruins of the	MISS G. L. BELL	April 105
Investment, Trade and Gambling		May 1
Lady Hesketh and "Johnny of Norfolk"	MRS. H. B. JOHNSON	May 152
Lost Art of Catching, The	H. MACFARLANE	May 142
Native Problem in Our New Colonies, The	E. SIDNEY HARTLAND	April 73
Nigeria and its Trade	HAROLD BINDLOSS	June 67
Officers and Men on Active Service, Relations between	ERSKINE CHILDERS	May 54
On the Line		April 11, May 12, June 15
Outlook for British Trade, The—II.	SIR HENRY E. ROSCOE	May 40
Patriotic Funds, The Administration of	THE EARL NELSON	April 51
Policy of the Powers in China, The	H. C. THOMSON	June 41
Protestantism of Christ, The	THE AUTHOR OF "PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA"	May 98
Pyramid of Studies, The		June 1
Recently discovered Greek Masterpieces	PROF. C. WALDSTEIN	May 110
Reflections on the Art of Life	R. DE MAULDE LA CLAVIÈRE	April 147
Relations between Officers and Men on Active Service	ERSKINE CHILDERS	May 54
Romance of a Song-Book, The	HENRY NEWBOLT	June 135
Ruins of the Hauran, The	MISS G. L. BELL	April 105
Spring: A Sonnet	THE HON. MRS. WEDGWOOD	April 164
Tolstoi, The Wrong	G. L. CALDERON	May 129
Trade and the Administration in British East Africa	E. J. MARDON	May 72
Trade, Nigeria and its	HAROLD BINDLOSS	June 67
„ , The Outlook for British—II.	SIR HENRY E. ROSCOE	May 40
Tristram of Blent	ANTHONY HOPE	April 165, May 163, June 165
Volunteer Efficiency	BASIL WILLIAMS	June 53
War Office, The Admiralty, and the Coaling Stations, The	SIR J. C. R. COLOMB, K.C.M.G., M.P.	June 27
Wrong Tolstoi, The	G. L. CALDERON	May 129
Yonge, Charlotte, as a Chronicler	MISS E. SICHEL	May 88

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

A Great Debate . Page 1

On the Line 11

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDMUND DU CANE, K.C.B.——THE CIVIL SERVICE AND REFORM 21

CAPTAIN F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.I.E.——SIR ROBERT HART ON CHINA 37

THE EARL NELSON——THE ADMINISTRATION OF PATRIOTIC FUNDS 51

HENRY W. WOLFF——GERMAN ANGLOPHOBIA 58

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND——THE NATIVE PROBLEM IN OUR NEW COLONIES 73

HAVELOCK ELLIS——THE DISTRIBUTION OF BRITISH ABILITY 91

MISS G. L. BELL——THE RUINS OF THE HAURAN (*Illustrated*) 105

T. STURGE MOORE——IN DEFENCE OF REYNOLDS 120

HORACE HUTCHINSON——THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISHMAN 136

R. DE MAULDE LA CLAVIÈRE——REFLECTIONS ON THE ART OF LIFE 147

THE HON. MRS. WEDGWOOD——SPRING 164

ANTHONY HOPE——TRISTRAM OF BLENT, XVI–XVII 165

No. 7. III. 1.—April 1901 A

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A GREAT DEBATE

ON the same day that a section of the House of Commons was engaged in a bear-fight with the police, a debate of the greatest national importance had been concluded in the House of Lords. The discussion was, in many respects, remarkable. For the most part no trace of party feeling could be discerned in the speeches. Such staunch Unionists as the Duke of Bedford and Lord Dunraven differed from the views expressed by Ministers not less decidedly than did Lord Rosebery. On the other hand, the acting leader of the Opposition and the Prime Minister were in substantial agreement. Even Ministers, though their conclusions were the same, did not think it necessary to pretend that the reasoning which brought them to these was in each case identical. No one spoke unless he had something to say, and as soon as he had said it each resumed his seat. With hardly an exception, no speaker strove for effect or indulged in rhetoric. On a subject of less interest the sobriety of the speeches might have made them dull. As it was, it served to heighten the impression of earnestness and reality. Seldom has there been a more useful or a more admirable debate, seldom has there been a clearer manifestation of the political instinct of Englishmen. It is not too much to say that the discussion was worthy of the Great Council of a great nation, and such as could have taken place in no other assembly in the world.

From the nature of the case the debate was in the main

concerned with general principles. There was no definite plan before the House, and except in the speeches of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire, and to some extent in that of Lord Wolseley, no effort was made to work out in detail the general ideas of the different speakers. All that was attempted was to arrive at the general principles which should govern the solution of the problem how to secure a military administration efficient for its purpose and at the same time consistent with the universal supremacy of Parliament. The problem is a difficult one. It arises in some form or another in every State, for the army must always be the servant of the State. But the difficulty is most acute with us. For, where the form of government is essentially autocratic or oligarchic, those in authority have commonly had some military training, or, at the worst, are not wholly ignorant of the military requirements of their country. Moreover, the Continental system of compulsory military service gives some military insight to every male citizen and makes him less impatient with the peculiarities of the soldier's mind than the English civilian is apt to be.

It follows, from the conditions of the problem, that it may be approached from two points of view. One man will think most of the improvement of military efficiency, while another will have most regard to the sovereignty of Parliament. In the House of Lords both these points of view found exponents. Soldiers like Lord Chelmsford and Lord Wolseley cared only for the necessities of the Army. To them the one thing desirable was that the Army should be governed by a soldier. And though Lord Wolseley in terms conceded that the ultimate control of military matters must be left with the Secretary of State, he conceived it possible to allow the Commander-in-Chief to appeal from the decisions of the Minister to an authority which he vaguely described as "the public." This proposal was unanimously condemned, and indeed, upon the face of it, it is unworkable. Some speakers supposed that Lord Wolseley contemplated an appeal to the

public press! Such a suggestion can only be described as farcical, and we do not think that was the meaning of the late Commander-in-Chief. To give an appeal, even to the House of Commons, would not be much better. It is enough to say that no representative Assembly is capable of administrative work, and the House of Commons is no better in this respect than its neighbours. None were more outspoken in their condemnation of Lord Wolseley's proposal than Lord Rosebery. He described it as a "great flaw in his speech." We do not differ. But it is only fair to Lord Wolseley to point out that his plan is nothing more than a somewhat elaborated version of the proposal made by Lord Rosebery last year. Lord Rosebery then suggested that the Commander-in-Chief should be invited to express publicly his opinion upon the military situation. If that suggestion had been adopted, one of two things must have happened. Either the Commander-in-Chief's opinion would have accorded with that of the Minister, and then nothing would have been gained; or it would have been different from that of his official superior, and then Parliament would in effect have been asked to arbitrate between the two.

To judge by the opening sentences of Lord Rosebery's speech, he does not appear to have altogether abandoned this idea. But he now prefers a modification of it, by which the Appellate tribunal should be a Committee of Parliament. This he advocates on the ground that it is impossible to continue "the hide-bound system of absolute secrecy and of personal responsibility to one individual." We confess that we like Lord Rosebery's new scheme as little as we like that of last year. As far as secrecy is concerned, it probably is not of much importance as a general rule. But there is already complete publicity as to the broad lines of our future military policy, and there is complete power for Parliament to inquire into the minutest detail of military administration in the past. This seems to us sufficient. That every detail of contemporary military administration should be the subject of public dis-

cussion we do not think to be desirable. The other allegation of Lord Rosebery, that too much responsibility is thrown upon the Secretary of State, we hold to be altogether unsound. Decentralisation is an admirable thing, but since Lord Rosebery admits that the ultimate power of decision must be vested in the delegate of Parliament, we are opposed to diminishing his individual responsibility by allowing him to share it with a Committee. Such a plan would greatly complicate the administrative machine, and would, besides, make it absolutely impossible, in case disaster occurred, to say whether it was due to the Secretary of State or to the Committee of Parliament. The only purpose which such a Committee could serve would be to compel the sanction of proposals by the Treasury or by Parliament not on their merits but by the sheer weight of the Committee's authority. Theoretically this might be of use in times of great national emergency, but in the present state of feeling we do not think that the hands of Ministers require strengthening. If the authorities of the War Office should be agreed that certain steps ought to be taken in the interests of the safety of the country, neither House of Parliament, and still less the Treasury, would resist their proposals or refuse the funds necessary to carry them out. We do not, therefore, think that even on this ground there is any necessity to adopt Lord Rosebery's plan, which for all other purposes would be a very disadvantageous one.

The truth is, that the object of the soldiers, and it may be of Lord Rosebery also, is to water down the control of Parliament by increasing the power of the Commander-in-Chief at the expense of that of the Secretary of State. Such an idea is impossible. The smallest part of the difficulty is that Parliamentary supremacy is the foundation of our Constitution. This we take to be the meaning of Moltke's celebrated phrase about our Government making it impossible for us ever to have an army. He saw that, since Parliament has absolute control over the money, and has thereby obtained the power of dismissing any Minister or Ministry, it follows that every

Minister must be supreme over the department over which he presides. Ministers are the agents of Parliament to carry on the government of the country; but, if their functions are to be discharged by other people, it is clear that the government of the country will no longer be carried on by the agents of Parliament. Even if this difficulty were overcome, and we were content to rearrange our Constitution for the purpose, we should not be nearly half way towards our end, for we should have as a further step to alter the national character. The fact is that, partly from historical and partly, perhaps, from racial causes, the English are essentially unmilitary. They resent the control of soldiers. They distrust military ideals. No Government that ever existed in this country was more unpopular than that of Cromwell and his Major-Generals. Its unpopularity left an indelible mark on English institutions. For many years it made it impossible to have a standing army. Even when the course of events made it necessary to concede that much to the military necessities of the time, it still remained a maxim for centuries with all politicians that as little power as possible must be granted to the soldiers, that their business was to fight our wars, and this being done, that there was little or no place for them in the body politic. We do not think it necessary to defend this attitude of mind. Like most popular feelings, it is largely unjust, but also, like many popular feelings, it is based to some extent on a true conception. Politically, using the word in its largest sense, the domination of the military idea in a State is calamitous. It tends, we believe, to destroy individuality and adaptability, and is a serious menace to individual liberty. In saying this we are, of course, not imagining the possibility in England of any attempt at military despotism—for us the very word *Emperor* has lost its meaning—we are thinking of a social and political danger of a far more insidious kind. If, on the whole, we have the freest national life and government in the world, and if we have acquired enormous territorial possessions by the initiative and tenacity of our people, we believe that

those results are to some extent due to our freedom from the bondage of militarism.

The general principle upon which we have insisted was conceded by almost all the speakers in the House of Lords, and since it was therefore admittedly impossible to make the military administration independent of civilian control, the only question that remained was how best to accommodate the two. This was reduced to the relatively narrow question whether there should be in the War Office one supreme military official without whose assent nothing should be done, who alone should have the right of making official proposals to the Secretary of State, or whether there should be several co-ordinate officials, each supreme in his own department and each directly subordinate to the Secretary of State. It was round the two Orders in Council of 1888 and 1895 that the discussion principally turned. The earlier Order had settled that the Commander-in-Chief should be the sole military adviser of the Secretary of State. The Hartington Commission had gone to the opposite extreme. It recommended the complete equality of several superior officials, going so far as to abolish the office of Commander-in-Chief and substituting for it that of Chief of the Staff. By the Order of 1895 a compromise was carried out. The office of Commander-in-Chief was retained, but four other military officials were put in direct relations with the Secretary of State. Over them the Commander-in-Chief had no control, though it was still his duty to supervise their work and, if he thought right, to make to the Secretary of State any recommendations thereon that seemed good to him. We agree with Lord Salisbury that the difference between the Order of 1888 and the present arrangement does not seem to the civilian mind to be a large one. It is said that under the Order of 1888 it was easier to bring home to some individual responsibility for any failure that occurred. The theory appears to be that, since the Commander-in-Chief had to advise the Secretary of State on all military matters, he was the official responsible if anything went wrong in any

military department. A responsibility so extended as that is very little worth having. It does not materially differ from the constitutional responsibility of a Minister over all the details in the administration of his office. In point of fact, it is useless to expect from human nature a knowledge and an energy which would enable any one man to deal with so vast a quantity of detail, and since every one in his heart recognises that this is true, the theoretical responsibility ceases to have any actual signification, because no one would wish to see it fully enforced. Under the existing system it is, no doubt, difficult to say that a failure in military operations, for instance, arose exclusively from the defect of one department in the War Office. Still in some cases this can be done, and then the responsibility of the individual who has charge of that department ought to be a real one. Experience shows that even in such cases the value of personal responsibility may be easily exaggerated. After a failure has occurred, and the first burst of indignation has passed by, Englishmen feel that to punish an official who has done his best, however indifferent that best may have been, verges on the ungenerous. This we take to be the explanation of the indignant protests aroused by what is called Lord Lansdowne's attack upon Lord Wolseley. Men felt that Lord Wolseley was a soldier with a great reputation, who had served his country well, and if towards the end of his career he had not shown to the full the energy and foresight which he once possessed it was ungenerous to tax him with the disasters of which this was only one of many causes. The sentiment may not be strictly logical, but expediency, not logic, is here the test, and from the practical point of view this feeling exposes us to little danger. The only object of punishment is to encourage the others, and in such employments as that of Commander-in-Chief a man must be singularly—we had almost said inconceivably—unfitted for his post if the fear of disapprobation at some uncertain future time is the only thing that makes him do his duty. Such possibilities as the negligence of officers in the field, or their disobedience to orders,

or disloyal failure to support each other, belong to a different category, and should, we agree, be guarded against by simple deterrents unflinchingly administered.

The only other advantage said to be possessed by the system established in 1888 is that under it the position of the Commander-in-Chief was of greater importance than it is under the Order of 1895. The meaning of those who take this view seems to be that, if the office of Commander-in-Chief is rendered of great dignity and importance, he will be more likely to defeat the civilian Secretary of State in the perpetual conflict which they conceive to be the normal result of the working of the War Office. They also suppose that by entrusting the Commander-in-Chief with the nominal control —for it can be nothing more—of all branches of the military service he will be enabled to direct the Army completely according to his wishes. We differ on both points. Though, as we have explained, we believe it to be essential that the ultimate decision of military matters should be left to the Minister, we do not mean that he should decide them contrary to the advice of his military experts. The administration of the Army can only be carried on effectively if the relations between its military chiefs are such that they are normally in perfect agreement, and, if that is so, from that point of view the dignity and importance of the chief military adviser are not of essential moment. As to the other suggestion, nominal control is of no use. To overwhelm a man with duties is to destroy not only his responsibility but also his power.

For these reasons we do not regret that the Government has provisionally determined to adhere to the arrangement of 1895. Lord Roberts and Mr. Brodrick believe that they can carry out the great changes that have been announced with the present machinery, and we feel confident that, if they cannot be carried out under the Order of 1895, they will be equally impossible under the Order of 1888. The truth is, that in the Army as in the law, and as in many other institutions of Govern-

ment, it is not the machinery that matters so much as the men.[1] Unless you have good Judges, no code of law and procedure, however admirable, will work satisfactorily; and unless you have a competent Secretary of State and Commander-in-Chief, it matters very little what functions you assign to them. Certain improvements are to be made, but all that can be hoped from improvements in administrative arrangements is that the men employed may be more able to make good use of their energies. No polishing or lubrication will enable machinery to develop greater energy than is imparted to it by its motive power. Where that motive power is a human being, he may exceptionally be so gifted as to enable him to carry out his will whatever the defects of the means at his disposal. With ordinary men there is, doubtless, a danger that their efforts will be exhausted in making the machine move before they have done anything with it. The great objects, therefore, should be simplicity and division of labour, summed up in the present controversies by the word "decentralisation." If that can be secured, we do not think that the War Office will prove to be a worse administrative machine, whether under the Order of 1888 or under the Order of 1895, than the other departments of Government. This was the obvious meaning of the concluding words of Lord Salisbury's speech, and it is only ignorance or prejudice

[1] Lord Wolseley himself unintentionally supplied a strong corroboration of this argument. Towards the conclusion of his first speech he said: "It may be reasonably argued that 'if our present army system is so bad, so unlike that of the great military nations, how were we able under it to despatch the large army to South Africa we so lately sent there in such a satisfactory manner'? The answer, my Lords, is a simple one. No army system, however bad it may be, would be allowed to stand in the way at such a time by officers like those of whom the Headquarter Staff of the Army consisted in 1899. . . . . All worked hard day and night, and all were determined that the Army required in South Africa should be despatched from England without a hitch, system or no system. But in so doing they were not helped by the new army system. If ever the history of what then was done is fully written, the country will realise how much it owes to those officers and how little to the . . . . system under which they were supposed to work."

that can see apathy or cynicism in such an opinion. If it were possible to construct an administrative machine which would work equally well whether its chiefs were able or incompetent, differences in the details of its arrangement would be of vital importance. But so long as society and its institutions depend on the characteristics of human nature, we believe with Lord Salisbury that national success depends mainly on the character and ability of the men who serve the State, though it is right that care should be taken to prevent their work from being hindered by unnecessary administrative complications.

ON THE LINE

THE charm of the pages that follow it is well suggested in the title chosen by Mr. C. D. Roberts for his latest book, **The Heart of the Ancient Wood.** (Gay and Bird. 6*s.*)—Forest Dukes—Forest Lovers—Children of the Forest—forests, to the limited number of those who love them, are fascinating as islands are to the majority of readers. Bitter tongues drive Kirstie, a deserted wife, from her native village to a clearing where she lives alone with her little Miranda. Mowgli, of "The Jungle Book," was clearly the boy Miranda should have married; they have the same brotherhood with beast and bird, the same elfin quality of still demure wildness that Sir Joshua depicted in Puck and Robinetta. Mowgli being of a different continent, however, she is wooed and won by a mighty hunter, who tracks her down relentlessly as he would a fine deer. The dramatic moment of conflict between Miranda's love of old Kroof, the bear, and her new love of Dave, the hunter, ends this beautiful idyl just where it should be ended. The author—like the author of "Walden"—must surely number a tree among his ancestors.

It is a far cry from these sylvan solitudes to the little life of the old-maidenly household described by Mary Findlater in **A Narrow Way.** (Methuen. 6*s.*)—An old maid is an excellent foil to a young maid (especially in the city of Edinburgh), and the young maid of Morningsfield Terrace, whether submissive

or in gentle rebellion, delights the reader at every turn. The story is—that there is no story. Catherine is not even allowed to go to a Shakespeare Reading with a widower. She is not allowed this, she is not allowed that; she has to wear a waterproof; she is not supposed to walk alone; yet she is never even discontented for more than five minutes at a time, nor does it occur to her to think of that "Duty to Herself" which some young ladies find more attractive than the other two prescribed in the Catechism. She is a welcome change from the usual heroine just because she is quite unheroic. Her head is strong as her heart. Common sense governs even her charity—the last thing that it governs as a rule; yet she is never cold. She weds her widower at last after many difficulties, none of them of her own contriving; and she becomes the mother of "a very nice, ordinary baby." The characters are drawn with quiet, subtle humour. They never surprise, except as living men and women surprise us when we cry, "Oh, how like them!"

M. Bergeret à Paris. Par Anatole France. (Paris. Calmann Lévy. *3fr. 50c.*)—M. Anatole France is certainly the "Chef" of literature. No one else can dish up contempt with such delicious sauces, or invent such subtle flavours, or make cynicism so tempting to the palate. He mingles the unction of Renan with the satire of La Rochefoucauld—with that great aphorist's gift for profound epigram. But the qualities which go to make up Anatole France are too delicate to be touched by any words—unless they could be his own. If at one moment he is a cynic, at another he becomes idyllic, almost Virgilian: in his descriptions of a landscape, for instance, of the shape of a tree, or the bookstalls on the Quays.

M. Bergeret in Paris is as fascinating as M. Bergeret in his provincial University town. Everywhere he is the same suave, terrifying critic of life and manners—the philosopher whose indulgence kills by its severity. But we feel happier about

him in this volume than in the previous ones. He is living peacefully with his dog, his daughter, and his sister Zoë—"esprit positif," who, compared to himself, is a man of action. One of the most charming passages in the book is that in which M. Bergeret and she, in their search for a house, revisit the home of their childhood, and recall their parents' visitors and the look of the drawing-room clock, whence "Spartacus, les bras croisés, jetait un regard indigné." But the fine flower of his irony comes out best in the company of men, and when he is facing a crowd, a political party, or any other exhibition of collective banality. On these occasions his wit and his diagnosis of mediocrity cause positive dismay. The portraits of M. Bergeret's acquaintance are exquisite, sardonic, inimitable in their discretion. So is the description of the crowd waiting at the railway station to see the President depart on a short journey—and of all the bourgeois in flys, with parcels in their hands, who "manquaient leurs trains avec déférence."

Many of M. France's pages are filled by his comments on current matters; on l'Affaire, on the character of M. Méline and other Ministers, on the royalists and the socialists. His pen unerringly probes every foible, and there is no more brilliant piece of sarcasm than the quotations he reads out from his newly discovered sixteenth-century satire, "Les Trublions," a masterpiece of Rabelaisian style. But if any one inquires who the Trublions were, we can only reply like M. Bergeret to M. Goubin: "Qu'il le saurait par la suite, et qu'il était bon de lire un texte avant de le commenter."

Shifting Scenes. By Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B. (Murray. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—We confess to having begun this book with misgivings: the recollections of so distinguished an Ambassador could not fail to be interesting; but we doubted whether they would be best printed in the form of an interview with Mr. Whiffles, the supernatural little gentleman who sits on a man's feet in the small hours and describes himself as "The Reporter." We had not gone far, however, before we acknowledged the hand of

the artist, to whom alone it belongs to choose the form in which he will work. Mr. Whiffles has a real purpose, and completely fulfils it; not least during the very interesting narratives towards the end of the book, when he almost drops out for a time. The volume is short and light, but there is a good deal to be read between the lines. Among many good stories and some discreet revelations—which we shall refrain from quoting—there is throughout a strong woof of geniality, good sense and straightforward piety. The reader will agree with M. Desbarolles, the palmist, who, when told that his visitor was in the diplomatic service, replied, "Eh bien, Monsieur, je ne puis que féliciter votre gouvernement."

Studies in Peerage and Family History. By J. Horace Round. (Constable. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)—We are justly proud of our ancient and honourable peerage. Unfortunately there have been members of it who in striving to appear more ancient have succeeded in becoming less honourable. We can forgive them—even their own descendants may almost forgive them—for their fraud or credulity, since they have unwittingly procured for us the pleasure of reading Mr. Round's book. It is a collection of speeches for the prosecution, and no *cause célèbre* or detective story could be more absorbing. Perhaps the best single instance is the case headed, "Our English Hapsburgs: a Great Delusion," in which Mr. Round, like another Sherlock Holmes, exposes stage by stage the well-known pretensions of the Earls of Denbigh; showing not only that their claim is not true and could not be true; not only that it is a late invention and supported by forgeries; but even when and how, and for whom, and perhaps by whom the forgeries were prepared. But to the antiquary who loves truth the whole book is a skittle-alley of delight, in which Heralds and their rules, "X." and Mr. Fox-Davies, sham Normans and bogus Stewarts, are bowled over with a perpetual rattle. At this rate we may live to see genealogy restored to its place as a branch of social and historical science.

Canada under British Rule. By Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s.*)—In reading this plain and sober handbook we are struck with the tone of quiet assurance which seems to mark the Canadian point of view. The restless anxiety to be noticed and appreciated at the full value, so characteristic of Nationalist feeling in France, America and modern Germany, is here conspicuously absent. Canada has arrived: she has behind her a past already long and proud, and before her a future in all probability more brilliant than that of any other member of the Empire. She does not need to advertise either the romance of her three hundred years' story or the unique interest of her political development. But they are worthy of close study by all Imperialists, especially at the present moment.

Sir John Bourinot's chapters on "Confederation" and on "The Evolution of Confederation" are particularly in point while we are following the Duke of York's Australian voyage, and looking forward—some dismally, some with good hope—to the settlement of South Africa. Canada, too, has had to meet the difficulties caused by an incomplete fusion of races, and in this as in other respects we have her example to cheer us.

> Although there is a large and increasing French Canadian element in the Dominion, its history so far need not create fear as to the future, except perhaps in the minds of gloomy pessimists. While this element naturally clings to its national language and institutions, yet, under the influence of a complete system of local self-government, it has always taken as active and earnest a part as the English element in establishing and strengthening the confederation. It has steadily grown in strength and prosperity under the generous and inspiring influence of British institutions, which have given full scope to the best attributes of a nationality crushed by the depressing conditions of French rule for a century and a half.

It is one of those Canadians of French descent—Sir Wilfrid Laurier—who has just said of the Boers, "I pledge my reputation and my name as a British subject that, if they have lost their independence, they have not lost their freedom. There is

but one future for South Africa, and that is a grand confederation on the pattern of the Canadian Confederation."

China: Her History, Diplomacy and Commerce. By E. H. Parker. (Murray. 8*s.* net.)—Mr. Parker's right to be heard is undeniable: he has been British Consul at Kiungchow and Adviser on China Affairs to the Burma Government; he has passed twenty-five years at a dozen Chinese ports, and travelled seven thousand miles in half a dozen provinces; he has resided in Corea, and visited Indo-China and Japan frequently. His book bears ample witness to this intimate knowledge of the country, but it possesses the still rarer merit of originality. It is in every way first-hand. Even in that considerable part dealing with the history of China and her past relations with Europeans, which is necessarily compiled from Chinese documents, Mr. Parker has examined the original records for himself. Such thoroughness can hardly be overpraised. It results in a book which is unlike any other English work on the subject, and will probably be a standard book of reference for a long time to come. The following passages indicate the trend of the author's opinions on the two points of strongest current interest. Of our trade, he says on p. 8:

> It is thus evident, from a commercial point of view, that the interests of Great Britain lie almost entirely upon the coasts, upon the embouchures of three or four great rivers, upon the valleys of these rivers and their tributaries, and upon the head waters of the Yang-Tsze. If this region be kept open to us, we can relegate to a second place Manchuria, Tibet and Yün-Nan.

Of the Chinese social system he tells us in the chapter on "Government":

> The Peking Government makes no new laws, does nothing of any kind for any class of persons; absorbs successful men, and gives out needy or able men to go forth and do likewise. Hence every man, be he squeezer, middleman or squeezed, has, or hopes to have, a finger in the pie. Thus there is a sort of live-and-let-live feeling all round. There are no passports, no restraints on liberty, no frontiers, no caste prejudices, no food scruples, no sanitary measures, no laws except popular customs and criminal statutes. China is in many senses one vast republic, in which personal restraints have no existence. There

is no jealousy or class feeling in the country: it is simply a question of big fish feeding on little fish, unless and until the little fish can keep out of the way, eat their way up, and become big fish themselves.

With this should be read the two most interesting chapters on "Personal Characteristics" and on "Religion and Rebellion."

Japanese Plays and Playfellows. By Osman Edwards. (Heinemann. 10*s.* net.)—Good print and twelve coloured plates by Japanese artists make this a book of attractive appearance; but its merits are far from ending there. In its pages we meet again Mr. Kawakami and the charming Madame Sada Yacco, whose acting so delighted us last year, and we learn much that is new and suggestive about the drama and consequently about national character and development. Mr. Edwards disclaims the intention of confining himself, as too many writers have done, to the feminine side of Japanese life, but this does, in fact, provide more than half his material, and the opportunity for his most conspicuous success. The four chapters called "Playing with Fire" are thus described by the author:

This is the love-story of René Beauregard and O Maru San. It does not illustrate the cynical conceit of a French dandy, æsthetically explaining and profaning love to amuse an indelicate public, nor does it demonstrate the folly of mixed marriages, . . . hypocritically served up to suit the British palate. It is the straightforward story of an ordinary attachment in the Far East.

To this we must add that its straightforwardness is balanced by its refinement. "The Scarlet Lady" is another section which shows Mr. Edwards to have mastered the art of telling broad truth innocently. He has also a gift for rendering the charm of Japanese poetry.

The Shadowy Waters. By W. B. Yeats. (Hodder and Stoughton. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)—Mr. Yeats's poem has been out some months, but for reading poetry or recommending it no one time is more suitable than another. And this is especially true of poetry so remotely beautiful as that contained in the

volume now before us. It is a tale, or rather a dream, of no possible age or country; a thing apart from all life except the life of the soul or the imagination; and yet we can believe that it might be so put upon the stage as to move deeply an audience that cared for poetry. This is no place to estimate or to praise a poet of Mr. Yeats's rank; we can only say to those who feel, as we do, that he is destined to be a great figure in a great age of poetry, "Here is a new volume by the man you know," and to save those who do not and cannot care for such things we may add the following lines, taken from the introductory poem:

I had not eyes like those enchanted eyes,
Yet dreamed that beings happier than men
Moved round me in the shadows, and at night
My dreams were cloven by voices and by fires;
And the images I have woven in this story
Of Forgael and Dectora and the empty waters,
Moved round me in the voices and the fires; . . . .

How shall I name you, immortal mild proud shadows?
I only know that all we know comes from you,
And that you come from Eden on flying feet.
Is Eden far away, or do you hide
From human thought, as hares and mice and coneys
That run before the reaping-hook and lie
In the last ridge of the barley? Do our woods
And winds and ponds cover more quiet woods,
More shining winds, more star-glimmering ponds?

Milton. By Walter Raleigh. (Edward Arnold. 6*s.*)—Professor Raleigh has done his countrymen a service: he has given them a much-needed book, of exactly the right kind and size. It goes without saying that the writing is never dull: in our judgment the history is also fair and the criticism sound. We commend to some of our newspaper critics two passages which have a bearing on the work of some poets more recent than Milton, and, alas! probably better known.

In a long poem variety is indispensable, and he preserved the utmost freedom in some respects. He continually varies the stresses in the line, their

number, their weight, and their incidence, letting them fall, when it pleases his ear, on the odd as well as on the even syllables of the line. He never forgets the pattern, yet he never stoops to teach it by the repetition of a monotonous tattoo.

Eclecticism and the severe castigation of style are dangerous disciplines for any but a rich temperament; from others they produce only what is exquisite and thin and vapid. The "stylist" of the modern world is generally an interesting invalid. . . . . Sunbeams cannot be extracted from cucumbers, nor can the great manner in literature emanate from a chill self-culture. . . . . The grandeur of "Paradise Lost" or "Samson Agonistes" could never, by any conceivable device of chemistry or magic, be compounded from delicate sensibilities and a superfine ear for music. For the material of those palaces whole provinces were pillaged, and the waste might furnish forth a city.

Truths New and Old. By the Ven. James M. Wilson. (Constable. 6*s.*)—The reasons given by the author for the publication of these sermons are interesting. They are twofold: first, a belief

that the old doctrines can be expressed in ways not out of harmony with new modes of thought, and that all new knowledge can be absorbed into the Christian faith without destroying its continuity.

And, secondly, a sense of historical obligation:

I am vicar of a church in whose porch I have placed a board with the names and dates of all the vicars for 700 years. How greatly we should value a volume of ordinary parochial sermons preached by my predecessors of 100, 200, 300 years ago in that pulpit! How interesting it would be to trace the continuity of substance and the change of form!

That is a fine idea, and one which is corroborated by the universal interest lately shown in the daily reprints of the *Times* from the news of a hundred years ago. Of Archdeacon Wilson's own views we may be sure that, whatever they may be in a century's time, they are far enough from being out of date to-day. In him the best spirit of the Broad Church lives and thrives.

It is common teaching to say that the Church is the Kingdom of God; and, of course, there is a sense in which it is true: but by that some people mean that our Church system—perhaps even that of the Church of England

alone—represents the organisation of the Kingdom of God, its ministers holding the highest rank as the delegates of Divine power. The Kingdom of God is the sum total of the hearts and lives in which the Spirit of Christ .... is living and working; and only so far as the Church is filled with Christ's Spirit, and understood to include all who are so filled, so far is it the Kingdom of God.

Of the manner in which the problems of the modern Church are dealt with we cannot here say more than that it is singularly direct and simple for work founded both on scholarship and great scientific attainment.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AND REFORM

THE Civil Service of any country is the object of a great deal of abuse. It is here made the ordinary scapegoat for all real or supposed failures or defects in our vast administration. The critic who generally derives his knowledge of it, solely from his own inner consciousness, can find no more bitter term of reproach than the word "official" which is used to denote an almost incredible degree of perverse blundering obstruction, or else crass ignorance and negligence.

But we are not always consistent in this matter. According to the humour of the speaker, information is called "official" as a guarantee of unimpeachable accuracy, or it may be used in order to hold up to scorn and contempt information supposed to be trickily calculated to deceive and mislead.

So far as my observation goes, those who desire to reform our Civil Service compare the results of our actual administration with those of some ideal one, whose characteristics are only vaguely indicated.

They do not point to any other government administration which is more successful than ours under conditions anything like those we have to deal with, or which they would substitute for ours.

My belief, is, that our permanent Civil Service at the present time will compare favourably with any that has ever existed in our own or any other country. In integrity, it is

quite unimpeachable, and in intelligence, quite up to the average, if not above it. Every human organisation whatever must of course have the defects of its qualities, and the practical point to be considered by those who propose alterations, is whether the defects overbalance the qualities, in which case a revolutionary reform would be necessary, or whether the inevitable defects must be accepted in consideration of the good qualities, in which case we have only to look for and remedy minor defects, leaving the organisation substantially as it is.

To those who desire to consider this subject fairly it is, I think, of consequence that particular attention should be fixed on one peculiar and fundamental feature of our organisation, which is perfectly familiar to everybody, though nobody seems to notice its marked effect on most of the matters in which complaints have been made now and at other times.

The *personnel* of the Civil Service is divided into two distinct parts, the first of which, though it comprises a comparatively small number of persons, is the most important by reason of its occupying all the highest and ruling posts and making the appointments to all the posts under them.

It consists of those officials who occupy their positions by reason of being members of Parliament belonging to the party in political power.

Of these, the tenure of office is quite uncertain; it very seldom lasts more than a few years, sometimes only a few months. It depends in no degree on their success in administering the departments they govern.

The other portion of the Civil Service is by far the most numerous. Holding their offices technically, at the pleasure of their political chiefs, they are liable to removal or to some smaller punishment for misbehaviour or incompetence, but subject to this contingency, their tenure is practically permanent and continuous with a right to pension on retirement from ill-health or on attaining the age of sixty.

The higher offices in the permanent Civil Service such as

under-secretaryships and offices of that grade, are filled by the personal selection of the political chiefs above referred to.

Patronage, which was till thirty years ago the channel of admission to the service, has, as regards all offices below these, given way almost entirely to the competition system, which provides by examination for a certain standard of intellectual efficiency, but fails to provide against certain other defects which may mar a man's usefulness. Entering the service generally in the lower grade of the various divisions, and remaining, with exceptions, always in the same department, they may under such conditions as may be imposed, rise through all the grades open to them, or to obtain any special appointments which are filled by selecting from among them.

By reason of the permanence of this branch of the service they must acquire considerable knowledge and experience in the work of the department they serve in—experience which is not only useful but essential to the parliamentary official above them, whose mind may be a perfect blank on the business he is to be head of. It further ensures continuity of action and guards against previous decisions being ignored or lightly set aside from ignorance of the reasons for which they were arrived at. In thinking of the great body of the civil servants, it is too common to consider only the clerical elements and to leave out of sight the large number whose duties are more practical and technical.

The political section of the Civil Service are selected by the party leader who is called on to form a government from among his particular supporters, and apparently for various reasons such as facility or power of speaking, debating power, connection with important personages or members of the party in power, the necessity for conciliating one who has a following or a standing in the country, and so on. I have never heard of administrative capacity being considered a special recommendation, and certainly, for the most part, they are appointed to the highest offices without administrative experience of any sort, and, in fact, I am under the impression

that to have any special knowledge of their duties is sometimes held to be a disadvantage. There has never been, for instance, any one appointed to be Secretary of War who could be supposed to have any knowledge of military administration, and when the propriety of appointing a naval man to be First Lord of the Admiralty is discussed the (alleged) failure of Lord St. Vincent in that position is always brought up to prove that practical naval experience is an absolute disqualification. When the office of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance was revived about thirty years ago the first holders of the office were men of military experience, for which object in fact the office, I believe, was created, and in order to secure that advantage it was arranged that the holder of that office need not be a Member of Parliament. But it was soon found convenient to use the office to provide for some political claimant, and now for many years past it has been held by men with no military knowledge whatever.

Since 1852—that is for forty-eight years—there have been twenty-one changes of the head of the War Office, and in only four cases did the same person hold the office twice—*i.e.*, seventeen were quite new to the business. The Home Office has seen nineteen changes in which two persons held the office three times, and one twice—*i.e.*, fourteen were quite new to the work. The Colonial Office has seen twenty-five changes, among whom three held the office twice—*i.e.*, twenty-two were quite new to the work. Nor is it at all common for a parliamentary Under-Secretary to become a Secretary of State. All of which shows that administrative knowledge and experience either general or particular are considered of no importance as a recommendation for the highest administrative offices.

Some weeks ago Lord Rosebery, on one of those occasions on which he appears in public and gives a direction to public opinion, remarked that we had to reform our administration "on business principles" or something of the kind. "Business principles" are of all sorts—they include even those by which

Jeremy Diddler carries on very large operations, and we must be careful how we carry these into the public service.

It is a very common figure of speech, when some official proceeding is criticised, to say that any private business so conducted would soon find itself in the Bankruptcy Court, and it certainly cannot be denied that this may be said of the whole principle on which the Government administration is carried on as above described. If we might take the Bank of England to represent the Treasury, Cunard's Company and the P. and O. to correspond to the Admiralty and three or four great railway companies to represent the Army, and it was the practice that each of these instead of being controlled by directors practically permanent, all having a strong personal interest in their companies and acquainted with their duties, were controlled by men who knew nothing whatever about them, who held their offices by an uncertain tenure, perhaps for a few months, at most for a few years; that having all being appointed because they agreed, say, on the subject of cheap beer for the working classes, they were all simultaneously liable to be turned out at any moment for no reason whatever connected with their work, but because of the views they or some of them held on the subject, say, of discipline in the Church of England, we should have a fair parallel to the administrative system which our constitution in its present phase imposes on us. In such a case it surely might be assumed that bankruptcy would be the result.

If this system had been brought to notice as an abstract proposal for governing a great country, it might perhaps have been thought to be a *jeu d'esprit* in the style of Dean Swift, or such as forms the groundwork of Mr. Gilbert's plays; but as it has grown up and we have not come as yet to any special grief under it, it has no doubt its merits and must contain within itself, or has developed, some compensating action that prevents the consequences which apparently ought to follow from its unreasonableness. I believe that compensating action to be the general efficiency of the permanent Civil Service and its

unswerving loyalty to its changing parliamentary chiefs, in accordance with which its members give the latter in succession the best advice their experience can suggest, and inform them of previous decisions so that continuity of policy may not be needlessly interrupted; they also loyally carry out the decisions of their political chiefs even if contrary to the advice they have given, and do their best to make the course prescribed successful.

It happened to me some years ago to hear two leading members of the political and permanent divisions of the public service give quite independently but within a short interval their views of the relative values of the two branches. Sir William Harcourt's remark was to the effect that if the Government of the country were left solely in the hands of the permanent Civil Service there would be a revolution in six months. Lord Lingen's was that if it were not for the permanent Civil Service the administration of the country could not be carried on for six months. Of course these opinions were expressed in a merely conversational way, and clothed in the figure of speech called hyperbole; yet no doubt there was some meaning and an element of truth in both of them, and it was simply that though the English people like their business to be done well, they also like it to be done in accordance with their own ideas, and perhaps more importance is attached to the latter than the former.

They like, in fact, to feel that they govern themselves, and having their chosen representatives at the head of affairs gives them this feeling. It devolves, of course, specially on the parliamentary official to bring before Parliament for legislation any measures which are called for by the country, or which he may think for the public advantage in connection with his department, and in framing these he must make use not only of the information and experience of the permanent staff, but of any other help and advice that he may find useful. But as regards ordinary current administration, as he is not equipped with

any knowledge of the business he presides over, he must until he has served long enough to acquire some knowledge inevitably fall under the influence of those who have it already; and in this a good deal depends on the hands he happens at first to fall into. The person he chances to rely on to put him "up to the ropes," to tell him how the office is worked, to help him as to precedents, to inform his mind as to the qualfications or official characters of the various members of the staff, must have no doubt very great influence on his career as an administrator.

I remember hearing years ago of an incident which aptly illustrates the power that must reside in the person who knows his business when brought into contact with those who do not. About thirty years ago the Government determined to settle the old struggle which used at times to be very hot between the War Office and the Horse Guards. It was determined that the supremacy of the political chiefs should be asserted. With this end in view the Horse Guards staff was removed from the separate buildings from which it derived its name, and located in the same building as the Secretary for War.

Periodical meetings of the Secretary of State, the Commander-in-Chief, and other high officials were arranged. At the first of these it was thought necessary to take precautions against the Commander-in-Chief seeming to assert or claim any special position or authority, and it was settled that the Secretary of State should sit at one end of the table as chairman, and that the parliamentary Under Secretary should place himself at the other end, so as to exclude the Commander-in-Chief from that position. This arrangement was duly carried out, but my informant, who was a member of the Government, told me that, notwithstanding all their pains, they could not prevent the Commander-in-Chief taking a very leading part simply because he knew all about the subject, and they knew hardly anything.

As regards current administration, the special function of

the parliamentary official is to watch and understand public opinion, to form his own opinion on new suggestions, whether they emanate from inside or outside the department, and to give his instructions accordingly, and generally to take care that the business of the department is carried out efficiently so far as he can judge, and in harmony with public opinion. As part of this a certain function of the political heads of department has been very much developed of late years. It is common in these days for members of Parliament to endeavour to control or influence the action of the administration in all sorts of details, small and great. At the same time that fault is found with the excessive centralisation of administration, such centralisation is almost forced on the minister by his being called on to answer, and at short notice, for any act of a subordinate, high or low, far or near, to interfere personally in every detail, and to answer personally for every act of administration, however technical.

Though often carried to excess this practice is not without its advantages. All sorts of matters come before the minister; they are, I can vouch for it, always carefully inquired into, and thus abuses are checked or brought to light and stagnation prevented, because the practices and traditions of the department are every now and then brought up for judgment, and their soundness and applicability to existing circumstances have to be established to the satisfaction of an unbiased mind, or else changed. But the practice of detail interference by members of Parliament may easily be carried to excess, and be productive of weakness and inefficiency. No ordinary business suffers such interference. How would a public company get on if the shareholders were in session for six months or more and any one of them could harass the directors by questioning the action in detail of the manager or the head of any of the branches, and how much would the clerical staff have to be increased in order to be prepared for these questions?

For the proper working of this fundamentally illogical system, in which one body has all the power but no know-

ledge, and the other has all the knowledge and no power, it is quite clear that a certain balance must be preserved. Public opinion is very uncertain in the objects it devotes its attention to, and by the nature of things is not always well directed. In such a case the parliamentary chief may have to choose whether he will conciliate public opinion at the expense of real efficiency, or take the consequence of withstanding it, and he is under great temptation to adopt the former course, especially if the Government or minister is weak and cannot afford to alienate any fraction of support. As a variation on the old saw we used to hear—"Efficiency combined with economy": the object to be aimed at may be described as "Efficiency subject to expediency."

It is somewhat remarkable that whereas the Government has been constituted expressly in such a way that the chosen of the people have all the supreme power, directly anything goes wrong or anybody thinks it goes wrong, it is set down to the inefficiency or perverseness of the permanent officials who are their subordinates. The strange doctrine is set forth and apparently believed that so soon as the minister gets seated in his office chair he becomes hypnotised by the permanent officials, that the trusted representative of the people becomes a helpless tool and a blind behind whom a number of obstructive, perverse, wrong-headed officials prevent an enlightened public from managing their own affairs as they should do. It is true that at election times, when the object is especially to discredit the politicians, the blame of every supposed administrative failure is attributed to them, so that we have, for instance, Lord Lansdowne charged with failure in such a purely technical matter as the (erroneously supposed) inferiority of our field-guns in South Africa, with which he cannot, by the nature of things, have possibly had anything to do. But in ordinary times the current belief is somewhat as expressed in the following passage in a recent letter to the *Times*:

> One wonders what comes over men when appointed to Goverment office —whether they lose all feeling as Englishmen and think that the world was

made, or the British Empire at least, that they might draw their salaries monthly and without disturbance. If any one ventures to call attention to any matter of urgent importance to the well-being, or even to the safety, of the empire, they immediately attempt to suppress him, by overwhelming him and burying him under tons of "minutes" as a rash disturber of their peace. Too often, alas! they succeed.

The *vis inertiæ* of the permanent officials of all Government departments is so great that, even when a strong, patriotic and far-seeing statesman (a combination unfortunately not often met with in the politicians of this country) is appointed to the head of a department, such obstacles are interposed to anything and everything he may suggest and desire to see carried out, if these are not exactly in accordance with the tradition and ordinary routine of the office, that he becomes at last utterly worn out, and has to give up the attempt to bring business and common-sense principles to bear upon the Government of the country; he subsides into the ordinary commonplace defender of, or apologist for, all official doings, and tries to quiet his conscience by hoping that the system may last or the peril be averted for his time.

It does not seem to occur to people who hold these views that their theory is disproved by its very absurdity. Permanent officials are met with among us, and are found to be in no way different to all the rest of the world, nor in their morals and intelligence, or public spirit as regards other matters are they otherwise than they were before they were appointed, or than others like them who have not been appointed; and yet it seems to such critics reasonable to think that in these official positions they develop into such monsters as above described, and that the successive ministers they serve are all incapable of judgment and of soft yielding disposition, easily imposed upon. It is important to observe that the parliamentary officials themselves never speak in this way, whether in or out of office. On the contrary, they invariably bear testimony to the value of the assistance they receive and the entire loyalty of the permanent staff.

We may take a few examples of defects which have recently been charged against the permanent Civil Service in order to show what is the real source of them. The permanent staff of the Post Office has come in for a good deal of rough handling because the Postmaster-General refuses to adopt certain pro-

posed improvements, in the service. The objection to most of them is found on examination to arise from their cost, which would diminish the revenue derived from the Post Office. That it should be a revenue department is clearly a matter of policy, for which successive Chancellors of the Exchequer alone are responsible, and not the permanent staff. No doubt, this principle having been adopted, it is the duty of the permanent officers to carry it out until it is reversed, and to advise their changing political chiefs from that point of view, thereby, of course, obstructing the reformers; but this is not exercising "a malign influence" due to innate perversity on the part of the permanent official; he is merely doing his duty by carrying out his orders, and the reformer, if he wants the principle to be set aside, should attack the Chancellor of the Exchequer instead of reviling his subordinates. Take again the alleged want of information of Transvaal armament, said to be due to insufficient secret service money. I believe that the officers who were blamed on this occasion had, in fact, managed to get all the information required, but the insufficient supply of secret service money is a fact, and is due to the action of former Governments in yielding to the pressure of a small clique —to Parliament itself in fact. Yet the blame of the supposed consequences was at once thrown upon the permanent officials.

The War Office, and more especially the civil side, is made the mark for torrents of abuse. I am under the impression that the organisation of the War Office is unduly cumbersome, and in some respects this could be altered by the minister, but in other respects it is largely due to the necessity for complying with the statutes which regulate the practice of audit and account and are intended to ensure the proper expenditure of stores and money and their due appropriation to the services for which they are provided by Parliament. A great deal of what is called "red tape" arises from the strictness with which these objects are fulfilled, and any facility in conducting business obtained by a relaxation of this strictness might be very dearly

purchased if it gave an opening for financial irregularities or carelessness. I venture, therefore, to think that in these matters it is the political element which is responsible and as this element is supplied by the choice of the people themselves they are themselves to blame for the shortcomings they believe they suffer from, and while people rail at this mysterious influence called "officialism" which is so mythical that nobody can fix it, but to which every politician however strong is supposed to succumb, they seldom or never bring to book the political officials at the head of affairs, though it is they who have all the power and are supposed to be responsible; a rare exception being made in such a case as the Cordite matter in 1895, only because it suited party purposes. *The trail of the party system is over it all.* The so-called responsibility of the ministers who are the heads of the great departments is in fact no responsibility at all. The worst that can happen to them if they fail from whatever cause and however culpable they may be is to lose their positions a little sooner than they otherwise would, but even this penalty is never inflicted on account of administrative failure. If the failure of any minister is such as to render it undesirable to include him in a future administration it is usual to console him by creating him a peer just as if he had won the honour by his success.

There are some who hold the doctrine that the country ought to know the opinions of its expert advisers of the various departments and should not be content to see through the eyes of the parliamentary officials, and the theory is that the Government would then be forced to do the right thing. This theory is evidently quite opposed to the one which puts all blame on the permanent official, because it reveals a suspicion that maladministration may be made possible by the views of the permanent officials being burked rather than be due to their "malign influence." But the aim is the same in both cases—viz., to throw the blame off the shoulders of the public at large which has chosen to make the Government the prize of a party system. Each party in turn has to try to get into power

by means of conciliating the suffrages of a mass of electors, who from the necessity of the case cannot be fully informed on the merits of all the important matters which a Government has to deal with, so that however good a measure may be, or however much a minister may know it to be necessary, he cannot carry it out if it is of any magnitude and especially if it costs money, unless in some way a public opinion has been created in its favour, because his party opponent would surely turn the popular ignorance against him and he might not only fail to carry his measure but endanger his hold on office.

But when the failure to carry out such a measure produces its natural effect, perhaps under some subsequent Government, the blame is most generally attributed to the negligence, obstruction, or want of foresight of the permanent staff. For instance, about 1846 the Government were aroused to the defenceless state to which the neglect and false economy of former years had reduced the country. They proposed a considerable expenditure to remedy this. But Cobden and others, with their prejudiced ignorance, so worked on the ignorance of the constituencies that they succeeded in forcing them to withdraw their proposals, so that the French Revolution of 1848, with its dangers, and the Crimean War found us still unprepared. But when the consequences of this condition of affairs developed themselves the natural failure was not attributed to its right cause, but was freely cast on the *personnel* of our army which the nation had refused to make efficient.

The plain fact is that, under the existing phase of our Constitution, nothing of great importance can be carried through, especially if it costs money, unless the country has been previously well instructed on it, and this very often can only be done by creating a "boom" or "scare."

A "boom" was necessary in order to rouse the country to the necessity of very largely increasing our navy, as has been done within the last few years, and this has, as is well known, saved us from being in the most perilous position. We have pulled through the Transvaal War by the aid of an extraordi-

nary outburst of feeling in the kingdom and the colonies which has enabled us immensely to increase the force our regular army could put in the field. We are, only now, warned by this example, increasing our artillery up to the strength it should have had even for the force originally sent to South Africa. Surely it is the politicians who are responsible for our, till lately, insufficient navy and our still insufficient army. No one would venture to say that the professional or non-political part of the Admiralty or War Office are likely to have opposed any "malign influence" or "obstructive officialism" to any suggestions for increasing our force. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that there always is a readiness on the part of party ministers to shirk the necessity for spending more money or increasing taxation,—steps always unacceptable to the ill-informed public unless it is aroused by a scare or a boom. Yet there are people who expend their energies in girding at "the organisation of the War Office," "official obstruction," and so on, when in fact it is the act, or negligence, or failure of our own chosen representatives which creates the difficulty. We might have the best possible War Office organisation, but it would be of no avail unless we had an available field-army much stronger than that which we sent to South Africa in 1899, and which exhausted our regular military strength. We fought through the Peninsular War with a War Office much less completely organised than we have at present, and need not be diverted from the main object of providing a sufficiently powerful force by allowing the cry for War Office reorganisation to be dragged as a red herring across the scent.

I should be sorry if it were supposed that because I have tried to point out that our failures are for the most part traceable to our political and party system, and not to any malign influences residing in the public offices, I wish to assert that there are no improvements to be made in the permanent service. But I do say that unless the political system is altered any radical change in the permanent system might easily make things worse instead of better. There have been

at least two very important commissions to inquire into the permanent Civil Service within a small number of years, one presided over by Lord Playfair, the other by Sir Matthew Ridley. It is hardly conceivable, if it were so vitally inefficient or actively maleficent as some critics represent it to be, that such a condition would escape notice and comment by one or both of these bodies. No doubt the permanent Civil Service has the defects of its good qualities, but these can be largely counteracted by judicious measures. The condition of permanent employment with a rising salary and a pension on retirement is a most valuable feature, but it should not be considered so sacred and be enforced so rigidly in favour of the employé as to tempt him to neglect his work or fail from want of goodwill. Nor should failure in ability in the course of service be passed over, and the development of ability should meet with appropriate reward. There are those who advocate the casting aside entirely of the principle of seniority in promotion and considering solely merit. I am under the impression that in any large business it is found impossible to ignore altogether the element of seniority on account of the dissatisfaction it would create among the staff; and, indeed, this must be the experience of anybody who has had to deal with such matters. But this does not exclude the desirability of selecting specially qualified men for special positions or of passing over for promotion those who show themselves unworthy of it, both of which principles are recognised in the Civil Service, though perhaps they are not always duly enforced.

Over-centralisation is an undoubted evil. When the War Department was formed in 1854 by the combination under one head of the duties formerly performed by the Colonial Secretary or Secretary for War, the Secretary *at* War, the Horse Guards, the Ordnance Department, the Commissariat Department of the Treasury and the Militia Department of the Home Office, the whole business was amalgamated as if it were one office. When in 1863 I took up an appointment in the Prison Department under the Home Office, I was at

once struck by the immensely greater facility with which the business of my particular department was done. The reason was that the Prison Department was like a satellite with an organic life of its own; whereas in the War Office each department could run only as part of the whole machine. It was as if an army of 100,000 men were organised as one division instead of being in ten divisions, each capable of independent action.

It would not be difficult to provide against most of the defects which can justly be attributed to the permanent Civil Service, but notwithstanding these defects I think it would be safe to challenge any critic to show us any service which has ever been more reliable, more single-minded or on the whole more efficient than ours under its present conditions. My object has been to try and show that when the public is told to attribute any great failures to a sort of supernatural influence which is imbibed on entry into the Civil Service or grows up afterwards, its attention is diverted from the true cause of such failures, and therefore it is likely to be led to apply the wrong remedies, and perhaps introduce other evils much greater than those for which the permanent Civil Service can be held responsible.

E. F. Du Cane.

SIR ROBERT HART ON CHINA

AT the conclusion of the instructive series of articles on China which Sir Robert Hart has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, he says that the only remedy for our present difficulties which much thought suggests to him is to give a trial to the Golden Rule, and "let 'Do unto others as you would have others do to you' be given an international interpretation."

But surely this admonition should have been addressed first to the Chinese; for, as regards ourselves, do we not already treat Chinamen here in England as we would wish they should treat Englishmen in China? While our representative in Peking was being attacked; when every day brought news of fresh outrages, and massacres of defenceless women and children, under circumstances of indescribable horror; when we had what we believed certain information that the whole of the Legation had been murdered; Chinamen in England were able to go where they would in perfect security, without let or hindrance, and without fear of danger. Then, as heretofore, they could come and trade as they liked, and travel as they liked; they could reside wherever they wished, and stay as long as they wished; and wherever they went, and whatever they did, their persons and their property were secure. And as it is in England so it is in India, Burma, and the Straits Settlements, where thousands of Chinamen settle of their own accord under the British flag; enjoy all the freedom and

security which that affords; engage in trade enterprises on a scale they were afraid even to contemplate under their own rapacious officials: prosper exceedingly and multiply unceasingly. In our young colonies alone are restrictions put upon them in British territory; and with some reason, for Canada and Australia are still in the first stages of their national life, and it is important that their foundations should be true and sound. Even there, however, Chinamen can count upon full security of property and person.

Everywhere, then, in the British Empire Chinamen are sure of security, and, except for special reasons in our young growing colonies (which, it may be remarked in passing, the Chinese might have built up for themselves centuries ago if they had displayed the same pluck and enterprise which our colonists have shown) they enjoy full freedom also. What more do we ask of the Chinese to accord to us? Let them give us the same freedom to travel and trade in China as we give them to trade and travel in Great Britain, India, or the Straits, and ensure to us the same security of property and person as we afford to them throughout the British Empire and the Chinese Question is solved at once.

A glimmering of this side of the question seems to be just dawning upon the Chinese, for in a recent Imperial Edict officials were reminded that there were 100,000 Chinamen abroad who were enjoying freedom and security under the rule of foreigners, and the officials were enjoined accordingly to give foreigners in China due security. If only we could see this idea drilled and driven into the Chinese official mind and Chinamen be taught that they should treat us in China as we treat them in our country, our difficulties would at once be over.

But Sir Robert Hart, perhaps because he has not left China for more than thirty years, takes no consideration of our treatment of the Chinese outside their own country: his articles refer only to our treatment of them in China. So when he says that we should do unto the Chinese as we should

like to be done unto, he means that we should treat Chinese in China as we would like Chinese to treat Englishmen in England, and that we should not insist upon the Chinese granting us extra-territorial privileges, but put ourselves unreservedly under the laws of the country, and trust ourselves to their courts of justice in the same way as we expect Chinamen to submit themselves to our laws when they come to England. "To secure a settlement," he says, "only one change is necessary, but that is a complete change, a radical change—a change of principle . . . the principle of extra-territoriality—could we but give up this relations would at once right themselves, rancour disappear, and friendliness rule instead."

Now, next door to China is another country not dissimilar to her in character, and at one time equally anti-pathetic to foreigners. But Japan has not lagged behind the rest of the nations as China has; she has moved with the times, and has thrown aside that isolation which it is impossible to maintain at this stage of the world's history. She has reformed, purified, and strengthened her administration so thoroughly that we are now perfectly willing to entrust ourselves to her Courts; we have given up our demands for extra territorial-privileges; we submit ourselves, while in Japan, to the laws of the country, feeling that the Japanese will afford us the same freedom and security which any civilised Power of the West would give; and on this condition we are allowed to trade, travel, and reside there as we should be permitted to in France, Germany, or Russia.

What more could we desire than that China should inspire us with the same degree of confidence that Japan now does: and show us some signs that, if we submitted to her laws as we do to the laws of Japan, we could be sure of proper treatment?

Sir Robert Hart accurately sums up our demands when he says: "What we want is, in a word, that our people shall be as safe and their interests receive as certain protection in China as elsewhere." But it is not encouraging to hear that "to go to

the root of the matter at once, this will never be the case till we treat China and the Chinese in just the same way as we treat any other civilised Power or people, say America or the Americans;" for how can we class the Chinese among the civilised Powers till they have followed the example of Japan and redeemed their past? Sir Robert Hart, by the interpolation of the word "other" before civilised, would apparently put them on the same footing as ourselves, but are they entitled at present to such a position? What has been the history of our relations with China?

From the beginning of our intercourse with the Chinese we have met with continual obstruction, ceaseless, never-ending opposition, culminating at times in acts of the grossest treachery. Our trade was, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, confined by them to the single port of Canton —a port at the extremity of the Empire furthest removed from the Court, and from those provinces which produced the principal articles of Chinese export, or consumed those of foreign import. Besides this, the privilege of trading with foreigners was restricted to a small body of monopolists called Hong merchants, who had not only the exclusive right of dealing with the subjects of Christian states, but were invested with the actual control over them as a barrier between them and the Government of the country. The trade was hampered in every way. Mandarins simply blackmailed our merchants, and jurisdiction of an intolerable nature was claimed by the Chinese over Europeans. Lastly, the Chinese Government conducted its intercourse with the civilised nations of the West on degrading terms of inequality, and allowed its functionaries to assume an affected superiority over the representatives of those nations in their official correspondence.

We made many efforts to remedy this unsatisfactory state of affairs. At the end of the eighteenth century Pitt sent out Lord Macartney at the head of an imposing mission to seek by direct intercourse with the emperor to improve the conditions under which we traded with China. But, though the emperor

himself proved friendly, the obstruction of the official ring prevented the attainment of any satisfactory results. In 1816 another important mission under Lord Amherst was sent to China, but it, too, was unable to improve the position in any way. A third great attempt was made in 1834, when Lord Napier was sent to Canton as Superintendent of Trade; but after many futile attempts to negotiate with the Chinese he died out there from sheer exhaustion.

Three great efforts had been made to come to an ordinary business understanding with the Chinese as to the conduct of our trade with them; but each had failed. The obstructions put in the way of it and the arrogance of the officials only increased, till at last, in 1840, we were compelled to send an armed force for the purpose, in the words of Lord John Russell,

> Of obtaining reparation for the insults and injuries offered to her Majesty s superintendent and her Majesty's subjects by the Chinese Government; in the second place, of obtaining for the merchants, trading with China, an indemnification for the loss of their property incurred by threats of violence offered by persons under the direction of the Chinese Government; and in the last place of obtaining certain security that persons and property, in future trading with China, should be protected from insult and injury, and that their trade and commerce be maintained upon a proper footing.

Then ensued the war which was called the "Opium war," but, which according to so high an authority as Mr. E. H. Parker, the Chinese themselves admit to have been caused by the stoppage of trade and not by the destruction of opium.

But even after the war our intercourse was still unsatisfactory. The people of Canton placarded the town with a notice in the following terms: "Now for the native Chinese and foreigners to mix together will indeed be a vexatious thing, in the highest degree annoying to the feelings. It is a matter which most deeply concerns every one of us—gentry and people, both in our families and in our estates, and can by no means be permitted." And Sir J. Davies, our envoy in China, observed that "among some in power there was a secret feeling

which rather sympathised with than disapproved of the temper which actuated the people against foreigners, and the leaders no doubt received some quiet encouragement."

Ten years later Sir J. Davies' successor wrote in the same strain of the Chinese that "their purpose is now, as it ever was, not to invite, not to facilitate, but to impede and resist the access of foreigners." Eventually the Canton Viceroy categorically refused to admit the English to Canton, or to have any personal relations with the hated foreigners, and from this cause rose the second Chinese war of 1857, in which the French also joined, and it is noticeable as typifying the attitude of the Chinese towards us that it was found necessary to insert a special clause in the treaty concluded at the end of the war that the word "barbarian" as applied to Europeans should be no longer used. Yet so ingrained was their antipathy to foreign intercourse that as soon as the British fleet had withdrawn the Chinese again resumed their annoying attitude, they sought to inflict further indignities upon the English, and it became necessary a third time to send an expedition against them. It was on this occasion that Messrs. Loch and Parkes (afterwards Lord Loch and Sir Harry Parkes) were treacherously seized and tortured by the Chinese while negotiating terms of peace. The result of this third expedition was the occupation of Peking, and the final ratification by the Chinese of the Treaty which had regulated our intercourse with them till they attacked our representatives in Peking last year.

I have made this short *resumé* of our relations with the Chinese so that we may review their attitude towards us not at one particular moment or on one special occasion, but in its entirety during a century. We have made effort after effort to regularise our relations by friendly means; but the Chinese throughout have shown themselves stubbornly unwilling to hold intercourse with Western nations as civilised nations are accustomed to deal with one another. And that they are still disqualified for treatment as a civilised Power we have Sir Robert Hart's own evidence:

That the attack on the Legations was not due [he says] to failure to understand the inviolability of the representative character can hardly be questioned . . . that it did occur is disgraceful to the Government itself, humiliating to all connected with it and a warning for all future time.

Let us then take the warning. We cannot yet treat China as a civilised Power—as we now treat her neighbour, Japan. The impediment which has always stood in the way has been the overweening conceit and obstruction of the official classes.

The isolation in which as a people they have lived [says Sir Robert Hart], the habit of considering theirs the chief of kingdoms and all others tributaries, and the intellectual pride which superiority of cult has developed in all its intensity, have combined to lead the Chinese to expect from all who approach them an acknowledgment of superiority and a submissive tone and attitude.

National pride is an excellent trait in the character of a people if it is thoroughly justified and is kept within reasonable limits. But the Chinese of the present day have little to be proud of and much to be ashamed of. Japan has far more to be proud of than China has, and yet Japan treats European nations as equals, whilst China seeks to treat them as inferiors. Chinese national pride has simply degenerated into conceit, and just because this conceit has been at the bottom of all trouble it becomes the more essential for us to make the establishment of our true position in regard to them absolutely clear. The Chinese mandarin must in the first place be made to understand that an Englishman is his equal; and then we may expect security. Again, to quote Sir Robert Hart: "All the same had the Chinese officials everywhere carried on their duties intelligently and energetically, and the Chinese people been everywhere taught to treat the foreigner in their midst as one of themselves, there need have been no such trouble" as the recent risings against us.

Our course therefore is clear. We have to unceasingly impress upon the officials that they *must* do their duty, and teach the Chinese people to treat us in China as we treat them in England.

And in my opinion we should do well to concentrate our attention and our efforts upon impressing that one point alone upon the Chinese. We often talk about setting up a stable government in China; reforming its finances, reforming its army, reforming its navy, reforming this, that and the other. But I personally am no greater believer in extensive reforms in China than (I should gather from his article) Sir Robert Hart is; and it always appears to me childish to talk of them as many Englishmen do. Even men who have lived long there, and members of Parliament who ought presumably to have some knowledge of the conduct of public affairs, recommend long lists of reforms which they say we must carry out in China. The entire revenue system of this the hugest Empire in the world must be radically changed; the administrative machine re-organised throughout; and the army and navy placed upon an altogether different footing. If any of those who glibly advocate these extensive measures had had practical experience in reforming an Asiatic state they would realise how futile were their aspirations. In India we have over the native states an influence which we may perhaps never possess over China; and yet there we do not even attempt to carry out such huge schemes of reform as are so confidently advocated for China. In one of the native states over which I have recently held political charge, my predecessors for thirty years advocated the construction of a single metalled road, and it was only when the old Chief died that the road was made. Throughout his lifetime he contended that what was good enough for his forefathers was good enough for him; they had always ridden horses, and not driven in carriages, so he would ride too, and no road was therefore necessary. But, it will be said, the Chinese are not so backward as this conservative old Rajput Chief, and the Viceroys on the Yangtse are most intelligent and progressive. So was the Prime Minister of another state in my political charge. He was an uncle of the Chief; he had been Prime Minister for twenty-five years: no man had greater power and influence in the State than he

had; he could speak English; he read the English papers every day; he realised the backwardness of the State; he saw most clearly where reforms were needed; he ardently desired to see those reforms effected; and he knew he could count on the support of the British Political Agent in carrying them out. At the same time the Political Agent, because the State had run hopelessly into debt, had absolute control over its finances. Yet even under such favourable circumstances as these reforms have been very, very slowly effected. One of the most urgent was the reform of the army, a useless and expensive rabble for whose maintenance there is absolutely no necessity in present day circumstances. Yet to this day that army remains almost as useless an encumbrance as ever to the State. The dignity of the chief is hurt by any reduction in its numbers: the officers and men consider they hold their positions by prescriptive hereditary right; and, if it is suggested to them that they should do some useful work and gradually replace the police, not only do they themselves protest against being used for such an ignoble purpose, but the police officials also beg that such worthless men may not be put in their charge. I see no reason to believe that it would be any easier to reform the army of China than it has been to reform the army of this Indian Native State. And those who desire an example nearer home may reflect on the difficulty we find in reforming our own army.

One other lesson we may learn from our Indian experience with Native States to show how great are the obstacles which every long-standing arrangement puts in the way of re-arrrangement. It has frequently happened that during the minority of a Chief, the administration of a Native State has come directly under the control of a British Resident or Political Agent, and that under his guidance, measures of reform have been introduced; the police, or the army, or the revenue system has been re-modelled and a thorough attempt has been made to place the administration on a business footing before it was handed over to the Chief on his attaining his majority.

But it has been our experience that if too large a measure of reform is attempted, if we seek in a short space of time to effect great changes, chaos instead of improvement ensues. An administration is formed of a large number of individuals, and the character of the whole must depend upon the character of those individuals. If they are corrupt, and, by nature and training, opposed to change, it is not of the slightest use to expect that an honest and progressive administration can be formed of them. Strong outside influence may give an impetus in the desired direction and may guard the administration from taking a wrong one. But no power on earth will make a sound building out of bad materials. Until the materials themselves are improved no good edifice will be erected.

Advocates of reform in China seem, however, to have vaguely floating in their minds, ideas of what we have accomplished in Egypt, and in the portion of India which is directly administered by British officials. But in those cases we have the country in direct military occupation; we are able to impose our will, and in the highest positions of the administration we place the ablest Europeans we can find. What we do in fact, is to bring sound materials from outside, put them in the most important places in the edifice, and keep them there by the outside pressure of our military force. We should err greatly in comparing China with Egypt or the British Provinces of India. It is only with the Native States of India which are still governed by their own rulers that China of the present day can with accuracy be compared. And if in these Indian States, with a population averaging between three and four hundred *thousands* of inhabitants, it is impossible to affect large reforms in a short time, what can we expect to accomplish in China which has a population of three or four hundred *millions* of inhabitants, and over which we have nothing like the political influence we possess over a Native State in India?

Progress and improvement if they are to come at all in China, and if they are to be worth anything, will I believe

come by the process of imitation rather than by that of coercion. Any forcing of reforms upon the Chinese by foreigners is, moreover, just as likely to set them against us as to produce progress. Here again an example from our Indian experience may give us help. For many years the ruler of one of the most conservative Native States had steadily resisted the advice of successive Residents to improve his administration and had only grown more sulky the oftener advice was proffered him. But when he attended the great Durbar at Delhi, where all the Chiefs of India were assembled to hear the Queen proclaimed Empress of India, he realised for the first time what a number of other chiefs there were as great and even greater than himself, and that many of these were advancing far ahead of him. Then he saw clearly how backward he was; and on returning to his State he set to work of his own accord to imitate the progressive chiefs. What the advice of a British Resident had never been able to accomplish the opportunity for comparison effected in a few short days. So it may be with China. As she comes out into the world and realises that she is not at the head of the universe, but very far behind even her despised little neighbour, she may attempt to imitate Japan. We read accounts even now, indeed, of progressive Chinese officials and young students going over to Japan to study for themselves. And in this way only lies the hope for China.

In the meantime while China is learning her lesson our wisest course would be to curb our inherent craving for reforming the administration of peoples we very imperfectly understand; and to concentrate our attention upon the more important and legitimate business which has been defined above, that is merely of ensuring that we are treated with the same respect we show to others. I would go farther than this even, and would say that having focused our attention on this one object, and eliminated other distractions from our field of view, we should direct our thus concentrated attention upon achieving our object in that part of China in particular, which, because of its

accessibility to our sea-power, we have come to regard as specially under our influence.

I notice that the Russians proceed on this system of concentrated and persistent effort, and for years I have watched the work of their consul in Chinese Turkestan and marked the gradual spread of his influence. When I arrived at Kashgar in 1887 he had only recently been established and Russian influence was small. Even a few years later a Russian merchant, whom I had met in a distant part of Turkestan, was thrown into prison by the Chinese and barbarously treated. In 1890 and 1891, when I again visited Kashgar, Russian influence was growing rapidly. And at the present time I hear it is incontestable. Year by year the Russian Consulate had insisted, on every little point, that their treaty rights should be observed to the letter, and the Chinese officials have been taught by many a sharp experience that whatever else they do they must fully respect the rights of a Russian subject. So important, indeed, have the Chinese learnt to regard this consideration that they look upon an ability to preserve friendly relations with the Russian Consul as the chief qualification for the post of Governor of Kashgar. No governor who cannot "get on" with the Russian Consul is now appointed to that place. At the same time the consul, so far as I am aware, has never attempted to affect or to recommend reforms, or to interfere with the purely internal administration. But the one single object which he has persistently sought to attain, and which he has incontestably attained, is the respect of the Chinese for the rights of Russian subjects.

Similar results we might well seek to attain in those parts of China which are as accessible to our influence as Turkestan is to Russian influence. I doubt if we shall ever effect very much from Peking itself, for the capital is distant from the points where our power can most easily be made felt; and besides this our representative there lacks the inestimable advantage of personal contact with those in whom the control of affairs really lies. Though at European capitals our

ambassadors can and do discuss important matters personally with the rulers of the states to which they are accredited, and with the principal ministers; in Pekin our representative is only on a very few occasions, and as a great favour, allowed even the privilege of making a ceremonial bow to the Chinese Emperor; he has no opportunity of discussing business, however important, with his august Majesty, nor even with the chief ministers of the empire; but has to carry on business with a board of inferior officials called the Tsung-li-Yamên. Under such circumstances we have no means of keeping our relations with the Chinese on a satisfactory footing; they must be constantly liable to the violent disruptions of last year. In the Yangtse region, however, we are better placed. There the Chinese officials have the best means of judging of our status and forming an opinion as to whether we are or are not their inferiors. As a consequence they did during the recent crisis show some respect for our rights; they did do their duty, and by so doing prevent the spread of that outburst which arose against us in North China where our influence is less felt, and we are consequently less respected. At Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow and other treaty ports along the river, our navy is always *en evidence;* and at the critical period we were able to land Indian troops. It was thus possible to bring before the eyes of the Chinese our two great sources of strength in Asia, our navy and our Indian army; and, what was equally important, our officials were able to keep in close personal contact with the Chinese officials who directed affairs in the region—the Yangtse Viceroys—instead of having to deal with underlings. Our Consul-General at Shanghai with the British Admiral beside him, and the fleet and Indian troops behind him, could talk the situation over personally with the great Viceroys who have such power and independence in China. It never, therefore, became necessary to resort to active military measures in the Yangtse region, and our interests were preserved without the use of force.

For these reasons I think that, having concentrated our

attention on the simple, single object of securing respect from the Chinese, we should, in practice, seek to carry out this object, chiefly and more especially, in the Yangtse region. Here lies our opportunity. Here we can bring ourselves into contact with the Chinese officials on terms which command respect, and the chance is given us of using that genius for impressing Orientals which is the secret of our influence in Asia, and which has so often been displayed by our representatives in China.

In the Yangtse region by the presence of our fleet and the proximity of India we can ensure respect; and by the opportunities afforded for exerting personal influence we can create that friendliness which Sir Robert Hart rightly considers as more important than progress. Upon these foundations our position in China must rest.

It will remain with the Chinese to decide whether they will rouse themselves to imitate Japan, come into line with the civilised world, and treat foreigners as civilised nations have learned to treat each other: or whether they will permit their country to sink into the ignominious position of a protected State.

FRANCIS EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF PATRIOTIC FUNDS

AT the conclusion of a great war many questions are brought under consideration with grave interest to all who have been nearly affected by it; and with lessons to be learnt for future guidance which many mistakes and shortcomings have brought prominently to our notice. But I venture to think that none are of more importance than the provision to be made for the support of the widow and orphan, or for the help of those incapacitated by wounds, and at all times for the care of the wives and families of those who have gone out on foreign service. The War Office directly and by help of the Soldiers' Effects Fund, and the Admiralty through the Greenwich Hospital Fund, already make some provision to meet such cases, and the Government are pledged to bring out a scheme of pensions for widows of all below the rank of officers losing their lives in or by war service, officers' widows and orphans being already granted, under existing regulations, special war pensions. This is just as it should be, but the idea that many entertain that this would enable us to put an end to all charitable assistance is a most delusive one.

When a great war or famine, or other great catastrophe, occurs, it is neither possible nor desirable to restrict local effort; there must ever be a necessity for supplementing any Government scheme of allowances; peculiar circumstances of distress must produce calls for more help than any general scale of

Government allowances according to rank would afford; again, a Government scheme could hardly recognise the widows of those married without leave, or those married contrary to law, and in such cases the careful management of charitable funds would be able to meet many sad cases which the necessary adherence to regulation of a Government department would leave out in the cold.

But although we do not desire to check charitable efforts, we do very much desire to regulate them, and to prevent that overlapping which has been such a grievous evil in dealing with the Transvaal War cases, resulting, not only in an extravagant waste of funds, but in the demoralising effects of indiscriminate charity upon the recipients.

During the great war with Russia an endeavour was made to regulate the distribution of such charitable funds, and as far as it went, in reference to the distribution of the moneys entrusted to the Patriotic Fund Commission, it was a great success. Under the presidency of Prince Albert, who took an active interest in the work, and by the help of such men as Lord St. Leonards, Admiral Lord Colchester, the Right Hon. Henry Corry, and others, and with the able advice of Mr. Hubbard (afterwards Lord Addington) as to financial investments, a very sensible scheme was put forth and carefully acted upon.

It is noteworthy that in the original Commission, in addition to the names of the Royal Commissioners, the following were named as Commissioners in Aid, thus embracing all parts of the country in the collection and distribution of funds: Lord-Lieutenants and Sheriffs of counties, Lord Mayors, Lord Provosts, Mayors, Provosts, Bailiffs and Bailies for the time being of cities, boroughs, and corporate towns; and the desired effect was obtained, for there was very little, if any, overlapping, and a generous and prompt response to the appeal for aid came from all parts of the Empire, the large sum of £1,466,000 having been handed over to the management of the Commissioners. This has enabled the Commissioners to

help in the education and support of 6000 children, and to give suitable allowances to over 4000 widows, over 1000 of whom are still receiving assistance.

Many special funds were raised by *different Committees*—the *Captain* Fund, the *Eurydice*, the *Zulu War* Fund, the *Atalanta* Fund, the *Ashantee War* Fund, &c., and after partial administration by the Committees were handed over to be administered by the Patriotic Fund Commissioners.

When the *Victoria* went down the Commissioners availed themselves of their powers and made a direct appeal for funds, and though there were some local funds raised at Portsmouth and Malta very little overlapping occurred, and the balances of these were paid into the *Victoria* Relief Fund raised by the Commissioners, bringing the total of the fund to £73,265. When, however, on the breaking-out of the Transvaal War the Royal Commissioners again made a direct appeal through the Lord Mayor of London, although a large sum was committed directly to the management of the Commission from all parts of the Empire, there were a large number of special funds, the collectors of which distinctly claimed local management, and refused to trust their money to the management of the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. In fact, the Commission had come to be one of the best-abused bodies in the United Kingdom. As I still consider that the original design of the Commission—carried out in all its fulness and with its powers enlarged to deal, *in conjunction* with other bodies, with the cases of the wounded soldiers and sailors and the families left behind when the husbands are on foreign service—*is the true solution of all our difficulties*, I must add a few words to explain the reasons for the general want of confidence which undoubtedly has arisen in the administration by the Commissioners. It has become almost a proverb to say, "What is in a name?" I venture to think if the Commission had been originally called a "Commission for the Support of the Wives and Children of those who have lost their lives in War," much of the present misapprehension would not have arisen. Under the

grander title of the Royal Patriotic Fund they have often been applied to for help to the wounded or aged soldier or sailor, which of course is entirely beyond their powers. Again, the limit in the original Commission that the widow must trace her husband's death to the effect of wounds received or sickness contracted during the war, obliged the Commission to decline many cases, causing great heart-burning—to say nothing of other applications quite outside the rules, and of the cases of widows whom for serious misbehaviour the Commissioners have from time to time been obliged to strike off the relief list.

But perhaps the greatest and most persistent cause of misunderstanding is the large amount of investments, and the large amount of admitted surpluses on nearly all the funds. From this misunderstanding the Commissioners have been deliberately accused of capitalising the money and only giving to the recipients a miserable pittance from the interest of the capitalised funds.

The Royal Commissioners never entertained such an idea. When the war was still raging, to make the money go farther they invested £668,000 in *terminable annuities*, and it was only after the unexpected closing of the war that, under actuarial advice, having provided enough to secure sufficient payment to all probable recipients, the Commissioners built and endowed schools and purchased nominations in other schools on behalf of the sufferers of future wars.

As to the large investments, it is as plain as A B C that if you are to secure the payment of a pension to a young widow who may (if not re-married) be on the Fund till she is eighty or more, you must invest capital to secure such payments; under actuarial advice certain sums are set apart which with the expenditure of capital and interest will secure such promised pensions to all the widows on the list.

In dealing with 4000 widows these capitalised sums must be very large.

Then, as to the admitted surpluses, these have arisen

mainly from the increased value of the investments in these later years, since gilt-edged securities have risen enormously in price.

To illustrate this, and to show at the same time the absurdity of the accusation that any have been defrauded of the original £1,466,000 entrusted to the Commissioners' charge, a statement in the 18th Report, page 6, shows that the original amount was brought up to £2,968,000 by amounts received in dividends, interests, annuities, and the result of changes in the investment, and even up to that date, 1879, no less a sum than £1,518,600 had been spent on the widows and orphans of the war. The Royal Commissioners have up to date expended twice the money originally entrusted to them, and are now supporting under their last Commission Russian War widows married before the peace. Then as to the surpluses which have been fairly won by the increased value of good investments, the Act of 1881 specially dealt with them, ordering them to be paid into a general fund, as a nucleus for sufferers in future wars. Mr. Justice Henn Collins' Committee ignored all reference to past administration, directing its consideration to the present administration of the Transvaal War Funds. It was overwhelmed by the want of confidence in the Commission manifested on all sides (to which I have just referred) and to the fearful amount of overlapping which has occurred by the attempt to deal with these matters by independent committees without any guiding authority.

I am informed that the Committee desired to reflect upon the Royal Commissioners' management of the Transvaal Funds entrusted to them. But this was a *brutum fulmen*, for whatever has been granted can only be provisional till the war is over, and the full number of widows and children and the total sum available to meet such charge are all definitely known.

It was maintained that the Royal Commissioners ought to give the widows at least eight shillings a week or ten, instead of five or six; but a rough estimate will show that continuance

even of these latter rates might lead to bankruptcy of the fund if it were not for the promised pensions by the Treasury and the War Office, and the hope that the holders of other funds will agree to work together with the Royal Commission. It is a noteworthy fact that the great recommendation of Lord Justice Henn Collins' Committee was but a repetition of a recommendation for the creation of a consultative council already made by a Committee of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, of which the late lamented Lord Herschell was Chairman, and adopted by a House of Commons Select Committee in 1896.

To avoid overlapping we must have all local committees in close accord with the central body, who must have a power of supervising their recommendations. In some way the work of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Committees should be under supervision to make their action more uniform: when large sums—perhaps in excess of their actual requirements—are given to wives in the absence of their husbands, it too often induces them to give up work which they had before willingly undertaken, and in case of their becoming widows great disappointment will be caused from the widows' pension being a great reduction from the former allowance given them as wives. I know also from sad experience the demoralising effect of giving a widow more than she had before; she too often is induced to give up work for her family which she willingly undertook. The great lesson to be learnt from these things is a complete general agreement in the distribution of funds. The funds contributed are in many cases the outcome of great self-denial on the part of the donors, and it is our duty to take care that they are not wastefully distributed. The original rule of the Commissioners was assuredly the best—to *help* those who were able to work to maintain themselves, and to give them a "living wage" in sickness and old age.

The first great lesson then is the importance of careful supervision to prevent imposition and the giving of the funds to unworthy recipients. A careful consideration of these points

may enable us in future to supplement the Government allowance and to help others outside the Government scheme; but to do this effectually relief must be given under certain general principles. The original scheme for distributing the Russian War Fund was laid down by the master-mind of *Albert the Good*, ably supported by first-rate administrators, and the principles then laid down have in practice witnessed to the wisdom of the first rules of administration. In the forty-six years work there must have been mistakes and shortcomings in the administration of the Fund, but it would be very unwise in consequence of this to depart wantonly from the original scheme. To prevent overlapping there must be some central authority to maintain sound principles of administration; subject to this, executive committees fully representing the subscribers to each division of the Funds, and in close connection with local committees should be allowed great freedom, but in all things it is essential that Charitable Funds, raised by the public often at great individual self-sacrifice, should be administered under sound actuarial advice and with a strict audit of accounts.

NELSON.

GERMAN ANGLOPHOBIA

THE extraordinary display of hostility towards this country on the part of the German press and, it is to be feared, of the majority of the German nation, which the Transvaal War brought to a climax, but which is evidently destined to outlive that war, as it has existed before it, has very naturally astonished people in England. We are absolutely at a loss to suggest any cause that we can be supposed to have given for that strong outburst of adverse feeling. We, on our side, have always studied to play the part of good neighbours by our half-kinsmen on the Continent. Willingly setting an example of the "open door," we have freely admitted them to our coasts, our markets, our colonies. Keen competitors as we know them to be, we have allowed them to carry on their competition against ourselves right in our midst. To those who have come to settle amongst us we have gladly held out the right hand of fellowship. Many of these have become part of ourselves; the remainder do not, at any rate, judge us as do their countrymen at home. We have rejoiced at their union in a strong and prosperous empire. One of our ministers has gone so far as publicly to offer them an alliance—which they themselves had previously desired—only to find that the offer was contemptuously rejected. All that our neighbours do to demonstrate their ill-will does not, it is quite true, affect the conduct of their Government, except by lending every now and then a rather brusque and even offensive tone to its com-

munications, addressed to us, but intended for "the gallery," such as Count Bülow's recent "abrupt" message. But so powerful an expression of public opinion as we see in Germany even quasi-absolute Governments cannot under all circumstances be counted upon to ignore, more particularly in times of internal crisis. And in any case an abiding "union of hearts," or friendly relations, such as we naturally desire to see established if they are attainable, are scarcely possible with a nation filled with prejudice and animosity, which not only does not hesitate to express its dislike very freely, but goes beyond that in putting, in utter disregard of the truth, an invidious construction upon all our acts, and sacrificing even the highest moral interests, as happened in the case of the Armenian atrocities, to its hatred of us, deliberately and falsely giving it out that the reports of those horrid massacres were nothing but "English lies," invented "with an object."

We ask ourselves in surprise: What can be the cause of all this Berserker fury? Envy, resentment of our haughty manner, some deep game—all these things may account for some of the feeling exhibited, but not for all that settled and continuous flood of apparent hatred which now astonishes us.

There is one reassuring feature about this protracted display of ill-will. It has lasted some time, it is true, as years go. But measured by the life of nations, it is only of very recent origin. Up to the time when Prince Bismarck set out upon his bold career of conquest and aggrandisement, so far from being hated, we were, on the contrary, looked upon with a very friendly eye, at any rate by the bulk of the German nation—by everything, in fact, that was popular in it. That nation admired our greatness, our freedom; it never grudged us so much as a foot of colonial territory. It remembered that we two had never been engaged in war with one another, except in special cases, under compulsion, and that as fast allies we had fought out together the great battles of the Reformation and those of European freedom against Louis XIV. and Napoleon. It thanked us for having helped it by our example to

re-nationalise its literature, which had become servilely French, and cherished the hope that we might perform the same service for it in the domain of politics, by enabling it to obtain for itself our coveted unity and self-government. English precedents and English customs were freely quoted by way of example and argument in Parliament, so continuously, and as such conclusive arguments, as to make even the all-powerful champion of extended prerogative, Herr von Bismarck, wince under the oft-repeated rebuke.

We have now come to the very reverse of all this. There is nothing that we can do that is not censured in Germany. Every inch of our colonies is supposed to have been virtually filched from that country, which goes on "pegging out claims," so far as it can, behind our back, in order to forestall us, at any rate on new ground, deliberately frustrating thereby such favourite schemes of ours as the North and South African Railway by means of sly interposition, and glorying in "treading on the lion's tail." Some of this animosity is no doubt designedly "put on." It is to serve the purpose of obtaining a higher price for German co-operation or consent, where such can be given, and of making us more pliant in view of German demands. In this art German politicians are known to be special adepts. Much of it also is manifestly due only to the novelty of Germany's consciousness of her own greatness. Germany has been small, and divided, and insignificant, so long that, like a young man rapidly grown to maturity, she does not quite know what to do with all her newly gotten strength. She must needs show it, and that means coming into collision with others. Under the sway of Prussian militarism people in Germany are not accustomed to measure their words. Strong language is considered "all in the day's work." The general addresses it to the colonel, as the private does, having it handed down to him through a scale of ranks, to the civilian, the first-class passenger to the railway guard, and the railway guard to the third-class passenger. That is considered merely a convenient form of serviceable emphasis.

There is supposed to be nothing in it. A gentleman now dead, at that time chief editor of the leading newspaper published in Hamburg—which city used to be so pro-English as almost to count as an English advanced post—when questioned by the present writer in 1889 upon the remarkable change observable in public sentiment, frankly replied: "We are not hostile to England. We used to suffer ourselves to be barked at. *Now we bark back.*" That "barking back" is often overdone, of course, and not infrequently indulged in without the provocation of previous barking on the other side.

Allowance ought also to be made for the disappointing discovery which dawned upon Germany when, waking up late in the day to the value of colonies, she suddenly set her heart upon acquiring such—the discovery that practically nearly all territory worth having had been already occupied by ourselves. We seemed to have forestalled her at all points. This was of course no more than might have been expected, no more than Germany would have done in our place. While Germans were fighting out their intestinal feuds—Prussians against Austrians, and Saxons against Prussians—England peacefully consolidated her power, took up commerce, conquered the world's markets, and spread out her rule over all the globe. It cost Germany not a little in blood and treasure to make good her position in the world. England seemed to have done this without any serious sacrifice that short-memoried Germans could remember—without, at any rate, engaging recently in any European war. The reflection rankled so much in German minds that the advantages which we were held to have enjoyed came to be considered as scarcely fair. We must have acted disingenuously, setting others by the ears among themselves to fight our battles for us, and resorting to the practice of scheming and intriguing which is so often wrongly laid to the charge of "perfidious Albion." When Prince Henry set out on his memorable voyage to China, armed with that "mailed fist" which easily secured for his country Kiao-Chau, but subsequently set the world ablaze with a Chinese war, it seemed a

perfect revelation to Germans that almost every port at which his vessel touched was seen to be flying the Union Jack. German newspapers went so far as to make a grievance of it. All this is perhaps very natural. But it is scarcely reasonable.

Allowance ought also to be made for a further fact which people in this country do not generally realise, because very few among them so much as suspect its existence. For centuries Germany had been divided, and therefore helpless. As it happens, it was an English king who, at the Pope's and the German archbishops' instigation, first brought this state of things about, letting in the troubles of the deplorable interregnum, "the terrible time, when there was no Emperor (*die kaiserlose, die schreckliche Zeit*)," as it is still called. Partly to revenge himself for the indignity put upon him by ambitious Henry VI., whose talk about "world power" reads curiously like certain utterances familiar to us in the present day, and who, as a step towards such "world power," made Richard Cœur de Lion swear fealty to him under duress, it was that Cœur de Lion in 1198 carried, *multâ pecuniâ*, as Roger de Hoveden has it, *muneribus et xeniis suis*, as Ralph of Coggeshall confirms, the election of his nephew Otho the Guelph—that is, the declared ally of the Pope—as German Emperor, against the popular candidate, Philip of Swabia, a scion of the best-loved of old German dynasties, that of the Hohenstaufens. Thus began the political disintegration of Germany. And our Henry III. made matters worse by placing Richard of Cornwall, once more by not quite straightforward means, upon the imperial throne. After that Spaniards and Frenchmen rushed in to compete for the crown. For a long time Germany lay at the mercy of foreigners, who, sparing their own territory, used it very freely as a convenient battle-ground or as welcome spoil to fatten on. As a matter of course France was in this respect the greatest sinner. We ourselves have, since the days of Richard of Cornwall, a perfectly clear conscience in the matter. But after the great victories of 1870 and 1871 it was thought beneath the dignity of mighty Germany any longer to

make complaint of past encroachments by her now humbled neighbour, up to then the declared *Erbfeind* (hereditary enemy). Some *Erbfeind*, it appears, there must be. Austria had, like France, been humbled. Russia, although every German realises that it is with that Power above all that serious troubles are likely to arise, must, for political purposes, be conciliated. Consequently no possible *Erbfeind* remained worth quarrelling with except ourselves. What the Germans chose to forget in connection with all this matter is that the foreigners, who, as they complain, so long held sway over them, did not come unasked. It was the German archbishop-electors who invited Otho of Poitou, it was German Maurice who gave the three western bishoprics away to Henry II. of France, and so established French suzerainty. It was German princes, ambitious of being "kings," who welcomed Napoleon, who gave them the coveted crowns. And it was the Germans' own studied worship of everything foreign in the time when *omne exterum* stood *pro magnifico*, their Josephus-like adulation of their foreign masters triumphing over themselves, which prolonged foreign domination. Whatever genuine patriots like the Great Elector might do, importuning Germans to "remember that they were Germans," many of them actually scorned to be thought so. Their princes rendered willing obeisance to French kings. They adopted French as the official language at their Courts. They aped French Court manners. The humbler people loved to masquerade as foreigners, it might be as French, it might be as "Sommerengländer." They gallicised their manners, and gallicised their speech. The Germans' worst foes in this matter were those of their own household.

But there has been a patriotic awakening, which we, certainly, are the last to resent. Germans, become powerful, carry their heads high, and show themselves as demonstratively German as Louis I. of Bavaria and his friends affectedly did in old-fashioned days when they prided themselves on being "teutsch." They have their visiting cards printed in unreadable German characters. After 1871, from pure patriotism,

they gloried in uncouth fashions in the matter of clothes and of the most oddly shaped hats. And, like Clovis, they now "burn what they used to worship," and they put the blame and odium attaching to past worship upon those upon whom as a matter of fact it was pressed. Though in the matter of dress, of domestic arrangements, of "tubbing," of feeding, of clubs and messes, and of those thousand and one little things which stand to us for evidences of modern civilisation, they freely adopt more specifically our British habits and practices, they profess to scorn whatever is foreign, and delight in paying out the present generation of foreigners for the wrong supposed to have been done by their ancestors.

However, all this would have been of only small and purely ephemeral effect had there not been a deeper and more serious cause to alter the current of public sentiment and turn past love into hatred. Like the "Boxer" movement, the present Anglophobia is distinctly "a product of official inspiration."

The German people, it ought to be remembered, have long been every bit as much in favour of national union as was its reputed founder, Prince Bismarck—indeed, very much more so, though aiming at it by a different road. For in the sixties, the time that we are now dealing with, he and his Government used their power directly to thwart and repress unionist aspirations, and actually to persecute those who gave expression to them. The bait of union and constitutional government had in 1813 been held out to Germans as an inducement to make them take up arms against their French masters. And they accepted those promises as genuine. In 1848 and 1849 they fought for those promised boons, which were still being withheld, and in the brief moment of their apparent triumph they went so far as to offer to the King of Prussia the crown of a constitutional empire to be then formed. He would not accept it on such terms. In the opinion of his successor he showed weakness in dealing with the revolution, which in consequence secured the Prussians some liberties. But a crown offered by the people he would not have. All the Prussian Government's ideas in

aiming at the restoration of German unity and greatness pointed in a different direction. The Great Elector had united the scattered fragments of his hereditary dominions into a powerful and homogeneous State by means of a strong grasp of his sceptre, and the suppression of feudal and municipal liberties. A strong central government, not constitutional evolution, was the main pillar of his "Staatsidee," his "idea of a State," which all his successors have accepted as a sacred bequest, none more thoroughly so than William I. and his minister Bismarck. Accordingly, about the sixties Crown and people were essentially at variance in their aim. The people looked, so to put it, for Victorian institutions to follow those of the Stuarts, for a diminution of prerogative, an increase of popular power. Their hope was set upon English institutions, and such they demanded. English institutions, however, were very gall and wormwood to the king and to his minister. They had a grudge notched up against free Albion already. Grateful as King William might be for the protection given to him by England when his future subjects forced him to fly his own country, his ministers could not forget that we had at the same time readily afforded sanctuary to their intended victims, the leaders of the revolution, and to all sorts of political heretics of that restless period.

Seeing what German government is in these days of reaction, it is difficult to realise what Prussia was in the period spoken of, the early sixties, when, be it remembered, a recent royal marriage had brought the recollection of things English very near to German constitutionalists. Prussia was then pronouncedly Liberal, it sent a strong Liberal majority to Parliament, ably led, and sufficiently powerful openly to defy the Cabinet and the Crown. So great was the power of these Liberals, when refusing to listen to King William's military proposals, that their Sovereign, in abject despair, resolved to abdicate.

Under such circumstances, when assumed necessity compelled the Crown to govern the country for a time in direct

defiance of the law, the perpetual harping upon British methods as desirable models must needs exasperate Herr von Bismarck. He was about, without the sanction of Parliament, to double the Prussian army and to push home all the rigours of the conscription. Such constitutional and specifically pro-British ideas as were popularly indulged in must accordingly, he thought, be mercilessly knocked out of people's heads. And knocked out they were, to our cost, most effectively, as it now turns out, and as could only be done in a country in which the power of influencing school, church, universities, and, through the official and military classes and higher society, the whole of public opinion, invests the Crown with irresistible force. By means of repression, prosecutions, and the striking effects of a brilliantly successful military policy, the Liberal party, dominant forty years ago, was rapidly crushed out of existence, not to return to anything like life even in the present day, when it is represented only by a handful of politicians dissenting among themselves. The whilom detested militarism has become the people's idol, and has triumphed to this point, that men of great attainments in science, literature, trade, or industry, glory, not in possessing such attainments, but in being majors or captains of the reserve.

The example of England must not now any longer be quoted. To discredit the typical home of the constitutionalism which German ministers will not have, the history of that country has been deliberately falsified, its army has been calumniated, its victories have been blotted out. Our army more particularly has suffered severely at the hands of foreign detractors—so severely that people in Germany now laugh at the very idea of our having an army and having obtained victories in the field. The laurels that Britons and Germans honourably gained in friendly alliance are carried exclusively to the account of the latter. It is instructive under this aspect to compare the works of German historians written before and after the Bismarckian era, say, Dahlmann, Raumer, or Gervinus, and modern Treitschke. For the systematic dis-

paragement of our "mercenary" army—so much remarked upon in our Press during the Transvaal War, but a matter of much older standing—there was, of course, very good reason. Germans must be taught to believe in their own military institutions as the only institutions possible consistently with success, and more particularly in the absolute necessity, nay, the merit and distinction, of being under conscription. Accordingly, our "mercenary" soldiers are represented as inefficient, fighting only for wages, like the mediæval German *lansquenets* and *reîtres*, "brutal" (*roh* has long been the favourite word). Our officers are supposed to be mere idle dandies. The popular historian, Treitschke, whose word is taken for gospel, will not allow even Wellington to have been a great general—anything more than a moderately good officer who managed to achieve some minor successes. Our boasted Parliamentary institutions, self-government, and individual self-reliance have been made to fare in much the same way, as gross caricatures, in the country in which patriotism demands that every one should believe implicitly in the German methods of constant and universal government interference, keeping the people in perpetual tutelage.

The German people have accepted all this new teaching. It took some time to din it into them, but it has been so dinned, and, by dint of dinning, it has for the time sunk deep into the German mind. It is assumed now that we are habitually unfair, self-seeking, and scheming, and indulging in crooked ways, that the success of our institutions is a lie, that nearly everything English is, if not downright bad, yet at any rate quite unsuited to German circumstances, and is to be belittled accordingly. And when we now complain of German methods or manners, brusquerie and the like, the habitual answer given by people who have not yet become well seasoned in the consciousness of their own greatness is, "That is your envy" (*Das ist der Neid*). For an advance so great as Germany has made is not believed to meet with due justice unless it provokes envy.

The question which we shall have to put to ourselves is this: Is this condition of things likely to last? There seems no reason to apprehend it. Prejudice and ill-will have become rather firmly rooted in German minds. It will take some time to eradicate them. But they are not indigenous to the soil. And as special influences have produced them, other more kindly influences, and, above all things, time, may be counted upon to remove them. After all, our interests, even where we are competitors, run in the main on common lines. And—among Teutons, at any rate—interests are sure to prove more powerful than sentiment. We must not make too much of that common descent which is sometimes spoken of as a natural bond, seeing that on both sides there has been a considerable infusion of foreign blood, more particularly in the present Germans, who have absorbed the whole of one of the three great branches of the Slav family, that is, the Polabians, and a considerable portion of another branch, the Poles—not, of course, without becoming somewhat assimilated in their national character to those with whom they have become fused. But our interests are in the main identical, they were never more so than now, when the very rivalry which we complain of shows that Germany has, like ourselves, become a commercial and industrial Power, therefore a Power whose "greatest interest is peace," in striking contrast with some of its neighbours. To emphasise our community of interests, which must in the end assert its influence, conflicts of interest keep announcing themselves as approaching in other quarters. Germany would rather that *we* tackled Russia, in her interest, to save her the trouble and produce the same effect. During the last Russo-Turkish War the evidence of this was particularly observable. But in any case, though the German Press observes a discreet silence on the point, people in Germany know well and admit freely at home that trouble is brewing in that quarter and will have to be faced some day. The tables will then be turned in the matter of German sympathies. Germans had not yet ceased crying out against

British "land hunger" in the Transvaal and clamouring for German interference to withstand it, when Dr. Delbrück, not an Anglophil, reminded them, in his *Preussische Jahrbücher*, that before very long they might be praying that Lord Roberts' army, actually the *only* really "mobile" in the world, might be spared to protect European, and therefore German, interests, as it alone could do, in China, against Russia. It may be held sound policy to raise the value of German co-operation by creating an appearance of its improbability, but it is not likely that things will ever be pushed beyond a certain tolerable point. And we may rely upon it that public opinion, which in Germany is very plastic, will in future be judiciously "held in hand."

Meanwhile the methods so long employed against us have, as Germans themselves remark, come to defeat themselves, and are becoming played out. On the face of it it cannot be true, as is nevertheless again and again asserted, almost in the same breath, that our power is "dangerously excessive" and that we have dropped to the position of "a second Holland," showing a bold face but internally worn out. The edge of such weapons naturally wears off with too frequent use. Those favourite predictions of our impending humiliation have proved particularly unfortunate, as, once more, Dr. Delbrück bids his countrymen observe. We seem, so he says, invariably to rise stronger from the crisis to which Germans are taught to look for our discomfiture. So it was in the case of Fashoda. So it is in the case of the Transvaal. Though we are represented as grasping and intolerant, habitually showing unfriendliness to Germans, those Germans who come among us—and their number is large—know that absolutely the reverse is the case. And from them others learn it, more especially as points of contact among us grow more numerous. The very Germans who rail most against us in the matter of the Transvaal War are among the first to admit that in respect of material results they have reason to look for very substantial gain to themselves as resulting from our victory.

They now openly speculate upon business to be carried on in British colonies as if those colonies were their own. You cannot long uphold the myth of British envy and unfriendliness in the face of this.

Moreover, those unkind stories circulated against us "with an object" have long since served their purpose. They are, even now, no longer put to use, as they once were, with a view to prejudicing Germans against British methods, as possible examples for themselves. The purpose which they are now intended to serve is purely to stimulate German emulation in commerce, and to put a new "piece" into the hands of the German Government wherewith to play its diplomatic game. That takes very much of the old sting out of those absurd tales. The example of British Constitutionalism has quite lost its charm. Germans have become thoroughly reconciled to those strong Hohenzollern methods which thirty-five and forty years ago they viewed with disgust and repulsion. They honestly consider them better suited than ours to their own case, and look upon a powerful, strongly centralised Government, with an army of brass-buttoned men to do for the people, and make them do, what we would rather do for ourselves, as a source of national strength, and would not for a minute go away from it for other methods. The argument that they should do as we have done in matters political, in order that they might become great like ourselves in matters economic, is no longer applicable, seeing that their own method has advanced their prosperity to such a degree as to bring them within a short thirty years into keen and dangerous competition with ourselves. To do them justice, Hohenzollern ideas of absolute government are very different indeed from Bourbon and Stuart ideas. That is the explanation of their success. If Hohenzollerns ask for autocratic power and ready service, on the other hand they are themselves very "diligent about their business," and study to perform their part of the contract. They are also in modern days manifestly judicious in their use of their power, giving way with truly Elizabethan discernment

when public pressure becomes troublesome. They know that they will not suffer in the end. When public clamour becomes pressing they sacrifice a minister—whom they place in some other comfortable berth. If the vote for a largely increased navy is not conceded in one year, they make a merit of withdrawing it, knowing very well that, for the very reason of their giving way once, it will be all the more willingly granted in the next session. That being so, Germans have ceased to see anything derogatory to individual freedom in the centralisation of power. Where there is no party government, government becomes a scientific or expert calling which may, it is thought, be left to the emperor and his ministers with as little hesitation as the command of a ship is left absolutely to the captain. That principle is scarcely likely to hold good under all future developments. But for the time nobody so much as questions it. This triumph obtained, and the powerful wave of popular aspirations repelled which set in against the Government in the days of Waldeck and Virchow, there is no object left for making us a bugbear to the German people. Rather are we likely to become popular once more, as a useful example to hold up for imitation, now the foe to be contended with at home is no longer quasi-English Liberalism, but Socialism, which runs counter to all our traditions.

So the fire of hostility may be expected to burn itself out. The cries of "Hosanna!" and "Crucify!" are apt to succeed one another very rapidly in the clamour of nations. Circumstances have conspired to keep the two countries, curiously alike in habits, thoughts and interests, apart in sentiment for an unusually long time. It would be strange if that were to continue very much longer. The present violent ebullition of pro-Boerism, more particularly, which so seriously irritates some of us, is not likely to outlive the war. It is, on the face of it, artificial and opposed to nature and reason. Indeed, from articles and letters now appearing in German newspapers it seems evident that the German Titania has already become rather painfully conscious of the fact that she has, in an hour

of fevered frenzy, rather ridiculously thrown away her affections upon a "translated" Bottom. Quite evidently, also, no nation expects to reap a richer harvest of gain out of British rule in the Transvaal than the German—and the realisation of that hope, well-founded as it is, may be counted upon to cover a multitude of sentimental grievances. Finally, demonstratively as German speakers and writers are pleased to parade their "fraternal" devotion for a race which is in truth far more nearly related to ourselves, nobody knows better than the Germans, and the people of Dutch blood to whom they address themselves, how utterly hollow are all these specious protestations, seeing that there is no country of which the Dutch at home are more genuinely afraid, and accordingly more naturally suspicious, than Germany, which is supposed to have an eye persistently on the Netherlands seaboard. Accordingly, the Transvaal war over, German Boer sympathies are pretty certain to cool, and all the fire and fury now indulged in against ourselves is likely to come to an end without so much as leaving an enduring sting behind. Germans are, after all, like most other people. They may take up a hostile cry for a season to serve their own purpose, but that is rather in selfishness, coupled with a little vanity, than in malice. And their own interests, which may be trusted in the long run to determine their conduct, cannot require that they should bring themselves to believe persistently a pure myth against us and carry on an unreasonable campaign of public opinion, to the prejudice, ultimately—as it must be, seeing how necessary we are to one another—of themselves.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

THE NATIVE PROBLEM IN OUR NEW COLONIES

IT is agreed on all hands that as soon as the war in South Africa is at last finished, one of our earliest tasks will be to determine on what lines the native coloured population is to be governed. Our original quarrel with the Dutch colonists, who founded the two states we have been engaged for many months and at a terrible cost of lives and treasure in subduing, was about their enslavement of the indigenous races. It has remained our deepest and most permanent source of antagonism with their descendants. In the Transvaal the policy of the founders has been perpetuated by the Government; and the general conduct at least of the Boers in the sister-state has been the same. British colonists have too often shared the guilt of the Boers. The settled policy of the Imperial and Colonial Governments, however, has been different for the greater part of the century. We enfranchised the slaves. We have sought to put an end to the remorseless hostilities which were the only alternative to slavery. We have admitted men to the rights of citizenship without distinction of colour. Moreover, by the Convention of 1881, when after our temporary occupation we gave back a limited independence to the Transvaal, we constituted ourselves the protectors of the natives. Though we never succeeded—indeed, because we never succeeded—in performing the duties which that stipulation laid upon us while the Boer Government existed, now that

it is at an end we are bound by every moral, as well as every political, consideration to enforce their fair treatment as human beings, and not *Schepsels*—mere brutes.

The problem is itself a difficult one; and it is complicated by the political events of the past five and twenty years, and still more by the discoveries of mineral wealth in the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony and the adjacent districts already under British control. It is claimed that native labour is essential for the working of the mines. Natives are actually employed under conditions which are the subject of much controversy. Legislation in reference to this employment cannot be postponed. It will be found to raise the entire question, both of the relations of the coloured to the white population, and of the relations of the members of the coloured population among themselves. For the contact with civilisation which has been slowly breaking up their tribal organisation assumes in this employment one of its most acute forms, affecting a larger number of individuals than the ordinary intercourse with settlers, traders or government officials, and affecting them more permanently. Thus the problem is not only a difficult one; it is an important one.

It is important, too, for another reason. Some Englishmen call the natives of India "niggers," with an emphatic adjective often prefixed. Persons of this kind, with the same exquisite accuracy and the same just sense of superiority, call the races of South Africa "niggers" also. Such persons are neither wiser nor better bred than the Boers who habitually refer to the natives as "black cattle" or "black trash." The fact is that the natives are neither Negroes nor black. The Aborigines appear to have been Bushmen, who are of a dingy yellow colour. These have been pressed southwards and broken up into scattered communities by invading peoples of Bantu stock. The Hottentots are believed to be of mixed Bushmen and Bantu descent. In physical characteristics they resemble the Bushmen; and they speak a tongue like theirs full of clicks, and like theirs in grammatical construction. To the similarity

of grammatical construction, however, there is one important qualification. The Bushman language is of that primitive type which has no genders, while the Hottentot language is sex-denoting. The Bantus of eastern and central South Africa are generally divided into two great peoples known generically as the Bechuana and the Zulus. To these two peoples (I do not attempt here an enumeration of the various tribes) the native inhabitants of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony chiefly belong, though there are isolated communities of Bushmen. Soft is their speech and pleasant to the ear, full of vowels and devoid of the clicks and harshness of the Bushman dialects. Though they are not Negroes, they are prolific, and thrive, as the Negroes too, thrive in the presence of civilisation. Hence they are likely to remain a permanent element of the population, and an increasing rather than a diminishing element. The Bushmen are hunters at a relatively low level of savagery, but furnished with the bow and possessed of considerable artistic power. Far inferior to them in the latter respect, the Bantu tribes are otherwise much further advanced. They are pastoral and warlike peoples, living under the government of chiefs in communities organised on a patriarchal basis.

Of these indigenous populations no accurate census has ever been taken. Including Swaziland, 1,000,000 would probably be a liberal estimate of their number before the war. It cannot be put lower than three quarters of a million; and at this figure they outnumber the white population by at least three to one. Five-sixths of them inhabit the Transvaal, where their proportion to the whites is believed to be fully five to one. A majority so overwhelming might in easily conceivable circumstances become a source of serious danger to the colonists. Even if the revival of commercial prosperity lead to a great increase of immigration, still for some time to come the indigenes are likely to retain a numerical preponderance which must be a source of anxiety to the Government.

No small share of this anxiety is contributed by the preva-

lence of their ancient religion, institutions, and customs. During the greater part of the century missionary enterprise has been directed to them with more or less result. Statistics are as hard to get on this subject as on that of the total population. Basutoland is outside the area of the new colonies. There, in a country hardly so large as Belgium, a devoted French Protestant Mission has laboured for seventy years. For the last twenty years, or thereabouts, it has laboured in peace and prosperity under the British Protectorate. Its results, therefore, may be expected to compare favourably with those of missions in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, where, especially in the latter, the hostility of the white people and their government has greatly hindered the work. Yet even in Basutoland one of the missionaries has recently described the native Christians as forming only "une infime minorité."[1] In these circumstances it may be safely assumed that the vast majority of natives in the two new colonies are still heathen and untouched by any truly civilising influences.

The first condition for solving the problem is knowledge—an accurate knowledge of the native, his institutions, his customs, his modes of thought, his superstitions. We need have no fear that we shall not find the men to rule, if we can provide them with that. But that is exactly what we have not yet got. Though the country has been known more or less to Englishmen for at least three quarters of a century, though the Orange River Colony has been known intimately for half a century and the Transvaal for more than twenty years, of the indigenous population we know very little. Of the various classes—hunters, missionaries, traders, mining adventurers—that have either dwelt or sojourned in the land, none save the missionaries have had any real interest in the natives. Consequently few or none have recorded anything of value concerning them. Even the records by missionaries have been for the most part scrappy, and for practical purposes, and still more in regard to scientific accuracy, not to be implicitly

[1] Christol, *Au Sud de l'Afrique*, p. 128.

trusted. The early missionaries found unexpected difficulties in reaching the savage mind. It was not merely the difference of language; that, wide as it is, they had no doubt anticipated. What they did not anticipate was the imperfect development of mental conditions which they found. It not merely prevented the savage from comprehending the missionary's message; it equally prevented the missionary from understanding those whom he had set out to teach. Besides, the science of anthropology had not yet come to birth, and what the missionary learnt of the native manners and customs he did not think it becoming to repeat in books written for the British public. Moffat says expressly that a description of these things "would be neither very instructive nor very edifying."[1] No more was, therefore, said or written about them than was necessary for the elucidation of the missionary narratives on the platform or in books.

This attitude, however easy to explain, is, in the interests alike of science and of government, much to be deplored. Later missionaries, though not often interested from an anthropological standpoint, have indeed given us somewhat more information. But what they have given is not always exact. At best it is incomplete, and requires to be supplemented in almost every direction. Of professedly scientific writers I need mention only the German, Fritsch, whose work on the natives of South Africa, published at Breslau in 1872, covered a large field of observation. But, because it covered so large a field, it is wanting in detail; and detail is just what we need. It was also an expensive work; it is now out of print and not easily accessible.

I must not omit one other reason for our defective knowledge of the customs and institutions of the coloured peoples of these two provinces, namely, that until the country was settled by the Boers there was a state of intermittent warfare, which frequently resulted in the dispersal and even the extermination of whole tribes. The conquering hordes had not necessarily

[1] Moffat, "Missionary Labours" (London, 1842), p. 249.

the same organisation and customs as those which they supplanted. Though no doubt there is a general similarity in these respects among most of the South African peoples, there are also well-marked distinctions. In view of the changes consequent on their ferocious wars, therefore, even in the cases when the missionaries—at all events, the early missionaries—condescended to speak of native customs, we cannot assume that the same customs are still rife where they found them.

Of the differences of organisation and customs just referred to, some are racial, others tribal, some descend from an immemorial past, while others are modern. A few illustrations of these differences may be interesting from more than one point of view. And inasmuch as our information is so limited with regard to the peoples actually occupying the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, most of my examples must be drawn from cognate tribes in the older colonies and Basutoland.

I must be content with a passing allusion to one of the most obvious divergencies of custom—that in the authority of the chiefs. It is matter of common knowledge that their authority varies from almost absolute power among certain Zulu tribes to a vanishing point among Bushmen. Setting aside the case of the Bushmen as probably due to imperfect development of their social organisation, the conditions of this variation are still obscure and well worth study. We cannot attempt to govern the natives without taking the power and position of the chiefs into account. It will not be enough to consult merely their personal susceptibility. The circumstances of each tribe must be considered, and its law ascertained and recorded for future reference, in case of difficulty with the existing chief or his successors.

Passing from government to domestic life, take the punishment of theft. In the Umzimkulu district "theft is punishable by fine and restitution, unless in aggravated cases, when it is punished by death." [1] Among the Gaikas the utmost punish-

[1] "Cape Comm. Rep.," App., p. 197.

ment is "eating up"—that is, confiscation of all the offender's property by the chief—and then only when the offence has been committed against the chief himself. Theft from any one else "is punished by fine amounting from five to ten head of cattle for one, when the stolen property is not recovered; when recovered, a lesser fine is imposed." In all cases, however, the fine is graduated according to the rank of the person injured.[1] The Tambookies punish the stealing of live stock by "a fine of ten for one; but," we are told, "the full amount of this fine is seldom enforced in the present day, especially when the number stolen is more than one or two head. If the property be recovered uninjured, no fine is paid; and if part of the property is restored uninjured, the thief is only fined for the missing or injured part. In cases of petty thefts, the fines inflicted are very insignificant, and seldom amount to more than the value of the articles stolen.[2] The Bechuana of the greater part of the area of our new colonies are fully as lenient, unless the thief be a slave, or a very hardened sinner without means of reparation. In general, the punishment was "to restore twofold or fourfold, *different tribes giving different statements as to what their law is*, or rather was, on this subject. The practice, now all but universal in Bechuanaland, is simple restitution of what was stolen." Slaves or persons without means receive corporal punishment, and hardened offenders are maimed.[3] The crime of theft thus furnishes examples not only of wide differences in the law, but also of its uncertainty.

Seduction is another subject viewed very differently by different tribes. Among some, such as the Tambookies (a tribe of Kaffirs) and the Baronga of Delagoa Bay (a tribe of Zulus), so far is it from being punishable that it is not even

[1] Brownlee, in Maclean, "Kafir Laws and Customs," p. 112; *cf.* "Cape Comm. Rep.," App. C., p. 151.

[2] J. C. Warner, Tambookie agent, in Maclean, p. 65.

[3] Mackenzie, "Ten Years North of the Orange River," p. 375. The same, in "Cape Comm. Rep.," App. C., p. 233.

considered disgraceful to either party; rather it is a most ordinary occurrence.[1] The Gaikas on the other hand inflict on the man, for the benefit of the girl's parents, a fine of three or four head of cattle, or more if pregnancy ensue.[2] The Bechuana of the interior, including our new possessions, for the most part take the same view. Formerly, indeed, it is said that so highly was the affront resented that the girl's father would sometimes spear her.[3] Among the Basuto likewise the man is fined; but if he choose to marry the girl the fine is small.[4] The Amaxosa fine the guilty man the whole of his own stock and that of his relatives in the same kraal, unless he marry the girl, in which case only so much is retained by the offended parents as suffices for the bride-price.[5]

The laws relating to marriage and inheritance vary in many points. A few examples only can be given, and they must for want of space be confined to the former. It may be a hardship that a man may not marry his grandmother, but the South African native has to put up with hardships much heavier; for, generally speaking, all blood-relationship which is recognised, however distant it may be, is an absolute bar to marriage. If such a marriage take place by any chance among the Gaikas, it is dissolved and a very heavy penalty inflicted on the man.[6] But among the Tambookies it is merely a question how large a bride-price the man is willing to pay for a wife who is related to him by blood.[7] On the other hand, hardly any previous relationship by marriage is a bar. The Fingoes and some other tribes are said to recognise the marriage of a man to his uncle's widow; and it seems admitted that a younger brother's marriage to his elder brother's widow is usually considered correct. The Amaxosa, however, disallow it, though I infer

[1] Warner, in Maclean, p. 63; Junod, *Les Ba-ronga*, p. 29.
[2] Brownlee, in Maclean, p. 112.
[3] Mackenzie, in "Cape Comm. Rep.," App. C., p. 233.
[4] "Cape Comm. Rep.," App. B., p. 23.
[5] *Ibid.* p. 29. But *cf.* App. C., p. 167.
[6] Brownlee, in Maclean, p. 115. [7] Warner, in Maclean, p. 63.

that they would not object to the marriage of an elder brother with his younger brother's widow.[1] Some tribes, the Tambookies for instance, permit a man to be married to two sisters, both living; others require, like the Hebrews, that one sister shall be dead before the other is married to the same husband.[2]

Most, if not all, of the tribes are polygamous. Polygamy renders family arrangements very complex; and some of the most difficult questions that come before the courts, whether native or colonial, are questions of inheritance. In some districts these cases are few. In others they are very frequent. Hitherto they have been unknown in the Boer parts of the Transvaal, for the simple reason that, among its other iniquities, the Transvaal has refused to recognise any marriages of coloured persons.[3] All trustworthy information, therefore, as to the difficult subject of inheritance among the tribes of the Transvaal is wanting. It may be that the native law is not in every case so complicated as among the Cattle Damaras, or Ovaherero, who occupy a portion of the western side of the continent. A missionary, who was well acquainted with this tribe, told Dr. Hahn "he believed they themselves had no very clear ideas about it."[4] At all events the missionary had not—an apt illustration of the difficulty experienced by Europeans in penetrating the mysteries of native thought and institutions.

It is easy to understand that the large number of tribes which occupy veldt and mountain in South Africa would furnish an interminable series of differences of custom. The foregoing examples have been taken without any intention to select the most striking or the most important. But an

[1] Rev. H. Dugmore, in Maclean, p. 163.

[2] Warner, Dugmore, *loc. cit.*; J. Knox Bokwe, in "Cape Comm. Rep.," App., p. 38.

[3] In January 1899 a law was passed recognising native marriages, but only on terms with which it was practically impossible to comply.

[4] *Cf.* "Cape Comm. Rep.," App., pp. 46, 282, with *ibid.* p. 277, and App., pp. 76, 253.

administrator, I venture to think, will regard none of them with indifference. Cases of theft often come before the courts, for some peoples are inveterate thieves. It cannot be said to be a matter of no concern whether the crime be punishable by death or the terrible penalty of "eating up," or by a trumpery fine hardly or not at all exceeding the value of the stolen property. Disputes about inheritance are a fruitful cause of quarrels which endanger the peace. While questions relating to marriage and the sexual relations are of serious moment, if only because status and inheritance depend on these things. Indeed, we could only afford to treat the native customs and institutions with indifference, on the supposition that we intended to continue the Boer policy of oppression. The supposition, as I have shown, is impossible, alike on moral and political grounds. Philanthropic persons often imagine that it is quite enough for us to have good intentions. Armed with these, they think, we may safely rule the natives as benevolent despots according to our own ideas, no matter what theirs are. There could not be a greater mistake. With the best intentions we have constantly blundered in more than one quarter of the world into wrong, and even into unwitting cruelty, solely because of our ignorance of savage customs, institutions, and superstitions. The same conduct in our new colonies will meet with the same result, and ultimately lead us into fresh difficulties.

Twenty years ago the Cape Government, which had already had a considerable experience of the natives, came to the conclusion that it ought at last, both for legislative and administrative purposes, to learn something seriously and accurately about their customs. A Commission was accordingly appointed to make inquiries. The Report of that Commission, presented to the Cape Parliament in January 1888, is perhaps the most valuable document we possess upon the coloured races of South Africa. A large number of witnesses, both white and black, were examined. Codes of questions were drawn up and submitted to persons who were

qualified, by lengthened residence among the natives and acquaintance with the subject, to give information and express opinions upon the native laws and customs and the desirability of legislation. The result is that we can speak with some confidence about the indigenous peoples of Cape Colony; we really do know what their marriage laws and land tenure are, and something of their criminal law and other branches of their jurisprudence. This is no small gain, and is in strong contrast with the fragmentary, vague and slipshod condition of our knowledge of the tribes to the north, over many of which we have by the event of the war extended our rule.

Two great facts demonstrated by the Commission would readily have been presumed by any one familiar with savages and savage life. The first is the existence of the multitudinous variations of law and custom on which I have already dwelt. On this point all that I desire to add is that we have no reason to think that there are fewer or less important variations among the tribes of the new colonies. What those variations may be we have yet to ascertain.

The other great fact was the extraordinary difficulty experienced by Europeans who are not trained anthropologists in understanding the native customs and modes of thought. Of this the Damara law of inheritance, to which I have already referred, is an example. Still more glaring was one which occupies a considerable space in the discussions of the Commission. Among the objects specially marked out for investigation was the marriage law. In nearly all the tribes a necessary incident of the most honourable form of marriage is the bride-price. The bridegroom, or some one on his behalf, bargains with the father of the bride for the delivery to him of a certain number of cattle, or occasionally of other goods, in exchange for the bride. The goods are not always actually delivered before the marriage; but if not, the contract is a binding one, and they remain a debt due from the bridegroom or his family. These are the patent facts; and the question to be determined was whether the transaction (which is called

lobola or *ukulobola*) is a bargain and sale of the bride, and therefore according to our ideas immoral, or, if not, what it is.

The most contradictory answers were given by missionaries, resident magistrates and other officials and persons familiar with the natives. But the general result of the inquiries by the Commission was to establish that, though there are elements of sale about the transaction, it is important in the present state of native civilisation to retain it, in the interest and for the benefit of the bride and her children. It is a safeguard of her morals both before and after marriage. It imposes a liability on her father and all her relatives among whom he may (as he generally does) distribute the cattle paid for her, to maintain her and her children if they are in need, to protect her in person and property at her husband's kraal, and to listen to any appeal she may make against her husband and his family. This, in a polygamous community, is no unimportant responsibility. It amounts to a substantial pledge for her good treatment. It is also a pledge to the husband for her good conduct, for if she misconduct herself he may be entitled to a return of the whole or a part of the bride-price.

Important as this result was, the process by which it was reached was not less important. For it revealed a startling proportion of men of education, men experienced in native ways, teachers of religion and administrators of the law, misled by words or by abuses of the practice, or from prejudice or ignorance wholly incapable of penetrating below the surface of the custom to its real meaning and value. Some of them could not distinguish between the slavery and the tutelage of women, and would have declared every Roman matron to be a slave. Stronger arguments for the necessity of anthropological teaching for our missionaries and our administrators may perhaps be adduced. They would have to be founded on instances where not merely injustice and misery, but bloodshed and war were the results of the prejudices or ignorance of our officials. Unhappily there are too many examples of this in the history, even the recent history, of the British Empire.

The instruction of our missionaries must be left to the religious societies which send them forth. But with respect to our administrators we have a national duty. They have too long been selected in a haphazard way, because they have been successful in other professions, or because they have had interest in high quarters; and they have been flung down untrained in the ways and thoughts of the people whom they have to manage, and among whom they have to administer justice. Sometimes of course the man appointed has risen, as a Briton does, to the emergency. Too often the results have been lamentable to all concerned, and we have been indebted to fortune rather than to skill and wisdom if serious consequences have been averted. It is high time we changed our methods. It is high time we sent out to the savage and barbarous races under our sway rulers who have been prepared for their career by a general training in anthropological science, as well as by a special study of the people they are intended to control.

Meanwhile the example of the Cape Government points out unmistakably the first step to be taken in reference to the tribes of the new territories. Had the Cape Commission done no more than clear up the real character of the custom of *lobola*, humanity would have owed it a debt of gratitude, for its labours would have been the means of preventing serious injustice to a large number of native women. Had it done no more than exhibit the misconceptions among white men who might be supposed to be better informed of the exact meaning and contents of native institutions, it would have taught us a valuable lesson. It did much more. It resulted in a valuable code of laws under which the Native Territories belonging to Cape Colony are administered.

In view of the considerations already adduced and of the success attending the experiment in Cape Colony, the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland and the Folklore Society lately presented to H. M. Secretary of State for the Colonies a joint Memorial, praying that as soon as the

condition of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony permitted, and prior to any legislation affecting the natives, a Commission should be appointed to inquire into the customs and institutions of the natives, and into the relations between the natives and the European settlers, with power to make recommendations for both legislative and administrative purposes.

Neither of these purposes must be lost sight of. It may be admitted that in putting an end to the Boer oppression we must allow the natives to be governed by their own customs and traditions. If Europeans have such difficulty in understanding these, is it any wonder that the natives should have a similar difficulty in understanding our laws and customs? To impose on them laws they do not understand is obviously unjust, and must lead to dissatisfaction and unrest. As a missionary told the Cape Commission, "They are much attached to their customs; or rather, I should say, their customs are a part of themselves; they cannot imagine any others."[1] Tolerant, however, as we may be, there will of course be customs we cannot away with. Such customs must be abolished, or at least modified. But the evidence obtained by the Cape Commission as to the custom of *lobola* shows that very careful inquiry will have to be made, lest we prohibit customs which are suited to the stage of civilisation the natives have attained, and which under proper safeguards may be unobjectionable or even positively advantageous. Nor must we be less solicitous to ascertain how to deal with such customs as we may determine to modify or abolish, so as to change them with the least disturbance of tribal conditions. You cannot civilise a savage race all at once. A veneer of civilisation imposed from without remains a veneer and nothing more; the smallest scratch upon the Russian discloses the Tartar beneath. Contact with civilisation may lead a savage to discard some of his customs. He will only discard those which are inconvenient to him. He will shed all such portions of his

[1] "Cape Comm. Rep.," App., p. 186.

ancient superstitions as are disagreeable. He will still keep everything he thinks may benefit him. In the same way he will imbibe from civilisation all the sweets and reject all the bitters as soon and as completely as he can. Small blame to him; but the result is to make a being far more dangerous than a savage naked and unsophisticated; for he is freed from the moral and legal restraints of his own religion and social state, without being subjected to ours. Civilisation is a slow and tedious process; a process extending over generations, and demanding all the wisdom and statesmanship alike of our missionaries and our rulers. To know exactly how and when to prohibit or modify objectionable customs is not the smallest of the demands made on that wisdom and that statesmanship.[1]

There is, moreover, one special reason for the appointment of a Commission; the immediate necessity for considering the terms of the employment of native labour in the mines. It will prove a very thorny question, and one on which the advice of a competent and impartial Commission will be invaluable. It is of course comparatively easy to obtain evidence of the manner in which natives are actually employed, the terms on which they are engaged, the provision for their maintenance during their period of service, the enclosures in which they are kept, and the rules they are required to obey, We shall be compelled to go much farther than that. We must also acquaint ourselves with the conditions of native life, the manner in which employment at the mines affects tribal organisation and tribal and individual *morale*, and the views and wishes of experienced natives. These are things it will be practically impossible to ascertain, unless by the aid of a

[1] A remarkable illustration of the difficulties which beset a civilised government in dealing with these South African peoples is afforded by the evidence taken before the Native Commission issued by the Natal Government in 1881. No more instructive reading can be found, whether we regard the inherent difficulties of the question, or those created by the best-intentioned legislation without adequate knowledge.

Commission; and yet they are essential to the equitable solution of the problems of native labour.

In thus trying briefly to present the case for inquiry by a Commission I have purposely dwelt on what I may call the secular side of native organisation and institutions, because it is likely to appeal to the practical sense of "the man in the street"; and I hope what I have said will render clear the desirability of a systematic effort to collect the facts of native culture. The religious side, however, is not less important. A savage acts almost as often from what we call superstitious motives as he does from such as are more obvious to us because more material. Religion is as deeply ingrained in savage as in civilised natures, perhaps more deeply. At all events it plays a larger part in savage life, because it has been less perfectly differentiated from secular concerns. Of fetishes in the strict sense of the term the South African native has none. But the rainmaker is powerful. The witch is the cause of deep-seated terror, and of crimes that are caused by terror. The process of "smelling-out" a witch was one of the subjects considered by the Cape Commission; and it is one of the subjects which must be dealt with in any legislation affecting the natives. Ancestor-worship leads to practices which require close scrutiny, since at least some of them mean cruelty to man or beast. We have reason to remember the strength of religious fanaticism in the neighbouring territory of Mashonaland.

Missionaries have paid more attention to beliefs than to jurisprudence. Notably, Dr. Callaway has given us a precious though unfinished volume of Zulu religious texts. But what we know, whether from missionaries or from travellers, concerning the religious beliefs of the indigenes of our new colonies is as superficial and fragmentary as the rest of our information. It seems hardly possible, but it is the fact that to this day it is matter of dispute whether the Bechuana believe in anything which can be called a god. All the effective worship of most of the tribes known to us is addressed to the spirits of their ancestors. But it has been confidently

asserted and as confidently denied that, in addition to these, they recognise the existence of a deity. And a few years since a German missionary published a statement in some detail to show that the Bechuana of the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and Basutoland were, after all, developed polytheists.[1] I am not aware whether the statement has been confirmed by subsequent inquiries, or whether such inquiries have ever been made.

Some of these matters may seem to be of scientific rather than practical interest. If the suggested Commission be granted, no doubt its inquiries will prove of much value to science—mainly of course to anthropological, but also to geographical and economic science. They can hardly avoid throwing light upon many questions relating to tribal organisation, the development of civilisation, the influence of environment and the arts of life, and so forth, still *sub judice* among scientific men. For this purpose, as well as for the more immediate purposes of the Commission, it is to be hoped that some skilled anthropologists from this country would be among the members of the Commission. This request has indeed been made in the memorial. Compared with many foreign governments our own contributes in a paltry way to the advancement of science. Notably the German and the American Governments annually spend considerable sums on anthropological investigations. In the year 1898 the former spent no less than £25,000 in this way. It is no great credit to the richest nation in the world—the nation that has a greater interest in the results than all other European nations put together, because she rules over a greater variety of savage and barbarous peoples—to do nothing. Here is an opportunity incidentally and at small cost to obtain a trustworthy record of an early stage of culture, which is every day being pushed into remoter and remoter regions by the pressure of European civilisation, and which can never recur. In years to come such a record would, moreover, possess an historical interest second

[1] *South African Folklore Journal*, vol. i. (1879), p. 32.

to none in South Africa, as an account of the condition of the natives when they passed from the Boer domination to our own. It would be a standard for measurement of the advantages conferred by British rule.

For my own part, however, I am always loth to admit the opposition between matters of scientific and matters of practical interest. In common parlance it may be convenient to distinguish them. But it has so often happened that recondite and apparently useless investigations have turned out to be of the greatest benefit to mankind, that we can no longer scorn any scientific problem on the ground that its solution would lead to no practical consequences. We may depend upon it that anthropology is no whit behind the other sciences in this respect. It, too, has its message for the man of affairs, be he statesman, philanthropist, missionary, merchant, or manufacturer, as well as for the student in the library or the museum.

E. Sidney Hartland.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF BRITISH ABILITY

IN studying the characteristics of British genius, the first and most elementary question we have to settle is the distribution of British ability in the various parts of the United Kingdom. It is desirable, for instance, to determine what proportion of British genius has been produced, respectively, by England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. In so doing it is obvious that we shall not have classified our British men of genius strictly according to race—we shall not even have determined precisely the contribution of the so-called "Celtic" elements to British genius—but we shall have taken an important and interesting first step.

This is the question which, in the course of a somewhat elaborate study of the characteristics of British men of genius, founded mainly on the "Dictionary of National Biography," I have made an attempt to answer. I find that among the 30,000 individuals included in this "Dictionary," 902 stand out as of pre-eminent ability.[1] It is with the origin, so far as it can be ascertained, of these 902 men and women of British race, who have chiefly built up English civilisation, that the present paper is concerned.

[1] It would be tedious to explain here the principles of selection by which these 902 were obtained. For an account of this, and for the names themselves, I may refer to the first of the series of articles entitled "A Study of British Genius," now appearing in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

In determining the place of origin of men of genius on a large scale the usual method hitherto has been to adopt the simple plan of noting the birthplace. I have so far as possible discarded this method, for a man's birthplace obviously tells us nothing decisive as to his real place of origin.

It has seemed to me that a man's place of origin can most accurately be determined by considering the districts to which his four grandparents belonged. If we know this we know with considerable certainty in what parts of the country he is really rooted, and in many cases we can thus form an estimate as to his probable race. It is only, however, in a very small proportion of cases (even when the information derived from the "Dictionary" is supplemented), that I have been able to determine the origins of all four grandparents; I have usually considered myself fortunate when I have been able to tell where the father and mother came from, and have often been well content merely to find out where the father came from. Only in a few cases have I admitted the evidence of birthplace.[1] London as a birthplace has been ignored altogether. When the facts are available it is nearly always found that the parents had migrated to London; we may reasonably assume that this is probably the case when the facts are not available. It very rarely occurs (as in the case of Bentham) that even one grandparent belonged to London.

In order to represent the varying values of this evidence, I have adopted a system of marks. If the four grandparents are of known origin, an eminent man is entitled to four marks, these marks being divided among the counties to which he belongs; when the evidence is less explicit the marks are correspondingly diminished. By this method I am able to give due weight to the very numerous cases in which the parents (or grandparents) belonged to different parts of the kingdom.

Speaking generally, and for the present ignoring all those

[1] This evidence varies in value; in the case of an eminent person whose father was a farmer, it is fairly acceptable; but if the father was a clergyman it has little or no value.

eminent persons who are known to belong to more than one of the main divisions of the United Kingdom, it is found that 598 eminent British men and women are English, 117 Scotch, 41 Irish and 23 Welsh; *i.e.*, 76·8 per cent. are English, 15 per cent. Scotch, 5·3 per cent. Irish, and 2·9 per cent. Welsh. The preponderance of the English contingent is enormous, but if we take the present population as a basis it is a reasonably fair distribution, a very slight excess over the just proportion being accountable by the greater advantages necessarily enjoyed by the English. The Welsh contingent is also fairly proportional, though a little below what it should be. Here we have to bear in mind the difficulty of a language not recognised as a medium of civilisation. As regards Scotland and Ireland the discrepancy is marked; the contribution of Scotland to British genius is much too large, that of Ireland much too small, in relation to the population. We probably have to recognise that intellectual aptitudes are especially marked among the Scotch, and also that the tendency has been fostered by circumstances, since, as is well known, the lowland Scotch are almost identical in racial composition with the northern English, and there are no artificial barriers of language. On the other hand, the Irish have been seriously hampered by geographical and to some extent by linguistic barriers, as well as by unfortunate political circumstances, in contributing their due share to British civilisation.

Ireland shows better when we proceed to take account of those eminent persons who do not belong exclusively to one main division of the United Kingdom.[1] We then find that

[1] When Dr. Conan Doyle, some years ago (*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1888), examined "Men of the Time" to ascertain their place of origin on the crude basis of birthplace, his results as regards the proportion of eminent men furnished by England and Scotland fairly correspond to mine; but he found a higher proportion of eminent men in Ireland than I have found in this wider survey. In a more recent study of the origins of over 2000 British men of ability belonging exclusively to the nineteenth century, Mr. A. H. H. Maclean ("Where we get our Best Men," 1900) found that 70 per cent. are English, 18 per cent. Scotch, 10 per cent. Irish, and 2 per cent. Welsh.

70·4 per cent. represents the total English contribution, 17·2 per cent. the Scotch, 8 per cent. the Irish, and 4·4 per cent. the Welsh. On the present basis of population, England thus has about her correct proportion of eminent persons, Ireland still has too few, while Wales, and especially Scotland, have too many. The advantage gained by the Irish and Welsh elements through crossing is clearly shown if we consider the eminent persons of mixed race alone; we then find that while the English proportion is 50 per cent., or as high as it could be, the Scotch is 20 per cent., the Irish element has risen to 17 per cent., and the Welsh is as high as 18 per cent. We may apparently infer that, from the point of view of the production of intellectual ability, people of Irish and Welsh stock are better adapted than the Scotch for cross-breeding with the English. There are other facts pointing towards the same conclusion, which is not impossible of explanation.

I have not hitherto taken into account the foreign elements in the blood of British men of genius. The "Dictionary" gives us no reason to suppose that these are considerable. It is true that a fair number of individuals of altogether foreign race—like the elder Herschel and Romilly, and many Normans of early time—are necessarily included in the "Dictionary" and necessarily excluded from my list. Taking into consideration the British of partly foreign race, we find twelve are described, usually somewhat vaguely, as of Huguenot descent; probably many more may be so described. Leaving aside this Huguenot French element—which is known to have everywhere had a favourable influence on the production of intellectual ability—we find among men of genius who are half, or at least a quarter, of foreign race, that twelve are French, six German, six Dutch, three Italian, while seven are Danish, Belgian, Spanish, Bohemian or Russian. The most interesting point here is the peculiarly beneficial effect of the strain of French blood. As evidence, if evidence is needed, of the singularly subtle influences of race, it may be mentioned that of the two Englishmen of modern times who have left Protes-

tantism to attain a place in this "Dictionary" as cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church, one (Newman) had a strain of French blood, the other (Manning) a strain of Italian blood.

We have now to consider in somewhat more detail the relative fecundity in genius of the various districts of the British Isles.

When the respective genius of the English counties is estimated on a numerical basis the results are, on the whole, clearly marked, though they may not altogether correspond to our anticipations. There can, however, be no question as to the situation of the great foci of English genius. There are two of these, and their reality is shown by the fact that each consists of a homogeneous group of counties. One of these great centres, and by far the most important, is in East Anglia, the other is in the south-west.

Speaking more precisely, the East Anglian focus may be said to include Lincoln, Rutland, Norfolk, and Suffolk, with Cambridge and Essex allied in character, though somewhat less prolific, while Kent (which I do not include) is a probably distinct secondary centre. The south-western focus is most prolific in Devon; its most characteristic representatives probably come from Somerset; it includes Gloucester, and Wilts is probably allied in character; while Cornwall seems to have much the same relation to this focus as Kent has to the eastern focus.

It is perhaps not generally recognised that Norfolk stands clearly at the head of English counties in the production of eminent men. In absolute numerical value it nearly equals Yorkshire, though the latter county is about three times its size, and its population (during the present century, at all events) of much greater average density. The quality of this eastern focus of genius is as remarkable as its quantity. Bacon belongs to Suffolk and Essex; Nelson belongs to Norfolk, and, in a very different field, Gresham; Gilbert, the "father of experimental philosophy," was a Suffolk man, as also, it is probable, was Chaucer; Newton belonged to Norfolk and Rutland, while Darwin had his ancestral roots in Lincoln; so that the two great men who may be said to represent the chief scientific

contribution of Great Britain—if not, indeed, of Europe—to human thought during two centuries have alike come from the same small and thinly populated district. East Anglia is productive of great statesmen and great ecclesiastics; it is also a land of great scholars. At the same time nearly half the British musical composers and more than a third of the painters have come from this same region. It will thus be seen that the East Anglian genius is of extraordinary versatility. It has no aptitude for abstract thinking, for metaphysics, but in concrete thinking, in the art of treating science philosophically, it is easily supreme. Its special characters seem to be its humanity, its patience, its grasp of detail, its deliberate flexibility; the characteristic English love of compromise is rooted in East Anglia. So typically English a statesman as Walpole, with his sound instincts in practical affairs, belonged to Norfolk. In spite, however, of the marked sanity and self-possession of the East Anglian, there is a weakness to be noted; while East Anglia has produced many of the best Englishmen it has also produced a considerable proportion of the worst. Those who figure in English history chiefly by virtue of their villany do not appear in my list, but it is notable that many of the great men who have come down to us with a somewhat flawed reputation belong here. Bacon is a typical example of the first rank; Wolsey and Coke are others. When the East Anglian temperament loses its self-control and lets itself go, the results are not always admirable. The unscrupulous scamp, Theodore Hook, represents the bad side of the East Anglian character, just as his nephew, the sagacious ecclesiastic, Dean Hook, represents its good side. The worst side seems specially apt to come out when East Anglian blood is combined with the blood of more western counties.[1]

[1] It must be added, at the same time, that the records of criminality, at all events during the present century, by no means show the East Anglian counties among the worst. I may add that, as is indicated by Dr. Conan Doyle's analysis of "Men of the Time," Norfolk and Suffolk maintain their intellectual supremacy to the present day.

When we turn to the south-western focus of English genius we find ourselves among people of different mental texture. They constitute a smaller group numerically, and in positive intellectual achievement also they cannot be compared with the slow and patient people of East Anglia. But if their achievements are less positive and substantial, the men of this district are, as brilliant personalities, in the very first rank. They are sailors rather than scholars, and courtiers, perhaps, rather than statesmen; they are innovators, daring free-thinkers, pioneers in the physical and intellectual worlds. Raleigh, on both sides a Devonshire man, is the complete type of these people. They are, above all, impressive personalities, aggressive, accomplished, irresistible, breaking rather than bending, without the careful foresight of the laborious and self-distrustful people of the east coast. This district has alone furnished a third of the great sailors of Britain, and the most brilliant group, with Drake and Hawkins and Gilbert as well as Raleigh. The expansive Elizabethan age gave the men of these parts their supreme chance, and they availed themselves of it to the utmost. Great Britain's most eminent soldiers have not usually been English, but one of the most famous of all, Marlborough, belongs to this region. In the arts of peace this south-western focus shows especially well in painting. It cannot, indeed, be compared to the East Anglian focus in this respect, but Reynolds belongs to Devon, and is a typical representative of the qualities of this region on the less aggressive side, just as Raleigh is on the more militant side, both alike charming and accomplished personalities. Turner, it may be interesting to note, belonged on one side to this district, just as on the other he seems to have been connected with the East Anglian district. Fielding is associated with this region. Keats apparently belonged here, and probably Coleridge. Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was a Devon man, just as Browne, the founder of Congregationalism, was an East Anglian, and any one who understands the differences between these two organisations will grasp some of the fundamental

differences between these two districts. Both in the material and spiritual worlds there is an imaginative exaltation, an element of dash and daring, in the men of this south-western district, which seems to carry them through when the more self-conscious East Anglian, once losing his self-control, would be apt to fall into mere helpless turbulence. This seems to be why it is that the mingling of the blood of these two districts has produced persons who, if brilliant, are apt to be unbalanced.

I have so far been speaking chiefly of Devon, which has furnished the majority of the men belonging to the south-western focus. This group is not, however, quite so homogeneous as the eastern group, the proximity of Cornwall having apparently affected the men of Devon. Somerset, which is the centre of the focus, seems to me to present its real and characteristic kernel, especially on the purely intellectual side. We do not find here quite the same reckless dash, the somewhat piratical tendency, nor quite the same brilliant personal qualities, these perhaps being strengthened by the neighbourhood of Cornwall. The Somerset group of men are superficially more like those of East Anglia, but in reality with a very distinct physiognomy of their own. Like the rest of this region, Somerset is a land of great sailors, but the typical sailor hero of Somerset is Blake, and the difference between Blake and Raleigh is significant of the difference between the men of Somerset and the men of Devon. Somerset has produced the philosophers of this region, Roger Bacon, Hobbes, Locke; and in more recent days Bagehot has been a typical thinker of the group. Hooker, the "judicious," is among the men of Devon. They are not often scholars (notwithstanding the presence of the "ever memorable" Hales), being prone to rely much on their own native qualities. One recalls the remark of Hobbes, when charged with an indifference to books: "If I read as much as other people I should know as little as other people." While less concrete than the East Anglians, these eminent thinkers have not the abstract metaphysical tendencies of the North British philosophers; they reveal a certain practical sagacity,

a determination to see things clearly, a hatred of cant and shams, a certain "positive" tendency, which is one of the notes of purely English thought and may be said to have its headquarters here. The representative scientific man of this region is the brilliant and versatile Thomas Young, whose luminous intelligence and marvellous intuition render him a typical example of genius in its purest form.

In taking a bird's eye view of the distribution of English genius, it is interesting to note (as I have also had occasion to note in a study of French genius) that all the districts peculiarly fertile in intellectual ability are maritime districts. The English Midlands have always been comparatively unproductive of genius, although they have yielded a few persons of exceptional eminence. Speaking more precisely, Middlesex, Surrey, Sussex, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire and Leicestershire present a compact region infertile in genius, all these counties together scarcely equalling Norfolk and Suffolk. The extraordinary poverty of Middlesex in genius (it stands lowest of all the English counties) is specially notable; even among the numerous eminent men born in London few or none can be definitely located as belonging to old-established Middlesex families. Shakespeare and Milton, it is true, belong to the Midlands, which have likewise produced numerous statesmen, though seldom of the first rank, men of character rather than of intellect, stolid, tenacious of their rights; they had their chance in the days of Charles I., and Hampden represents them at the best. Cromwell belongs by birth to this district (though by race he comes from East Anglia on the mother's side and Wales on the father's), and the Midlands furnished him with some of his best lieutenants. Northampton (to which, as also to Lincoln, the Cecils belonged) is the sturdiest and richest portion of the Midlands as regards genius, but we must remember that this county benefits by driving a considerable wedge into the East Anglian district.

I do not purpose to consider the distribution of genius in Wales, Scotland and Ireland in the same detail as England. We are here dealing with smaller groups, and it is less easy to trace local differences. Variations in distribution are, however, well marked. In Wales, Denbigh, a maritime district, is especially rich in genius, as are to a less extent, Radnor and Montgomery. The genius of Scotland, roughly speaking, has been produced by the tract between the Cheviots and the Grampians. While, however, the whole of this district is prolific in ability, a narrow central belt has proved itself pre-eminently able to breed men of intellect. This belt runs from Aberdeen in a north-westerly direction through Forfar, Fife, Edinburgh with the surrounding district, and Lanark (including Glasgow); on reaching Ayr and Dumfries it widens out and stops abruptly, not extending beyond the English border. Aberdeen and the country around Edinburgh have always been the two great centres of Scotch genius. Turning to Ireland, we find that intellectual ability is less concentrated in one region than is the case in Scotland, but here also there is a tract of country almost entirely destitute of genius of the rank which the present investigation alone covers. Dublin has been peculiarly rich in eminent men. Its pre-eminence over the rest of the country is much more marked than in the case of Edinburgh; and largely, though not entirely, on that account Leinster stands at the head of the Irish provinces. Munster comes next, Ulster follows closely after, but Connaught, the north-western region of the island, is, like the north-west of Scotland, almost barren of intellectual ability. Outside Dublin, which is probably a somewhat factitious focus of genius, the really compact centre of Irish genius lies in the south-eastern group of counties: Kilkenny and Tipperary, Waterford and Cork. These counties alone have furnished a third of the whole genius of Ireland. Another, though smaller, centre of genius is found in the north-west, in Antrim and Down.

Speaking generally, Wales and the Welsh border have produced soldiers and divines, and to a slight extent poets and

musicians. Scotland stands at the head as regards soldiers, having produced, wholly or in part, no less than a third of all our eminent soldiers. Scotland has produced, moreover, nearly a fourth of British men of science, including some of the most eminent, and over one-fourth of British philosophers; at the same time nearly all the great travellers, explorers, and adventurers (with the exception of a comparatively small contingent coming from our south-western English focus) have been produced by Scotland. This is a very high record indeed. Ireland has produced more than her share of soldiers, and there is one department in which the supremacy of Ireland is overwhelming: a very large proportion of British actors and actresses—including both the Kemble family, to which Mrs. Siddons belonged, and Garrick—have been, in part at least, Irish. It is difficult to state precisely the proportion of this Irish element, for the ancestry of actors is often obscure, but at least half of them have almost certainly had one Irish parent, and it is probable that this is the case with several others. The genius of Ireland is a curiously paradoxical subject, and requires a study to itself. Though so many great men have been associated with Ireland, when we analyse them according to race we find that a remarkably large proportion of them are of English or Scotch descent. Bishop Berkeley, for instance, is often called an Irishman, though his father was English (his mother's origin is unknown), and though he always considered himself an Englishman. The great Irish patriots have usually had English blood in their veins, and have sometimes even been proud of the fact. And yet, while this is so, Ireland has somehow had the art of imparting some of her subtlest qualities to those happy Englishmen who have had the good fortune to possess some slight strain of her blood, or to be born in her land, or even to have lived there in youth. The greatest English humorists and wits—Swift and Sterne and Congreve—have had this good fortune. In the same way, while Ireland has scattered her saints over England and the Continent, her own patron saint is a Scotchman who was never

canonised. The contribution of Ireland to our national genius cannot well be stated in numerical values.

It is interesting to consider separately the eminent women of Great Britain and to ascertain their geographical distribution. This distribution is quite different from that of masculine intellectual ability; in some respects, indeed, the order is reversed, for Ireland comes out first after England, and Scotland is but little ahead of Wales. The intellectual brilliancy of Irish women is very notable. While less than one-twentieth part of eminent British men are Irish, not less than one-third of eminent British women are on one or both sides Irish. Nor is this pre-eminence due entirely to the dramatic aptitudes of the Irish, for a considerable proportion of women of letters are Irish, Charlotte and Emily Brontë and Mary Wollstonecraft being among them. The Welsh contingent includes George Eliot. The Scotch women are not only few in number but are not of a very high order of eminence. The notable fact about the distribution of English eminent women is the very large proportion that comes from our East Anglian district generally, and especially from Norfolk and Suffolk. Of twenty-five women who can be definitely located in an English county, not less than nine belong altogether or in part to our East Anglian focus. It is true that they can scarcely be said to include those of finest imaginative or artistic qualities, but the concentration of eminent women in this region is still one of the most notable and definite facts we encounter.[1] It contrasts with the poverty of the south-western focus in eminent women, only three having any connection with that region.

We may, finally, glance at our various groups of eminent persons as classified according to their activities, noting in which district each tends to predominate. As might be expected, politicians, divines, and men of letters abound in all

[1] The tendency has been well marked during the present century, and Dr. Doyle remarks that "Suffolk appears to be pre-eminently the county of famous women."

parts of the kingdom. It is curious to note, also, that great lawyers are also scattered over the whole kingdom with notable impartiality. Soldiers come from Ireland and Wales, and especially from Scotland, whence also explorers come. Sailors, on the other hand, are nearly all English, coming especially from our two great centres of genius, but also to some extent from Cornwall, Yorkshire and Staffordshire. While poets are to be found everywhere, they are distinctly more predominant in the South of England, and to a less extent in Wales and the Welsh border counties; but when we consider the origins of the English poets who are unanimously recognised to stand first, we find them scattered over the whole country as widely apart as possible, Chaucer probably in Suffolk, Spenser in Lancashire, Shakespeare in Warwickshire, Milton in Oxfordshire, Wordsworth in Yorkshire, Shelley in Sussex, Keats in Devon or Cornwall. There seems to be an antagonism between the aptitude for poetry and the aptitude for science. In the counties along the south coast we find scarcely any names eminent in science (except Harvey in Kent and one or two names in Cornwall), but as we go northwards, and especially as we reach Lancashire and Yorkshire, they rise in frequency to reach a climax in the southern counties of Scotland. The distribution of philosophers seems on the whole to follow that of scientific men. Scholars are more widely diffused, but they have their chief centre in Yorkshire, no fewer than one-sixth of British scholars, including the typical figure of Bentley, coming from this county; it must be added, however, that an even larger proportion (including Porson) belong to the group of counties included in our East Anglian district. The aptitude for painting is very definitely located. Its great centre is in our East Anglian district, its secondary centre in our south-western district. The tempers of these two schools are distinct, the eastern being naturalistic, with little regard for tradition, the western more enamoured of tradition. If we extend the East Anglian group so as to include Yorkshire, it may be said that outside these two districts there are scarcely any English

artists. Scotland is the chief home of British painters outside England, though Ireland has produced a fair proportion. Musical composers, like painters, come chiefly from East Anglia, but there is also an aptitude for music on the Welsh border; the greatest of British composers, Purcell, probably belongs to Shropshire. While actors come in largest proportion from Ireland, there is a small secondary centre in our south-western district, and also, it seems, in Wales and the Welsh border, while the varied ability of East Anglian men and women includes some dramatic aptitude.

A survey of the racial elements of British genius, it may be pointed out, when conducted on a broad and impartial basis, effectually puts out of court those who contend that the intellectual ability of Great Britain belongs exclusively, or even in some disproportionately high degree, to one racial element only. It is evident that "Anglo-Saxons" and "Celts," the fair elements of our population and the dark elements, have alike contributed, according to their special aptitudes, to build up the varied civilisation of Great Britain.

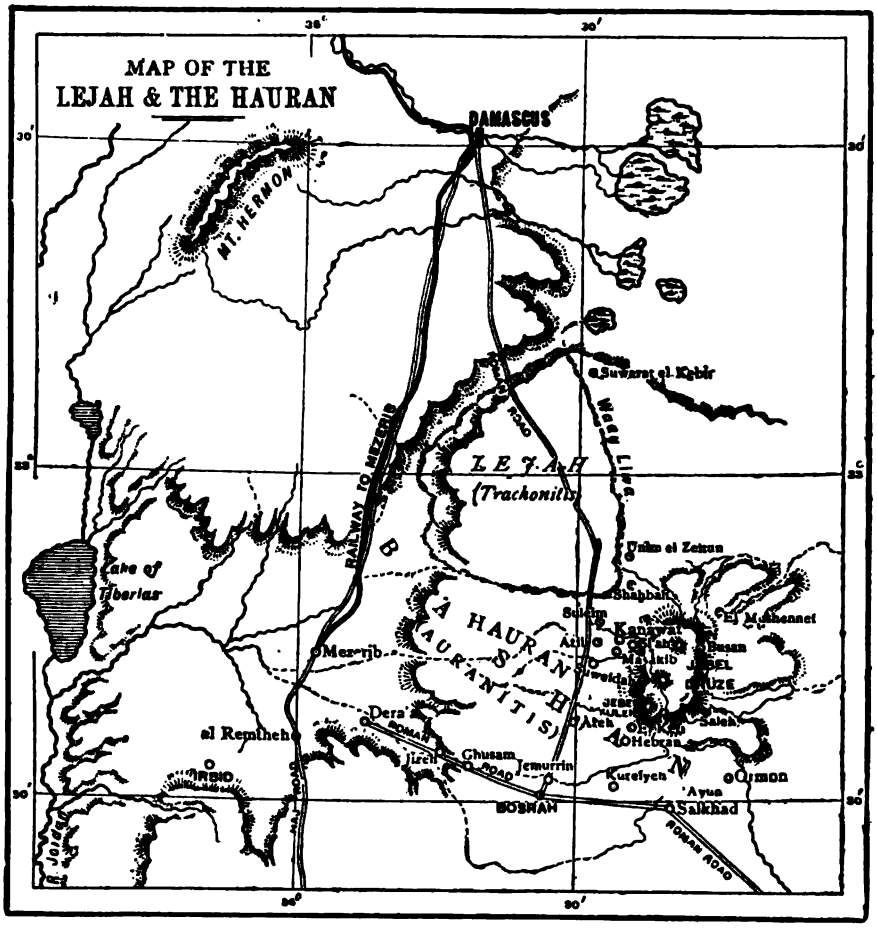
HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE RUINS OF THE HAURAN

THE mountains and ruins of the Hauran have been visited by many distinguished travellers and archæologists. Burckhardt, Witzstein, Waddington, de Vogüé, to mention a few out of the roll of famous names, have explored the country and given an accurate description of some of its remains, yet even a cursory survey of the hills which separate the corn growing plain to the east of the Lake of Tiberias from the unfurrowed desert that stretches to the Euphrates Valley, impresses the traveller with a keen sense of how much is yet to be discovered, how much may be added to the history of Eastern empires, both Semitic and Roman. The difficulties in the way of further exploration are great. In the first place, the very idea of excavation fills the Oriental mind with cupidity and alarm, and the two sentiments are equally harmful to the excavator. Either you must be looking for treasure, in which case the right of search had better be reserved until some government envoy or local magnate can spare time to exercise it—and that would mean nothing but wholesale destruction—or your secret ends are without doubt evil and not unconnected with magic. In the second place, the Turkish Government will not permit the foreigner to enter the Druze territory, and it is only by using a disguise, or by rapid and unexpected movement, that he can force a passage through the barrier reef of Ottoman garrisons. Unfortunately, while the prohibition lies over the land, the monuments it contains are falling day by day into a

more indistinguishable decay. The temples are turned into barracks and dwelling-places, the Druzes have re-occupied the stone houses of the Jebel Hauran, pulling down and building up as it suits their requirements; theatre, church, and therme are used as quarries, and the inscribed stones of the Nabathæan king and the Roman governor are broken up or built topsy-turvy into a cottage wall.

The general character of the Hauran architecture has been well described by Witzstein, de Vogüé, and others. Its distinguishing feature is the exclusive use of stone. The builders, having no wood to their hand, were obliged to adapt the hard black basalt of the country to their need. Though the material is difficult to work in, it has the advantage of great strength, even when cut comparatively thin, as in the case of the long stone slabs with which every house was roofed. The space to be covered was reduced by a continuous corbel, and, if it was still too wide, one or more arches were thrown across the middle of the room to support the end of the slabs, the unlighted depths between them adding to the general obscurity. Windows there were often none, and what windows there were did not admit much light since they were made of stone, perforated with holes, which were arranged in patterns more or less elaborate. The doors, too, were of solid stone. Besides their extensive use of the arch, the later builders of the Hauran attacked with success the problem of the dome, and it is here that the pendentives, afterwards so marked a feature of Arab architecture, may be observed in their earliest and simplest form. Two or three square towers rose above every village, and every village possessed at least one great rectangular tank lined with stonework. By this Birkeh, as it is called in Arabic, stood the temple in later days when the Auranitis had been incorporated into the Roman province of Palestina Tertia; but it is a curious subject for speculation to consider how many hundreds of years previously the main features of the Hauran villages had been established. "Three score cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og, in Bashan, and all these


MAP OF THE
LEJAH & THE HAURAN
DAMASCUS
MT. HERMON
Suwaret el Kebir
ROAD
WADI LIBNA
LEJAH
(Trachonitis)
RAILWAY TO MEZERIB
Lake of Tiberias
Tell el Zetun
Shahbah
El Mukhennet
Kanawat
Busan
Mezerib
HAURAN
(AURANITIS)
Dera
ROMAN ROAD
Ghusam
Jemurrin
Kureiyen
Ayun
Qirnon
el Remtheh
IRBID
BOSRAH
Salkhad
ROMAN ROAD
JORDAN
35°
30'
32°
30'

cities were fenced with high walls, gates, and bars; besides unwalled towns a great many," says the book of Deuteronomy (iii. 4), implying that an advanced civilisation existed in the Hauran when the Jewish tribes first conquered northwards from Moab and the borders of King Sihon. It was the heritage of the tribe of Manasseh—"all the region of Argob and all Bashan which was the land of giants" (Deut. iii. 13)—and in Joshua (xiii. 31) some of the cities are mentioned by name: "Ashtaroth and Edrei, cities of the kingdom of Og, in Bashan." It was at Edrei that Og was defeated; the modern Dera'a, some twenty-five miles west of Bosrah, is generally supposed to occupy its site. There are traces in the Hauran of a very early civilisation in the form of fragments of cyclopean wall built into later edifices, and indeed of an earlier civilisation still in the cave dwellings with which the eastern slopes of the hills are honey-combed. Next follow the remains of the great Nabathæan kingdom, then the temples, the paved roads, and the triumphal arches of the Roman colony; then the stately houses, the city walls, and the churches of our own era; and, finally, the Mohammedan invasion swept a destroying sword over it all, and left behind a desolation that endured for nearly 1300 years.

I entered the Hauran plain from the south-west and pitched my camp at Dera'a, the city of King Og. It was not the black basalt town of ruinous towers and half-restored houses that I was anxious to see, but the far more interesting city underground, which has been visited and described by Witzstein and Schumacher, and which is believed to go back to the hoariest antiquity. But the Kaimakam, the Turkish Governor, put too many obstacles in my way, his object being to delay me until he had received definite orders from Damascus authorising him to prevent me from entering the Druze mountains. I have been told by a traveller, who visited the underground city a year or two ago, that it is now very difficult of access. The roofs and passages have fallen in and the air-holes are stopped up or built over; the Sheikh's family alone have

any knowledge of the winding corridors, and they are afraid to penetrate far, being convinced that they are inhabited by evil spirits. Accordingly I rode next day across the plain to Bosrah. On my way I passed through several of the black stone villages, and saw, at Jizeh, the first example of typical Hauran building. It was a small truncated tower, some fifteen feet square, with a stone cornice running round the top; there was no window, and a minimum of light was admitted by the low doorway. The door was of stone, the stone rafters rested on a projecting corbel and were supported in the centre by a single arch. It is difficult to imagine that this building can have been a dwelling-house, nor did it exhibit any of the distinctive features of a shrine, such as those described by de Vogüé. It was the first of many that I met with in the Jebel Druze, and I continued to be puzzled as to their purpose. I was also shown a fine house with stone doors and massive walls, from which the original rafters had fallen and had been replaced by wood. It had been converted into a mosque—I may observe that in a Mohammedan village the mosque, and in a Druze village the Khalweh (the Druze place of worship), is always worth visiting. It is usually the best preserved of the old stone houses, and whereas the domestic building suffers considerably at the hands of its new owners, the mosque or Khalweh remains unaltered. I passed through the village of Ghusam, where I saw a house with a fine stone door and perforated windows built, by way of ornament, into a wall, and here we struck the paved Roman road, the Rasif, as the Arabs call it, which led us straight to Bosrah. Leaving my servants to find a camping-ground under the castle, I entered the town by the triumphal arch, the Gate of the Wind, and found myself in a narrow paved street, lined on either side with stone houses, razed almost to the ground, and so climbed over ancient Bosrah for a quarter of a mile before I came to any inhabited houses. The history of Bosrah does not cease with the Mohammedan conquest in 632. The city was for the invaders, as it had been for their remotest predecessors, an

Fig. 1.—The Gate of the Wind, Bosrah.

Fig. 2.—Village Tank and Church Tower at Kureiyeh.

moulding and carved ornament, the latter exhibiting that vine pattern which is universal in the Hauran.

My further progress eastward was attended with difficulty, and during my stay in Bosrah my camp was a hot-bed of intrigue. I was determined to enter the Jebel Druze, the Mudir was equally determined to send me to Damascus through the plain, the Ma'amur was inclined to take my part out of jealousy of the Mudir (Fellah! it must be remembered), and the situation was complicated by a Druze Sheikh and a bedouin of the desert, who sent me offers of assistance, and with whom I could not come to speech lest the Mudir's suspicions should be aroused and my tents watched. Finally I struck camp and rode off, in the middle of a moonless night, to the Druze village of 'Areh, where I threw myself on the protection of Yahya Beg, a member of the great Druze family of the Attrash, who received me with all civility and sent me on my way rejoicing.

The contrast between the western slope of the Jebel Druze and the Hauran plain is very striking. The plain, though exceedingly fertile, is entirely devoid of running water, the heat, even in April, was great, the dust intolerable, and the black, half-ruined villages indescribably dirty and dreary. In the hills, though the elevation is small, the air was cool and pleasant, little streams flowed through meadows deep in grass, the villages were clean and well ordered, an occasional fig or mulberry grew before the cottage door, and the higher slopes were clothed with dwarf oak. I pitched my camp that night at Hebran, a most delectable camping-ground it was, among tiny oaks, by the edge of a large pond and close to a Mazar, the shrine of a saint, which was a remarkably well preserved specimen of the old stone house. The Khalweh, too, was a fine house. It consisted, like all those that I have visited, of a big empty room, the walls divided into compartments by the arches that supported the roof. A few felt rugs upon the floor, one or two rush-woven book-rests to hold the sacred books, and a thin black curtain to separate the women from

FIG. 3.—View from the Castle at Salkhad, showing the Roman Road across the Desert.

FIG. 4 —Vine Ornament at Jemurrin.

the men, were all it contained. No one but a Druze may take part in the services, but I have been told by one who knows the Druzes well that he believes the service to be more in the nature of a political meeting than of a religious ceremony. I breakfasted next day with the Sheikh of the village. The conversation ranged over many topics, from the Boer war to the Paris Exhibition, one after another of the notabilities of Hebran dropping in and, after due salutations, taking his place in the circle. My especial ally, a pleasant old man, by name Hamud Hamid (upon him be peace!), was spokesman for the rest, and as I answered his questions he would turn to the others and exclaim: "Hear you, oh, my friends, what she says!" and so repeat my reply. When many cups of coffee had warmed our souls, he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: "Repeat to us, oh lady, a verse from the Evangel." I searched my memory for a sentence that could offend the susceptibilities of none, and finally hit upon the injunction to love our neighbour as ourselves, a sound maxim, free from dogma, and appropriate to the lips of a guest and a wanderer. It was received with acclamation. "Hear you, oh my brothers"! cried Hamud, and the company nodded their heads approvingly over the coffee cups.

I rode that morning southward to the Castle of Salkhad, through a charming country of little hills, well watered and covered with grass and orange-coloured poppies. I halted at the village of 'Ayun, attracted by its tall square towers. It is deserted, but while I was climbing among the ruins I came upon a large party of Druze women and children bearing branches of wild rose and long stalks of flowering hemlock, who were holding festival at the shrine of I forget what prophet. The Mazar was a perfect stone house with a stone door—Halaseh, they call it—and solid stone windows opening on stone hinges. The lintel and the door posts were still wet with the blood of a sheep that had just been sacrificed. Within, there was at one end of the room a kind of pedestal with a bit of shiny black stone upon it, half covered with a green velvet

cloth and a heap of red cotton rags. The women tore off a long strip of the red cotton and tied it round my horse's neck, "against the eye" they said. It is impossible to see a stone playing any part in the religious observances of an Arab race without being reminded of the most famous example of such a practice, the Black Stone at Mecca. According to De Vogüé there have been found in the Hauran a number of Nabathæan inscriptions, mentioning gods who were, he says, worshipped under the form of a conical stone. Now the Nabathæans also were an Arab race and probably brought their stone worship from the Arabian deserts. One cannot restrain an impulse to connect the stone in the 'Ayun shrine with a similar cult, practised in this very country by people of the same race. Moreover, I am persuaded that these Mazars are not merely well-preserved stone houses adapted by the Druzes for religious purposes, but shrines of a far earlier period, and that they are an example of local traditions kept alive by the nomad Arabs, who have always come up to the hills, as they do at this day, for the early summer pasturage. The Allath and Kosiu of the Nabathæan inscriptions had already in Christian times made way for a more orthodox object of worship, but the shrine continued to preserve the emblem of an older divinity and the vestiges of more ancient rites. It is idle to speculate on such a subject, but the following peculiarities are worthy of notice as tending to prove that the Mazars have a special character and are not simply Druze holy places; they are often placed at a considerable distance from the village, whereas the other houses are clustered close together,—Hebran and El Mushennef are good examples of this; they are found in villages which have not been reoccupied by the Druzes, as at 'Ayun, where the Mazar is the only building that has been kept in repair; or they form part of edifices which are of a religious character, as at Ḳureiyeh, where the Mazar is a domed chapel opening out of a large building, the roof of which is supported by rows of columns, and at Kanawat where it is a chamber in the thickness of the wall of a former church or temple.

FIG. 5.—Temple at El Mushennef.

FIG. 6.—Stone Gateway at El Kefr.

Salkhad, which we reached at noon, lies under a small volcano, in the crater of which rises the castle, the most imposing ruin in the Hauran. It, also, was a city of King Og, "he that reigned in Mount Hermon and in Salcah and in all Bashan" says the book of Joshua (xii. v. 5). It must always have been important as a military outpost of Bosrah, since it commands the road into the desert, and for this reason, perhaps, the Mohammedan invaders settled in it, rebuilding the fort and erecting a hexagonal minaret. As far as I know, it is the only town in the hills, except Shahbah, which contains Mohammedan ruins. The paved Roman road from Bosrah turns south-eastward at Salkhad and plunges into the desert, to emerge, men say, at Busorah on the Persian Gulf, but no traveller has followed its course. I myself turned westward and rode through what had once been a country of vineyards, and is now the pasturing ground of herds of camels. In a long past age the stones had been cleared from the surface and piled into heaps, and in that volcanic soil the vine must have flourished as it flourishes to-day on the slopes of Vesuvius. I camped at Kureiyah, another village of great antiquity, which bears traces of having been twice reinhabited. The foundations of the houses are in many cases of huge dressed stones, like those of the so-called Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ; upon these the usual Hauran stone work has been superimposed, and even this, though evidently of a later age, has an air of antiquity, the houses being simpler and more primitive than those of Kanawat and other large villages; these have fallen into decay in their turn and been patched up again by the Druze colonists. The following evening found me at El Kefr, at the foot of the volcanic cone of Kuleib, the highest peak of the Jebel Hauran. El Kefr was a fenced city, of which the walls are traceable; the gateway with enormous stone doors is still standing. A Roman road from Bosrah runs past the village; to the south there is a hill covered with ruins, which is called by the inhabitants El Husn, the Acropolis—a fine commanding place for a fort, with the additional advantage of a spring of

water under the highest rock. The Sheikh was absent when I arrived, having gone to 'Areh to visit Yahya Beg, but while I was sitting in the Mak'ad, or reception room, drinking coffee with his son, he rode up and greeted me warmly. He said he had expected me, for Yahya had asked him whether he had seen "a queen travelling, a consuless." That night there came to the tent of my highness one bearing a paper on which were written some elegant verses, composed, he assured me, especially in my honour. I accepted it with many expressions of thanks, but he still lingered in the tent door. Then I said: "It must be forgiven to me if I do not know the customs of your country, but in mine if any man were to write a poem concerning me I should without doubt give him a quarter of a Mejideh." He replied gravely: "It would be so" and I pressed the equivalent of a shilling into his hand. The verses —saving my modesty—ran as follows:

Welcome to one who has visited us, the dispeller of sorrow!
To one who is gifted with intelligence and penetrating thought, who has illuminated wit, and surpassed the lord of the ages,
Our leader, the most high, to whom praise is due, and of whom perfection is the attribute;
Verily the pure of heart has been encountered in the paths of God, the Exalted, the Sublime.

The eastern slope of the hills has been visited less frequently than the western. The country is of a different character; to a great extent the charm of it vanishes, the bare rocky ground covered with thin coarse grass looks as though it had caught some baneful infection from the immense desert that stretches below it. Here only did I observe troglodyte caves, and Witzstein, who explored this district more thoroughly than any other traveller, says that he found whole colonies of such caves in the eastern hills. On the other hand, the villages are extensive, and do not appear to be as ancient as those in the west; they abound in Christian architecture, the cross figures largely in the decorative scheme of lintel and arch, and the houses themselves are spacious and

FIG. 7.—The Walls, Kanawat.

FIG. 8.—Old Houses at Basan.

many windowed, and belong to a more luxurious age than any that I had yet seen. There seems to be no connecting link between the dwellers in caves, who were presumably the same people that excavated the underground city of Dera'a, and the builders of the large stone houses and churches of Saleh, Busan, and Orman, and I hazard the suggestion that the bleak eastern slopes were not colonised by the earlier invaders, and that they owed their development mainly to the overflowing population of the Roman province. The most interesting of these villages, El Mushennef, contains a charming little temple. The western end is raised by a few steps above a tank hewn out of the solid rock; of the southern wall little remains; the northern is standing precariously, a great bulge outward showing that its days are numbered; the eastern has fallen, and been roughly built up again out of fragments of column and frieze, and the carved blocks that formed part of the doorway. A paved area lies in front of it, on which can be seen the bases of columns that stood on either side of the path leading up to the temple door. The simplicity and good workmanship of all the details are very rare in the Hauran. I have not seen any published photograph of this temple. The village stands on the top of a steep ravine, in the slopes of which I saw a fine cave dwelling, opening out into smaller caves, such as those which Witzstein describes as having been used as stables for cattle. I noticed in several places flights of steps running down below the houses, and the Sheikh explained that every house had formerly a great cellar, and that these cellars were connected with one another so that they formed a second town underground. This would resemble Dera'a.

After I had enjoyed the Sheikh's hospitality, which took the form of fried eggs and a kind of treacle, he inquired whether I wished to gaze upon an idol, a suggestion with which I instantly closed. The idol was lying upon the top of a ruined wall; it was a recumbent figure of a man, almost life-size, carved in the rudest manner out of a single block of stone, and so much defaced by time and weather that no detail

of dress or feature remained. In imagination I set it before the temple door, a pious founder or restorer of one of the most attractive edifices in the Hauran.

At Busan, a village inhabited by some twenty Druze families, I saw the ruins of several magnificent houses. In the block of building on the left-hand side of the photograph there was a small corner room into which water had been run along stone conduits, which were still in almost perfect repair. An agreeable Druze, who had appointed himself my guide that morning took me into it and said: "This was the Hamman of the lady of the house—you see there are no windows so that she could wash unseen." The other rooms were well lighted by large apertures, but I found none of the perforated stone windows which seem to belong to an earlier period than that represented by these houses. The Prophet Job has a Mazar in Busan. A broken column stands before the door, with a capital placed upon it for an altar stone; both were brown and sticky with the blood of sheep that had been sacrificed there. The Prophet Job is much reverenced in the Hauran. He has another shrine at Kanawat, near which I camped that night, under the columns that have served temple and cathedral and still point a silent finger to Heaven above the ruins of both.

Kanawat, which was the ancient Kenath, the city taken by Nobah, "and the villages thereof," and called by him after his own name (Numbers xxxii. v. 42), has been described by travellers far better qualified than I am to pronounce judgment. It contains large and splendid houses with stone doors carved into panels, several temples, a small theatre, a nympheum, and extensive fortifications. Moreover, the Roman pavement still lies in the streets. I give a view of the group of ruins, which Rey conceives to have been the episcopal palace and cathedral built on the site and out of the materials of temples of the late empire, and details of one of the doorways, which is a good example of Hauran decoration; also of a peripteral temple outside the town, and a view of the city wall with a square tower, supposed to be a funeral tower like those of Palmyra,

FIG. 9.—Cathedral of Kanawat.

FIG. 10.—Doorway, Kanawat.

on the right, and a prostyle temple behind, and a nearer view of the same temple.

The most interesting of the "villages thereof" is undoubtedly Si'ah a suburb of Kanawat, though it is razed almost to the ground and presents the appearance of a confused mass of fallen stones. The Comte de Vogüé spent some time examining it, and discovered the remains of a temple, which he proved by inscriptions in the Nabathæan character to have been founded by Maleikath I. in the year 28 B.C. Here then is a monument of that great Nabathæan empire which stretched from the Red Sea to Damascus, and of which so little is known. It has been established by their inscriptions, which are in the Palmyrene script, that their language was Syriac, their race Arabian; indeed, Diodorus, in his account of the siege of Petra, their chief town, in 312 B.C., describes them as a powerful race of nomadic Arabs; and Josephus, in relating their wars with Herod the Great, always speaks of them as Arabs. They succeeded to the country and the commerce of the Edomites, extended their kingdom northwards, profiting by the weakness of the Seleucids, and in 85 B.C. seized Damascus. "Aretas the king," in St. Paul's account of his escape from that city, was a Nabathæan monarch. In 105 of our era Petra was taken by the Romans, and the whole country submitted to Trajan; but the northern provinces had lost their nominal independence, when the Trachonitis and the Auranitis (the Leja and the Hauran) were granted to Herod. From Si'ah to Petra is a far cry, yet a certain parallel may be found in the architecture of the two places, not in the great rock-cut tombs of Petra, which have no counterpart in the Hauran, but in the buildings that stand in the middle of the valley, the palace, and the triumphal arch. These, like the Si'ah temple, are imitations of Greek work, modified by Arab traditions and transformed by Arab artificers. The note was struck by the Nabathæan builders, and the later workmen of the Roman colony, whether in the Hauran or at Petra (for I do not know that the buildings there

can be accurately dated), followed in their steps. All along the east of Jordan the style is, roughly speaking, the same; the same overloaded decoration combined with flatness and crudeness of execution, the same immoderate use of columns in street and temple, the same exaggeration of proportions, the lengthening upwards of the members from stylobate to architrave. Possibly there is still some temple or frontier fort in the eastern desert, unknown except to the herdsmen of the 'Anazeh and the Beni Sakhr, which may afford to future explorers a further clue to the elucidation of that most interesting and difficult subject, the relation of oriental to occidental architecture.

From Si'ah I rode to the top of the hill that I might take a Pisgah glimpse of Suweidah, a town full of important ruins. It is occupied by a Turkish garrison, the only garrison in the Jebel Druze, and connected with Damascus by a telegraph wire, on both of which grounds I felt that the extremely unofficial nature of my entry into the mountains rendered it inexpedient that I should visit it. The hillside, down which we rode, was scattered over with small square towers, and I passed one completely deserted village standing by the edge of a pool of water, gay with a white flowering weed. So perfect were the houses of Masakib, that it was difficult to realise that for nearly fourteen hundred years the fires had been extinguished on the hearthstones and none had come at sunset to draw water from the shining pool. The hills were clothed with hawthorn and thickets of dwarf oaks, the degenerate descendants of the oak forests of Bashan that furnished wood for the oars of Tyre. It seems inconsistent with the allusions to the oaks of Bashan in the Old Testament to speak of the exclusive use of stone for building purposes as having been necessitated by the absence of wood. I can only imagine that the stone architecture originated in the Hauran plain, which is destitute of trees, and was subequently copied in the hill towns. Before we reached Kanawat we passed over the field where a great battle was fought against the Turks five years

Fig. 11.—Peripteral Temple, Kanawat.

Fig. 12.—Prostyle Temple, Kanawat.

ago. My companion, who had himself been a combatant and had lost two brothers on that day, showed me where the fight had swayed between Suweidah and Kanawat, and the Druze line of retreat northwards.

I spent an exciting and difficult evening at Kanawat. The Sheikh ed Din and various other notabilities of the town came to my tent in turn, at dusk and stealthily, and told me important political secrets in flowery Arabic, extremely hard to understand, and further complicated by the necessity of our all speaking under our breath, like conspirators in a melodrama. They were mainly concerned with the quarrels and reconciliations between the Druze sheikhs of the Lebanon and the Hauran; but, like Herodotus, I feel bound not to reveal what I heard, for a reason somewhat similar, perhaps, to that which actuated the father of history. Four days later I reached Damascus by a route which is well known and has been often described. I will only add that the most interesting of the two temples of 'Atil is daily falling into more hopeless decay in the hands of the Druze sheikh who occupies it, and that the great theatre of Shahbah will soon share the same fate.

As I came to the top of the last hill and saw Damascus gleaming white among its gardens in the plains below, I felt my royalty and my consulhood drop from me. I have hidden my crown and the staves of my lictors by the edge of the dusty road; there they await the day when I shall ride back and dig them up again, and return to a country where the traveller is so well received and where the archæologist would be so amply rewarded.

GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL.

IN DEFENCE OF REYNOLDS

Somewhat paradoxical, as well as original, is Sir Walter Armstrong's presentation of Sir Joshua. It is difficult to imagine a great artist, the creator of a splendid succession of masterpieces, who was yet not endowed with artistic fire or original inspiration; but this is practically what the author requires of us.

I WAS really surprised to find that the *Morning Post* was right; Sir Walter Armstrong had made this demand. After reading his book I am bound to confess that, while it bears witness to considerable stores of information, and a real effort to keep up with the van of studio opinion, Sir Walter's original creation has impressed me like a new town or raw suburb, where the contrast that glaring brick and mortar make with grass and cows jars on the mind. He has a great admiration for Gainsborough; it goes a long way, too far I think; yet one cannot help liking admirations that go too far; though, alas! the object of a man's admiration may be his angel altogether as Brutus proved himself Cæsar's: and thus we find that, in order to glorify his angel, Sir Walter has not only produced a complete theory of art, but written a book to put Reynolds in his right place—that is, considerably lower than the angel's. And since he believes that "What a man wants from a work of art is knowledge of the man behind it," Reynolds has to be proved less admirable as a man than Gainsborough. But even this noble purpose can scarcely palliate such methods as these. Of the painter Ramsay he says:

Unfortunately, when a happy idea occurred to him, he was afraid to make the most of it, and left it often in a state of tantalising incompleteness. Perhaps this deficiency helped him with Reynolds: certain it is that, when Ramsay was appointed painter to the king on the accession of George III., Reynolds showed no symptom of disappointment or jealousy. (P. 42.)

Now, is that a fair way to interpret any good man's life whose faults seem all too few, for the support of our theory about his art? Reynolds' cold and jealous nature is part of Sir Walter's new theory, and such a passage shows how he tries to establish it. He reproaches Reynolds with "deductive and inductive weakness," and certainly shows his own strength in reasoning from the whole to a part in the following passage:

It was the year . . . of Northcote's departure from the master's house, to set up for himself, an event *which probably left* a less distinct impression on Sir Joshua's memory than his own election into the Academy of Florence. (P. 97.)

On the formation of our Royal Academy he says that Reynolds

reserved complete liberty of action until the bribe of the Presidency was actually pressed into his palm and his fingers closed upon it. I do not say this in the least by way of blame, but merely to support my reading of his character. (P. 56.)

Of course the *naïveté* of this does not excuse the bad taste; but when we consider that even Sir Walter does not wish to deny that Reynolds was patently the right man for this office, it becomes worse than bad taste, it comes as near as *naïveté* can to being "dishonest," to use a favourite epithet of Sir Walter's own. Would it not have been natural to say that Reynolds was restrained from much activity in regard to the preliminaries because he could not fail to see that he had been tacitly appointed to receive the chief honour in case of success? But the most scandalous instance of Sir Walter's (to put it a little more mildly) *unfair* colouring is one in which we should not fail to remark his "inductive strength."

And yet, with all his affection for his favourite niece, the marriage does

not seem to have stirred Reynolds from his normal attitude towards the concerns of other people. Here is the letter he wrote on the occasion :—

My dear Offy,—I intended to have answered your letter immediately, and to have wrote at the same time to Mr. Gwatkin, but was prevented, and have been prevented every evening since. However, I proposed doing so this evening, and disengaged myself from Mrs. Elliott's (where Polly is gone) on purpose. But this moment Mr. Edmund Burke has called on me, and proposes a party, but desires I would write while he waits at my elbow, for that he will add something himself. You must suppose, therefore, that I have wished and expressed everything that affection to you and friendship to Mr. Gwatkin would dictate.

That you may be as happy as you both deserve is my wish, and you will be the happiest couple in England. So God bless you ! I will leave the rest to Mr. Burke.

Your most affectionate Uncle,

January 30th, 1781. J. Reynolds.

Burke was less summary, and, putting aside one little touch of pomp, sent as graceful a letter as any young couple could wish for at their setting out in life.

This is on p. 123 ; on p. 153 we find :—

Offy, his favourite Offy, was allowed to marry an approved suitor without even a letter of goodwill, *until Burke forced it from him.*

Now, if Burke forced Reynolds at all, it was to write a note with some one at his elbow instead of a letter at his leisure and alone as he had intended. "A method of this kind can make anything out of anything." It would have been natural to suggest, by way of comment, that under the circumstances, from a nature respectful of its own emotions and of those of one dear to it, such a note very probably conveyed far more than Burke's graceful letter. The above are only a few out of many instances. Now, if Sir Walter shows so great a bias on matters in dealing with which our common humanity and the civilised atmosphere we breathe might be expected to keep one fairly erect, what will he not do when treating subjects in which the majority have not yet learned to take an interest, and therefore in dealing with which our common humanity lends no aid ? Let us see.

In the first place, Sir Walter's excuse for thus detracting from Reynolds' character is that it helps his view of Reynolds' art. He considers that Reynolds' cold and cautious nature hampered itself with theories, and frequently stifled his genius under the ashes of calculation. One is tempted very often by Sir Walter to have resort to a maxim of the late Lord Tennyson which is of greater convenience than truth: "Men always impute themselves"—their own motives. Indeed, I cannot forbear to suggest here that Sir Walter's energy and self-reliance are, if not frustrated, reduced in radiance by raw and gusty theories, not cautious, it is true, but hasty.

By way of introduction to his "Gainsborough," Sir Walter exposes his theory of fine art at some length, and therein attempts to define beauty as "fitness expressed"—I do not think with success. As we are the happy contemporaries of a clear and fine thinker on these subjects, may we not surmise that, had he read Mr. George Santayana,[1] he might not have felt so pleased with this definition. He artlessly tells us his theory may be tested in objects "more modern than the form of woman. Take a railway engine for instance." But suppose we take instead a really simple case. Could he distinguish tints of blue as such by means of the fitness they express, or that "essential harmony of their phenomena" which he calls to his aid in regard to "things which have no definite use," such as a "Swiss landscape." True, we call beautiful whatever is fitted to recommend itself to those who possess a sense for beauty; but to others, in whom this sense is lacking, such fitness could never express itself, while it suffices the seers of beauty without advertisement and never betrays them. Yet Sir Walter finds himself forced to suppose that unfitness may be palmed off on us by a lying outside, and fitness often kept in unmerited obscurity by incapacity to express itself, such, it would seem, is the dignity of his fundamental premise! Of his conclusion, no more need con-

[1] "The Sense of Beauty," "Poetry and Religion" (Messrs. A. & C. Black).

cern us than may be put shortly thus—that we do not admire works of art for their beauty, but as revelations of their author's character.

> What a man wants from a work of art is knowledge of the man behind it, and through that knowledge a comprehension of the highest or at least most essential faculties of his own kind.

Sir Walter considers these faculties highest because they "compete with the creative powers of Nature herself." And thus we and she may go on teeming for ever. But nature and men create both bad and good, hideous and lovely; and the bad and hideous are often, for all we know, as fit as the good and beautiful. The now happily extinct popularity of steel engraving well illustrates this admiration for the man behind the work. Have we not heard old gentlemen, oblivious to the result, wonder at the fineness of the lines, the hardness of the steel, and the time and patience expended; being indeed wholly enamoured of the man behind the work, and what, perhaps, Sir Walter would not be wrong in calling "most essential faculties" of our kind, patience and industry? But patience and application by themselves, nay, even energy and self-reliance by themselves, are a mere perpetual-motion theory; they need conceptions of beauty, virtue, truth to give them purpose, to make them rational. Pictures would be equally admirable were they produced like the pearl, by a disease of the oyster. Beauty is "an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it," says Sir Joshua; yes, it is what gives us the immediate perception that this or that is beautiful, full of resemblance to beauty, just as a sense for colour makes us distinguish red, blue, and green things from those that are colourless.

Beauty is the same in art as in nature. This being so, it is natural that, in common speech about works of art, the man's name should be a convenient handle for beauties known to us through his work; but it is he that is admired on account of them, and not they on his account; essential excellence is in the work itself quite apart from the fact as to whether it was produced by a man or an oyster. I should not have discussed

Sir Walter's theory, which is neither new nor true, had he not taken upon himself to be very severe on Reynolds' theories, and even gone so far as to print the words, "His ideas not profound," as a headline for p. 183. Sir Walter's own ideas are perhaps profound, yet they have not that lucidity and reasonableness that the more part of Reynolds' ideas possess in an eminent degree. But I will do him the justice to own that he seems to me never to have understood ideas whose depth he has fathomed and pronounced "not profound." He gives an epitome of the "Discourses"; I cannot hope to surpass it in brevity, but will try to in all other respects.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' discourses were delivered to students. In addressing young beginners, a master will naturally insist on the resources that, accumulated by the past, await us all; he will strive to show how these resources may be turned to account. Having an assembly of variously gifted individuals before him, he will in a general way sketch different lines of development that have been followed in the past; while pointing out that each must be true to that which he is naturally fitted for, he will none the less insist that, in his own opinion, and that of the most mature judges, one line of development is considered the most excellent, even if that be not the one he himself has followed. He will bid them all, whether naturally inclined or not, to give this their earnest consideration, so that they may not choose an inferior walk from ignorance, but if they choose one as he himself had done, that their choice may be founded on the limitations imposed on them by a knowledge of their own capacities, and not made because an external accident has shut them off from perceiving a better way, one both better in itself and to which they were better adapted. To this end he will tell them to study in a less degree all great schools that they may assimilate excellences from all, and will warn them that the heights which it took a Michael Angelo a lifetime to scale they must not expect to seize at the first rush, even if sufficiently endowed to reach them later on. That they must have patience with what they do not yet understand, and,

like little children, imitate their betters as a means whereby to grow like them. To this main line of argument Reynolds returns over and over again, showing in relation to what part of it any particular advice is to be taken. And then Sir Walter tells us:

> Be Venetian, if you like, but, at all events, draw correctly, keep ideal forms of men, women, draperies, etc., before your minds; generalise, and do not be seduced into any kind of particularity; beware of Nature, she is only to be looked at through the eyes of others; do not imagine you can invent, the modern substitute is imitation, and the only invention now possible is the making of some infinitesimal addition to previous inventions. That is a fair epitome of his advice to students, but he reversed it in practice. (P. 181.)

Yes, it is as fair as Sir Walter's use of Reynolds' note to his niece or his treatment of the Ramsay incident, and brings us no nearer the truth. Now let us hear Reynolds:

> The art which we profess has beauty for its object; this it is our business to discover and express; the beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual; it is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it: it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting; but which he is yet so far able to communicate, as to raise the thoughts and extend the views of the spectator; and which, by a succession of art, may be so far diffused, that its effects may extend themselves imperceptibly into public benefits, and be among the means of bestowing on whole nations refinement and taste; which, if it does not lead directly to purity of manners, obviates at least their greatest deprivation, by disentangling the mind from appetite and conducting the thoughts through successive stages of excellence, till that contemplation of universal rectitude and harmony which began by taste, may, as it is exalted and refined, conclude in virtue. (Discourse IX.)

Now we see how much truth Sir Walter's epitome contained, and how little Sir Joshua thought had been done when compared with what remained to do; how little he supposed that the artist drew everything from the past, how much he relied on inborn faculties, and what great benefits he desired for the raw world. If pompous and abstract, it is serious, earnest and careful, and in a style that certainly does not deserve the strictures of a man who indulges in negligences so

purposeless as this: "*England*, no doubt, is an inartistic *nation*" (page 88).

Sir Walter Armstrong has, perhaps, mistaken his vocation: he does not seem felicitous as a theorist, or as a judge of character, or as an art-critic; many and amazing and preposterous are his more particular mistakes. Yet some of them are very fashionable at the present time. He talks of Romney's methods of execution being "infinitely sounder and more honest" than those of Reynolds. Reynolds experimented in order to produce effects for the production of which the tradition had been lost, and some of his experiments were disastrous to the durability of his pictures. But the durability of a picture has nothing to do with its merit as a work of art. Just as Gainsborough pre-eminently did, every born artist, if unsupported by an adequate tradition, will become an experimenter. There are no effects by which beauty is attained "more honest" or "sounder" than others. Least of all those of the lucky and good-for-nothing Romney who takes what little he has from Reynolds and spoils it. In the "Discourses" we read:

> The great end of all these arts is to make an impression on the imagination and the feeling. The imitation of nature frequently does this; sometimes it fails, and something else succeeds.

And the same argument applies equally to technical methods; in proportion as the result is beautiful we have art: of course we desire that works of art shall last, and Reynolds altered his methods when he found that his pictures were cracking and changing. In the fourteenth "Discourse," which is unique as a monument of the dignity, generosity, sweetness, and lucidity with which a man, though a contemporary, may judge another, though he be a rival, Reynolds says of Gainsborough:

> Though he did not much attend to the works of the great historical painters of former ages, yet he was well aware that the language of the art—the art of imitation—must be learned somewhere; and, as he knew he could not learn it in an equal degree, from his contemporaries, he very judiciously

applied himself to the Flemish school . . . . And to satisfy himself as well as others, how well he knew the mechanism and artifice which they employed to bring out that tone of colour which we so much admire in their works, he occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate connoisseur to mistake, at first sight, for the works of those masters. What he thus learned he applied to the originals of nature, which he saw with his own eyes, and imitated, not in the manner of those masters, but in his own.

We now can add Reynolds' own name to the masters from whom Gainsborough gained not a little; but in another place he adds:

This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste: for this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish school, nor, indeed to any school; for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature; and there are yet a thousand modes of grace, which are neither theirs, nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers.

What becomes of Sir Walter's epitome, "and the only invention now possible is the making of some infinitesimal addition to previous inventions"? He cannot, surely, have read these "Discourses" disinterestedly, but with his theory and the glorification of his "angel" in his mind; and as these were to be served, Reynolds was misunderstood. Sir Walter seems to have thought that genius must be like the spider in the "Battle of the Books"; can it have been for the spider's own reason?

For, pray, gentlemen, was there ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in behalf of you, his brethren, and himself with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without.

Originality—as it is wrongly called, for what is meant is not that but the most unfurthering self-assertion—has become a deadly affliction during the last fifty years. The conditions which formed the nurseries of all great schools of art have been precisely those most calculated to repress immature self-assertion. But the popular adoption of education by means of an applied veneer, instead of a transforming discipline com-

bined with the accessibility of the results of learning, has produced a vast emigration of facile talents and crude hopefuls; their "power-generators" are our huge advertisement machines; their America is the accumulation of recorded thought and fact which lies within easy reach of the modern mind; and thus many writers and artists of to-day appear very much as do the manipulators of trusts and rings, when compared with the merchants and master craftsmen who in their guilds gave and received dignity to and from historic towns. We may know where information is, we may turn it over as the Chicago merchant "handles hogs," we may turn it to such account as to be envied and honoured; and yet with their few scrolls and narrow world men in ancient Greece may have possessed more, enjoyed more, and created more that is excellent than we have had any guess of. Though we be as contented with our progress and more so than they were, how difficult it is in regard to oneself and one's contemporaries to distinguish what is fatuous from what is serene.

Has not the old world in things intellectual been tempted to become a new world, and, driven by a supposed necessity of developing huge resources, yielded to a truly American neglect of its inner self and good manners? Has not the cry for originality risen like a "yellow Press" with its straining for sensation, its demand for the "authentic thrill"? Every writer on art will now astonish us with a brand-new theory. He gazes over the realm of past achievement as an acrobat views a gymnasium; he seizes Giorgione for a trapeze and is head over heels to amaze us. The world goes on and on, and who knows what the upshot will be? A sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bird of paradise on the wing, and yet—excellence! to attain that or keep it undiminished the wisest and noblest men have not only lived strenuously but been willing to relinquish their hold on life and the world. Mr. George Santayana, in his admirable volume of essays, has underlined this new-world barbarism; he points out how some vigorous modern authors have viewed the universe as the solution of the problem of perpetual motion, and seen the wheels of life and

passion turning for the sake of turning, without producing anything but the next revolution, happy in the consciousness that they were helping to keep up the stir. We have all heard people call something like this "life," and seen them constantly longing to be in "the thick of it"—experience for the sake of experience! and in the young this temper will at times have appeared charming. But when we gaze back into the past, works executed in severe obedience to high standards of excellence, lives given wholly to the service of perfection, kindle in our own breasts thoughts and ideals that make life for the sake of living seem a cheap and tawdry notion. This is the great claim of the past, its power, its spell.

Sir Walter Armstrong has perhaps been too eagerly drawn into the exploitation of our vast modern resources, as his rapidly sequent publications on the life and works of Velasquez, Gainsborough, and Reynolds might suggest. As one reads, by a kind of magic, the spirit of his words embodies itself, and there appears a complete man, enviably self-reliant, frank, and with that air of despatch which one imagines for a ruling spirit of the firm that undertakes the Atbara Bridge. Yet I am forced to conclude that Sir Walter Armstrong, though a lover, is not likely to be a leader of fashion, since for his view of the "Discourses" all the eloquence and enthusiasm of Ruskin had already failed to make a fortune, and very likely his notions about "paint" are, in the studio world, as a witty friend of mine once said, only what the last frock-coat but one is to the would-be dude. Like that of so many honest secretaries, Sir Walter's imagination serves his ruling interest alone. It deserts him when he has to deal with the scribbled notes that Reynolds made in Italy. He cannot realise that they are like dust from the wings of a moth, a Psyche, once light of wing, who visited many flowers from which no pollen can be found mingled with the meal brushed off in her bygone vagrancy. It is just as much a foible of fashion to call Baroccio a "paint slinger" to-day as in the eighteenth century it was to leave the great primitives nameless and speak of them under the collective appellation of "the Gothic Masters." There is only a difference of breeding in the

two cant terms, for Baroccio is a painter of real merit, whose works Sir Walter perhaps has not looked into with sympathy for the very reason which he supposes led Reynolds to neglect Giotto. Wiser it must have been to assume that a large share of the mature and just praise which Reynolds gave to the "Gothic Masters" was paid to Giotto, than, as Sir Walter does, to conclude from the fragmentary pencil scribblings of a young man's pocket-book, that Reynolds had failed to appreciate what perhaps he had no sufficient opportunity of seeing; and certainly scanty time had been his in which to bridge over the gulf that separated those days from the thirteenth century, across which now the labour of many leisured scholars has thrown a roadway that any tramp may traverse. Imagine Sir Walter without his Baedeker, without Morelli or Crowe and Cavalcaselle! Reynolds might more justly be called the discoverer of Bellini, as Burne-Jones was, I believe, of Carpaccio, than found fault with for only making a single mention of his work. One is almost led to think it not improbable, so extravagant is Sir Walter's bias, that he considers the four caricatures at Dublin "technically" Reynolds' best painting, not even on account of some cherished theory so much as that they happen to be under his charge. Such personal enthusiasms are not unpleasing in the director of a public gallery; we like to know that national treasures are dear to him who is their warden. The energy, enthusiasm and self-reliance that Sir Walter displays, if severely directed to research work, might lead to far more valuable results than his essays in the grand style of fine-art theory, well meant but not favoured by nature. How ridiculous it is to say that Rembrandt never tells a story! Who, among painters, except Giotto, can compare with him as story-teller and dramatist? But Sir Walter takes seriously the fashionable nonsense about pictures not having literary merit when good. Reynolds often, apparently, takes into consideration the like balderdash current in his day, diplomatically soothing his hearers, but slips in some phrase the while that lets a careful reader know that he had a shrewd guess of its real value.

The "Discourses" contain what I believe is the best art-criticism yet written. Reynolds brought to bear on these great questions not alone vast practical experience, but a rare docility of disposition which enabled him to benefit by experience and observation. In studying the great historical painters he saw that, in order to "give a future to their past," it was necessary to go back on the false road made by his immediate predecessors. As I have not space to give a detailed explanation of his theory here, I will briefly point out how a major part of the art achieved in the past century has been produced on the lines he, with so sure an instinct, indicated. Turner, Alfred Stevens, Watts, Ingres, Delacroix, Barye, Millet, Puvis de Chavannes, and Rodin have all attained a European reputation as men of genius, and deserve, I believe, the highest places among their contemporaries; but, in any case, they are pre-eminent for the large part they have given to study of past masters, and many of them for that eclectic catholicity advised by Reynolds. Our pre-Raphaelite school was also a return to the past, but set out with insufficient information, and retained technically too much the character of an adventure of amateurs. Millais was professional enough, but, unfortunately, cannot be said to have possessed himself of a spirit such as great masters evince, or of any substitute for such of sufficient dignity to give him much weight as an exception. Sir Walter quotes him with approval for his strong sense in saying that "paint was paint and talking talk"; not only did he fall a victim to our English self-assurance but also to our "Anglo-Saxon commonness and vulgarity." When will our men of parts mark the example of Milton and heed the advice of Reynolds, and so become aware of the trap that is laid for them in our national self-sufficiency, till by trusting less to, they make more of, their gifts? Alas, most of them, like Sir Walter, are so wide awake as to seem quite blind. Had he been as disinterested as a critic should be, he might perhaps have remembered that the greatest living painter is one whose native endowments constrained him to study and imitate those whom Reynolds called "the great historical

painters" in a more direct way than Reynolds' genius permitted to him; and that not only can a large section of his work be looked on as a splendid vindication of the great President's advice, but in his portraits also he is the only name of the past century who has worthily continued the successes of Gainsborough and Reynolds. I refer, of course, to our venerable English master, Watts.

The career of the greatest modern French painter bears witness to the same thing. Puvis de Chavannes breathed from the antique and the earlier Renaissance the sweet serenity of his gay and noble creations. In sculpture, Europe has had three names of the first rank—Alfred Stevens, Barye, Rodin. Alfred Stevens derived solely from the later Renaissance; Barye refound the Greek tradition before the age of Phidias; and Rodin, an experimentalist, has studied everywhere. Especially has he drawn from that fountain-head, Michael Angelo, and his work bears deep traces of this commerce; though, as Reynolds says of Gainsborough, he has "found out a way of his own to accomplish his purpose." With these men's work before my eyes, I fail to fathom Sir Walter's profound idea—that Reynolds' notions on sculpture have been discredited by latter-day achievements. Nevertheless, the past century has produced a considerable and genuine art, which, without roots in the past, has presumed to despise, or remained indifferent to it. Of sincerity, it has so much as may be wedded to shallowness; of beauty, either a raw, a narrow, or a perverse perception; but it has vigour, hardihood, and sometimes the charm of effrontery. Its methods are rough and ready and its instinct advertisement. In Courbet we have it simple, ignorant, honest; in Manet, impudent and sprightly; in Claude Monet, seeking a support from scientific thoroughness. It has since, in Paris, been carried to caricature extremes which have produced a clumsy echo in Germany, of more real effort than the wild-fire whimsies of the small fry here and elsewhere.

Before jumping we take a run back, and he who imagines he can leap as high from where he stands will probably

bring down the lath. Of like utility is that recourse to the past so strenuously advocated by Reynolds. The principle is universal. Ben Jonson advises poets often to read over the foregoing parts of the work in hand. May we not consider it a sign of sanity when we regard the human spirit as such a poet, and art as a half-written poem? Shall we not have a sorry disappointment if its conclusion is merely novel, and not the fulfilment and vindication of those great things gone before? Keats said he always felt as if he had read the best things long ago, however much their novelty had surprised him. No doubt it was the recognition of their kinship to beauty, and also to all foreknown glories, which he was thus quick to feel. Ah! if the final consummation of art is to be novel only, then, indeed, will seers of beauty be forced to join in that sad wail—"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!"

So, though Sir Walter or anybody else should tell me he preferred Courbet, with his ignorance behind him, or Manet with the unseasoned painting of Goya behind him, to Gainsborough based on Rubens and Vandyck, or Reynolds based on Titian and an eclectic study of all the art he came across, I am content; he may have his opinion, I mine: even as should a man tell me that what I call green was red, I should refer it to his being colour-blind; but if he argues that he is right, and in so doing tries to damage the characters of those to whom with gratitude I look up, or distorts the meaning of their all-too-scanty writings, I feel a righteous indignation, and prepare the best defence I can for the ancients whom I love.

I will attempt to draw a distinction between eccentricity and originality, for it is the confusion of these two ideas which, as it seems to me, leads many gifted persons into error. We may call those conceptions which rationalise and give purpose to human life "central"; such are beauty, excellence, perfection; and any new discovery or creation which enhances, elucidates, or establishes these deserves the praise conveyed by the word "original"; any other novelty is necessarily more or less eccentric, any that makes more of a man than the excellences

he embodies, or puts a higher value on vigour than on beauty, or that prizes skill and productiveness for their own sakes—all, in fine, that seek to be justified by aimless perpetual-motion theories. If I am right, we may say that Millet was original, Turner first original then eccentric, while Monet's work is chiefly eccentric.

I have often thought, in reading his pages, that Sir Walter himself did not realise the full import of many of his pronouncements; he so obviously put the emphasis in the wrong place, and seemed to suffer from what we all suffer from, not having the "habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses." "It is impossible, in the presence of those great men, to think and invent in a mean manner," and men who do this as Reynolds did it, as Legros and Rodin have done—"such men surely need not be ashamed of that friendly intercourse which ought to exist among artists, of receiving from the dead and giving to the living, and perhaps to those who are yet unborn." Sir Walter himself has some excellent passages unclouded by his theories, in which his energy and information add to our enlightenment; and his enthusiasm for Gainsborough, however fashionable, would do credit to any man. But in a period like the present, when every unripe thought and every hasty judgment may be carried far and wide among the intellectually raw, we need to be more than ever self-exacting in sifting our opinions and weighing our words, and to remember the lesson that Swift makes his Æsop draw from the famous quarrel between the spider and the bee, in a passage which furnished an admirable critic with one of those texts he was in the habit of using to such happy effect:

> As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

T. Sturge Moore.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISHMAN

OF course if you ask "the man in the street" what nation has done most in the way of development during the last deeade he will answer you readily "The Japanese." The man in the street is often a thoughtful fellow, and the development of the Jap is obvious, taking the form of assimilation of Western ideas, buying top-hats, frock-coats and ironclads. Moreover the Jap, as a fighting man, set the example to the Western Powers with whom he worked on the way to Pekin.

It is much easier to see developments at the distance of Japan from England; far more difficult for the man in the street to form a right estimate of what is passing on the other side of it. It is too near his nose to be in focus, and moreover he is in the middle of the stream of traffic—of the evolution of his own people—and has not the same opportunity of looking at it from the outside. Evolution is essentially one of those games of which the spectator sees more than the player. It is not impossible that a clearer view may show the Englishman to have developed as much as the Jap, if less obviously. One of his developments is that he has begun to call himself a Briton.

You do not find the Englishman calling himself by this nickname a decade or so back. He has grown to adopt it by way of compensation to Ireland for the wrongs that Oliver Cromwell or Mr. Balfour did her. Ireland is not sure which.

Her wrongs are so many that they defy analysis, and she accepts anything by way of compensation, without gratitude. Yet if Ireland, collectively by her elected mouth-pieces in Parliament, continues to make a vain cackling, her sons individually do yeoman's service for the Kingdom against whose Union these mouth-pieces protest, and, as Paris was cheaply bought at a mass, so such services are cheaply bought by the assumption of the name of Briton—as good a name as Englishman after all is said and done. Curiously enough, Scotland, though partly Celtic too, does not seem to care what the Englishman calls himself, but she has shown a superior faculty for forgetting Cromwell and Cumberland and some other little historical incidents that Ireland would have held in everlasting remembrance.

The chief feature, beyond question, in the Englishman's evolution is his recognition that he is the inheritor of a great estate. It is a different matter to talk in large-sounding phrases about an empire on which the sun never sets, and to realise at all adequately what these fine phrases mean. This is a recognition that has come to the Englishman—that is to say, the average Englishman of the educated classes—only within the few last years of this decade, and the man to whom, first of all, the Englishman is indebted for that recognition is that best of all his friends, ex-President Kruger. To Lord Salisbury and to Mr. Chamberlain we owe a great deal, to Mr. Cecil Rhodes perhaps we owe more, for showing us what imperial possibilities and imperial responsibilities mean, but by no one man has so much been done for the solidification of the British Empire, and for bringing home to every Briton (let us use the all-embracing term) the sense of what Empire means, as by Mr. Kruger, whom, nevertheless, we must deem to have done all this without precise knowledge of the end to which he was working. Some day, with or without Mr. Kruger's kindly aid, the Englishman would no doubt have awoke to a sense of what he was. It is to Mr. Kruger that he owes it that he has won this knowledge before the nineteenth century came to its

close. "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, To see oursel's as others see us"—and Robbie Burns, looking down from his own particular niche in the poet's corner of Paradise, will see the *deus ex machina* to that end, for the Englishman, in the Dutch figure of the exiled ex-President.

Adequately to trace from its beginnings the evolution of the Englishman, it would be necessary to go back to his earliest historical days, when the infancy of the nation was created by a blend of the Anglo-Saxon with the Norman. Since that time, through all his days of feudalism, autocracy, revolution, reformation and constitutional monarchy the Englishman, be it said to his everlasting credit, has been capable of sacrificing much for an ideal. When he goes crusading with Richard Yea-and-Nay, buccaneering with Drake, iconoclasting with Noll Cromwell, shaking the pagoda tree in the service of John Company, he is, in each and every incarnation, fighting for something more than the material rewards of victory. Even in the buccaneering he is something of an idealist. It is seldom that he realises the ideals for which he fights, but he leaves the realisation and the possession for his posterity. He sows the seed in blood and treasure; his children reap the harvest.

Is this not really the justification and the true motive of the Englishman in seeking Empire? Immediately, he gains the empty glory that is dearly bought, but for his sons he lays up an invaluable possession. His justification for possessing the earth is that he, more than any other, can fulfil the mandate to replenish it. Who shall point to a corner of the earth where the Englishman has proclaimed his Empire and declare that it is not the better for the proclamation? There is no such place on the map.

The work of his Empire, the meaning of himself and his work in the world, the Englishman has grown to appreciate only within the last decade, and within the last year or two of that decade. He has also grown, within the last few months, to appreciate the price that he has to pay for Empire. He is in the position of a man who balances his accounts at the end

of the century, and asks himself rationally whether his expenditure is worth its objects. On the whole, the answer of the Englishman is a steadfast affirmative. He has said his say at the recent elections—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in preference to Mr. Leonard Courtney. He is prepared to pay the price, whether in blood or treasure. In the Transvaal he has shed his blood, the best and bluest, even the blood royal, and his treasure to the degree of a shilling's income tax in the pound. The price is very terrible. But he is steadfastly resolved to pay it. It is the price of Empire, and Empire is worth the price. That is the way that the balance is struck by the "nation of shop-keepers."

The alternative has been brought very near. When disaster after disaster came upon the few arms we had in South Africa, at the outbreak of the war, the Englishman went about the streets asking himself how it would feel to come down to the position of a third-class power. The possibility seemed to be on the horizon of practical politics, and it was wonderful how calmly, how bravely, the Englishman faced that possibility, even as his power of facing all kinds of music has made him the wonder of Europe—perhaps, in some measure, the wonder of himself. But though he accepted the possible situation calmly, he prepared to pay the price, even to the utmost farthing, that should save him from it, and he has his reward—a reward that has come to him in the form of the hand-clasps of his brother Englishmen all the world over, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, wherever Englishmen live, so that the truth is brought home to him—which yet again he had no means of gauging before—that Empire means not weakness, but strength.

It is a truth that the Englishman's critics were not disposed to let him trust in; it is a truth that his critics themselves were far from realising. In the early days of that South African war which has let light into so many dark places, the critics were not slow in speaking of the British Empire as the "Colossus with feet of clay" to be overturned by the gentle pressure of

Mr. Kruger, the great and good. Then Englishmen came from Canada, Englishmen came from Australia, the Princes of the Indian Empire (most startling apparition of all) wished to join the Imperial forces. It appeared that the Colossus stood on some solid foundation after all. The Englishman heard a deal less from his critics about "the feet of clay."

Amongst other things of which the last decade of the century has given the Englishman a clearer recognition is the attitude of the Continent towards him. Ten years ago it was often said that the Englishman was unpopular on the Continent of Europe. But did the Englishman believe it? Not for a single moment. He read about it in the Continental papers, but he said to himself "Tush," or more likely "Bosh. It's impossible that anybody can really fail to like such a good fellow as I am." That was his view about it. It seemed to him incredible, and he declined to believe it. The only people whose dislike he did believe in were the Americans, and it filled him with the most unfeigned astonishment. He could not make it out at all; ascribed it to all sorts of causes, such as the teachings of the American history primers depicting all Englishmen as animated towards America by the sentiments of George III. At all events, whatever the reason, he had to believe the fact, and he accepted it with the greatest surprise. Then came America's war with Spain. America, with scarcely less astonishment, found the Englishman to be her friend. In the meantime on the Continent the attitude was sufficiently pronounced to convince the most sceptical. There was the German Emperor's telegram to Mr. Kruger, on the occasion of the Jameson raid—which latter was emphatically a buccaneering exploit of the wrong kind—and there was the feeling excited by the affair Dreyfus (in which pie the Englishman had no earthly right to put his finger as he did), and by the incident of Fashoda, which France would have done well not to raise. These things sufficed to convince even the Englishman—the astonishing fact became beyond question—that he was not popular. The reason was altogether hidden

from him, but the bare fact was sufficient to make him begin to suspect himself.

He had no idea but that he was the best fellow in the world, and yet, since he found himself without a friend in that world, he began to ask himself whether it could be the whole world that was at fault, or whether there might not, after all, be some reason for it in himself. And in something of that attitude the end of the century finds him. He has not fully succeeded in solving the reason of his unpopularity. He is inclined to think it is because he is a success where others have failed, and this is a very human reason for unpopularity. But he has a suspicion that it may not be altogether this, a suspicion that is fostered by the fact that his unpopularity has become less patent since his pronounced success in rallying his brothers all over the Empire to his aid in South Africa. In this regard his evolution within the last decade has not been in the direction of solving and recognising the reason of his unpopularity, but in recognising its truth as a fact and suspecting the hitherto undreamt-of thing that the cause of it may be, partly at least, in himself—that he may not be altogether so pleasant a fellow as he supposed himself. It is not altogether, therefore, for self-edification, but in some respects even for humility, that his latest evolution makes. Nor is his humiliation on this account only. He is beginning to suspect of himself, further, that he is not quite so clever a fellow as he supposed. The conception by the Englishman of his unpopularity came to him, fortunately, at the moment, or but a short while before the moment, when other circumstances combined to help him to recognise that he had strength enough to despise that unworthy sentiment of the foreigner towards him. It was for a few short months only that his "isolation" seemed too heavy a burden for him to bear. When, by grace of Mr. Kruger, he had realised the power as well as the responsibilities of Empire, he acquiesced in recognition of his "isolation," as a necessity of his geographical insulation, and was willing to take his place in the world on those terms.

As regards his suspicions, so newly aroused, of his intelligence, the Englishman, in the latest stage of evolution under which he is known to us, is suspicious and restless still. He is dissatisfied with himself. He is almost fain to regard other nations, French, German and American, as before him in quickness of apprehension in regard of those military and commercial problems which, taken together, seem to contain all the factors of Empire and of success. It is but a seeming. They do not contain all the factors. There remains a residuum —that quality by which, as Lord Rosebery put it, the Englishman "blunders through somehow"—but the commercial and the military qualities are the factors most obvious, and in them the Englishman grudgingly has to admit that he finds himself being outpaced. Germany and America are going faster, are more adaptable to the various circumstances, in the commercial race. Not a nation, according to their own showing, but could give points to him in the great military business of leading men scientifically. In one point, a detail that is of importance, does the Englishman still claim (and his claim is admitted him) a superiority—in the quality of the men to be so led—the material of his battle line. This is the gift that Heaven, in the Englishman's pious judgment, has given him—the Empire-making gift, that he possesses in greater measure even than Germans or Americans, whom he conceives as most nearly akin to himself of all the nations. It seems to him but natural that he should be in alliance with them and no longer in isolation; that all children of the common Teutonic stock have a common outlook and should make common cause. It is to his astonishment that other members of the Teutonic stock do not seem to view the matter with his eyes.

The lack of intelligence, whereof his latest phase of evolution appears to make him aware, the Englishman of the cultured classes is recognising, and he is determined that he will mend the matter. His officers shall learn the game of war in preference to the game of polo. He is going to set his

commercial house in order, to make his adaptability to the wants of foreign customers compete with that of the colonial merchants of Germany; he is going to sweep out the dusty corners of his War Office; he is going to emulate his American cousin in his quicker appreciation of mechanical improvements. All this is very near the heart of the Englishman of average culture in his latest evolution. Unhappily the Englishman of less than average culture, the Englishman of the masses rather than of the classes—that is to say, the Englishman in the great majority—does not envisage these things at all in the same way. His evolution perhaps has not yet reached the phase in which he is able to suspect himself of a defect. On the gallant principle that his fathers brought from Heaven knows where—it hardly can have been Waterloo—that one Englishman is worth three Frenchmen, on that principle and that estimate he reckons his worth in comparison with that of all the world besides. "Such a thing, such a mode of action, is English" is, with him, but another way of saying "such a thing or such a mode of action is ideally right." It leaves no room at all for any improvement. Now this is a gallant and maybe an empire-making mood, but it is not the mood in which evolution accomplishes itself. It is the mood rather of stagnation, the mood of a stagnation only to be described as Chinese. There is danger, in the Englishman's attitude, that his Empire, or at least his island home, may become even like that of the Chinese; but there is salvation for him from that mood in the suspicion of himself that has become the latest possession of the class of average culture. When that suspicion shall have permeated and leavened the mass there will be hope for the Englishman that he may again move on in the course of evolution. For the moment it is heavily arrested. It is blocked by the self-satisfaction of the labouring and the town commercial classes, by the inability of the latter to see that supply must be brought into agreeable relations with demand, by the tendency of the former to strike for more wages than capital can afford to give and to require a standard of comfort

in their way of living that makes them unable to compete with the foreign labourer who lives more simply and more cheaply. For the moment the Englishman of this class has no regard for the foreigner. He is in the phase of the more cultured Englishman of fifteen years ago. He disregards foreign competition just because it is foreign, and therefore in his eyes a quantity to be neglected. We may hope that a few years of further evolution will open his eyes as those of his more developed countrymen have been opened, so that he may bestir himself to compete with his rivals in the game of production. On the other hand, in regard to the relatively greater cost and higher scale of comfort of the Englishman's living in the working class, in this regard we may expect the foreigner to come into an equality with him rather than he with the foreigner, for the tendency is for the general comfort of living to increase as evolution proceeds, not *vice versa*, and one of the Englishman's legitimate reasons for self-satisfaction is that he cares for the housing of his working classes and that his soldiers have a beef-fed courage and constancy.

A trait common to all Englishmen, irrespective of class, in this latest phase of evolution has been an enthusiastic loyalty, centred on an object that could scarcely fail to rouse sentiments of enthusiastic loyalty, but not entirely dependent on the person to whom the feeling was for the time directed. Throughout his history, in which a succession of different dynasties, many of them not directly English, have occupied the throne of England's monarchs, to all alike the Englishman has been singularly ready to render his obedience and his service, though obedience to another's bidding is by no means, nor ever has been, a trait characteristic of him. In opinion he demands a perfect, a Protestant, freedom; which demand is among the reasons that he is not altogether a *persona grata* in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe. Yet within his own borders he is singularly amenable to the powers that be, from Crown to Parish Council and the village constable.

The freedom that he claims for himself he is willing, within

limits, to extend to his wife. Only the more advanced Englishman whom we call the American permits his wife a greater freedom of opinion and action than the Englishman in his own island. Yet there are limits to the freedom, limits prescribed largely by a sense of humour. There is something just slightly ridiculous in the sex that is weaker claiming for itself equality with the sex that is stronger in rivalries into which the elements of strength, mental and physical, essentially enter. The Englishman, for all that he may suspect himself of a want of mental alertness, is able to keep the claims of the woman within bounds by a laughter that is gentle and fatal, permitting woman at the same time the privilege and powers that belong of right to her weakness.

And with all the Englishman's distrust of himself and his intellect compared with the perhaps quicker faculties of others, he is convinced nevertheless that his attitude and his outlook on the world are right in the main. Striking the balance of the mental, the moral and the material gifts, the outcome he finds to be satisfactory ; and his self-satisfaction he hardly seeks to conceal, and thereby supplies with yet another faggot the fire of his unpopularity on the Continent of Europe. To be successful, to know it and to show that you know it, this is perhaps after all the head and front of his offending. It may not seem to amount to much, but it is enough, as human nature and human nations are constituted. It accounts for most of the isolation in which practically, however he may strive to persuade himself to the contrary, the Englishman lives on his island and throughout his world-wide Empire. It is the strength of the Englishman's position, and at the same time an added aggravation of it, that he doesn't care.

In spite of his almost amazing loyalty, the evolution of the Englishman during the last decade has marched rapidly on democratic lines. It is a march that is due to several causes. The old aristocracy has descended from its pedestal and meets the democracy more than half way. A belted earl is a member of the Stock Exchange, and loses so little in caste as to hold an

office in a Conservative government—a case typical of the course of events, a silent sign of the times—and he one of the older creation! Of the later creations, peers are so many that their number must inevitably take something from the respect in which their class, when it was more exclusive and select, was held by the class below it. The middle classes see their own members passing into the ranks of the peerage, and rub shoulder to shoulder with members of the old exclusive class in city offices. For the cause—it is to be seen in the lower value of land, in which, for the most part, the property of the old aristocracy consists, together with a higher cost of living in the smart set which is due more to the increased transport facilities given by railways than to any one other cause. For the effect—the Englishman of the middle classes has lost much of that slightly ridiculous, yet not altogether evil, "respect for a lord," which used to be his more or less unconscious possession, while at the same time a sense of his own necessity has given to the working man the precious belief that he is fully as good as his middle-class employer. The parvenu millionaire takes his place without an effort in the "smart" society of London. All is no doubt for the best in the best of all possible worlds. At least who shall say that the aristocracy is not fully as well occupied in putting its shoulder to the wheel, even though it be but the wheel of a money-making machine, as in the Corinthian manners of life under the Regency? Nor does it spare its brain and its blood in the service of government at home or of Empire abroad. If the Englishman of the masses does not "respect a lord," as in the good days of old, it is surely because such loss of respect is a necessity of his evolution, by no means because "the lord" who is typical has fallen from an estate in which he was more worthy of respect.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ART OF LIFE

MANY people think that life cannot be filled better than by whirl and excitement. Tell me frankly, does this lend charm to life? Life is what it is; why should we kill ourselves in painting its stucco? It would often be doing us a service were some one to show us the ridiculous side of a crowd of obligations and ambitions in which we consume ourselves, vainly. To do this thing or that because "everybody does it," to know everybody, to take the present time by the forelock, to think everybody's thoughts, to see what every one sees, to eat the fashionable kickshaws and suffer from the fashionable complaint, to reel under the prodigious exertion of doing nothing—truly a fine object in life, this: the life of a circus horse or a squirrel. The world will regard us with admiration, maybe; but the physician before whom we presently collapse after our surfeit will treat us as degenerates.

He will tell us to quit Paris and fly to the sea or the mountains. Stuff! 'tis not the air of Paris that is unwholesome; what is unwholesome is its moral atmosphere. Still, I do find it a little hard to understand how a Parisian, constantly beset by risks so various, can reach manhood limb-whole, unmaimed. To be alive—that is the marvel.

And many persons, amid these futile activities, pass life by after all without touching it. *Who* they were is never

known; you only see their gestures. In sooth, there must be many serious people among the clowns at the fair, judging by the number of clowns and fribbles among serious people.

Not a few of the grave men I happen to meet, lawyers, bankers, men of business, are not really men at all; they are merely lawyers, bankers, men of business. Is this happiness?

Mr. Rockefeller, the petroleum king, has fallen into a melancholy. Like Charles V., he desires to abdicate; but this dream is still to him a fresh source of trouble and sorrow, for he seeks a mortal of fit mould and temper to wield the sceptre in his stead, and, though he scours two hemispheres, this mortal is nowhere discoverable.

Will it astonish you, Madam, if I avouch that this rage of unrest has set its mark upon some of your sex? Would not you yourself think it a slight on your reputation if you were even suspected of being a stay-at-home? Conversation, writing—what outworn, antiquated things! You fling out your words, your notes, in the style of a trademan's list or a telegram; you are seen in the paddock or the polo-field, on charitable committees, in presidential chairs; since man is master, you think you are winning a place among the engulfing sex by adopting mannish modes wholesale.

The most charming of women will cut, at best, but a poor figure as a man; and I cannot, in truth, see what there is in the spectacle of the masculine hurly-burly to attract women who might well live in quietness. To be endlessly getting and spending, to turn all things to laughter and take nothing seriously, to be altogether insensible—oh, a fine philosophy! With all his wealth and titles and decorations, many a man comes to crawling on all fours, and even finds exceeding comfort in his proneness, like the good soul who, being changed into a swine by the enchantress Circe, refused point-blank to resume his former feature. But all our restless strivings represent in reality nothing but a varnish of egotism, wherefore we cannot desire a woman to take pleasure in them. Moreover, she would have to force her nature to attain an egotism so perfect. Such

egotism is very rare among you, ladies; and often, after the loss of those you love has driven you within your last entrenchments, it happens that Death comes, rather than Forgetfulness.

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Shall we at least find joy in the happiness of doing nothing?

I recognise that, for some women, there is a measure of practical wisdom in remaining idle. Unaccustomed to anything that can be called work, constrained often to periods of real enforced idleness, they prefer to avoid all serious undertakings, lest their activity prove mere bungling.

This attitude of mind is familiar to many men also, if they have an income however small, or merely the hope of espousing one. They tell themselves that work brings worry, breeds jealousy and envy: ignorance has its art—the art of shining inexpensively; and all you have to do for the decoration you covet is to unveil a statue in honour of some philosopher conveniently deceased. Meanwhile, it is so pleasant a sensation, so conducive to the peace and order of your country, to smoke your cigar without one thought, one desire, one aspiration!

So pleasant! But stay, my dear sir, let me deal fairly with you: you are always doing something, even though it be only smoking, hunting, reading the newspaper, emitting your political views, riding, eating, digesting. Only, these occupations are useless to your neighbours. It is very lucky, you will admit, that all men do not profess the same principles of ideal parasitism, for then, who would give you to eat?

If we could but hug the assurance that wretchedness belongs of right to the poor, and glory to the rich, we might beseech the poor to batten on the odours exhaled from your kitchens. But no: uselessness seeks to foist itself as a mark of distinction; and vanity, often more ravenous than hunger, excites violent social strictures, especially among workmen of some intelligence, and sufficiently well off already to have an inkling of what luxury means.

Unhappily, our progress in material things serves only to

develop this sense of luxury, by establishing on all sides contacts purely material. Money, and money alone, classifies the passengers on the railway; we all become mere parcels, some in wadding, others not. We are estimated by the weight of our money, though that is commonly a cause of moral feebleness, or at least of torpor. Will social happiness, any more than personal happiness, be found in this glorification of material indolence and the aristocracy of pleasure? It seems not, judging by the jealousy that devours our whole society, from top to bottom. There is endless talk of solidarity, fraternity: that is the court dress of the present day, as were formerly wigs and knee-breeches. But never was egotism so intolerant; never, consequently, was the tedium of life so grievous.

Men mightily deceive themselves by indulging all their life long the dream of an easy time—retirement from business, quiet days of fishing, and so on; seeking a path to this happiness by way of a life of inelastic limitations. "I am not an utter fool," a Frenchman will tell you: "As you are aware, I am a decent fellow, though I say so—a public servant, naturally, like all Frenchmen—a good citizen, and a member of no end of societies—academies too, I assure you. Among the ministers I serve, at least one out of two seems an absolute ass. Oh, but I serve him! Simple obedience to rule makes you happy; that's the thing for peace and promotion. My wife is so devout that she positively does harm to religion; she is driving me to agnosticism: not that it really matters; indeed, I recognise that in my wife's piety there is a narrow, slavish, so to say utilitarian side, which it is well to inculcate upon women so as to silence argument and stifle thought. And as to work, and the money it brings in—well, I take just as much as I need. You can't imagine, dear fellow, how easy and familiar work becomes when you are used to it, and do it mechanically. It's like your morning tub, becomes a positive mania. When I am on holiday, getting a taste of Nature in my garden at Clamart, I feel quite lost, and have half a

mind to go to the office. Still, I look forward with lively impatience to the goal of my life, the time for retiring. Talking of that, I quite envy the *far niente* of my neighbour, a decent little retired grocer. And after all, not being miserly, thank Heaven, or stuck up, I do feel that money is only a means; it's a good thing so far as it relieves us of exertion. For the most part, men only want to get rich out of sheer pride, just to have more than their neighbour. I myself have the sense to believe, like the English, that money becomes respectable when you begin to spend it. O the joy of doing nothing, and letting others slave for you!—the delights of taking it easy, loafing, lolling the time away! Governments could never give you too much encouragement. How easy they make it to govern a country, and what satisfaction they procure for the governed themselves!"

That is how most of us talk. Our life is either whirl or stagnation. To the women who do nothing, as well as to all these mechanical gentlemen, to those who are enamoured of the world, and to persons flourishing and waxing fat, may I present the woman of my dream? She has formed the habit of living so actively on the joys and sorrows of others, she has sustained, encouraged, helped others so often, shared so many fears and hopes, seen so much of birth and death, lived so full a life, that beneath her blanching hair her heart finds it impossible to retire from the service. It grows and grows. Her activity, always fruitful, brings forth ever more and more. A clear proof that there must be a special secret.

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Art has for its aim the perfection, the augmentation, of our sensibility to physical objects. Contact with the True and the Useful being often void of charm, whether because the Beautiful passes "out of range," as hunters say, or because the Ugly presses upon us somewhat too closely, art consists in creating for oneself a nest, a little sanctuary, an environment that one can love, and in presenting to us by their softer sides the things with which contact is inevitable.

Therefore a woman's art consists in drawing from the most modest occupations a ray of beauty and of love; and the surest means of discovering such in those is to put it there.

A gross error of our time is an æsthetic error. The belief is current that there are things which are necessarily artistic, which make you an artist from head to heel as soon as you touch them, and other things which can never be artistic. People rush to the first, and eschew the others. They fancy themselves to be artists by the mere fact of their handling a chisel or a brush instead of a plough; a governess, be she ever such a goose, thinks herself a superior person. In reality there are some things to which art is applied, and other things to which it is not applied. The art of life consists in living steadily, without perturbations, in doing honestly that for which we were born, and in doing it with love.

I cannot forget, for example, the singular impression produced upon me, in a corner of the old hospital of Bruges, where Memlinc worked, by a group of beguines scraping carrots, and murmuring their prayers the while. I was leaving the place with a band of tourists, my eyes filled with beauty, my heart haunted by the exquisite visions of Memlinc: these placid women, not one of whom raised her head at so commonplace an event as a stranger passing, wholly absorbed, as they were, in blending the love of God with the fulfilment of His laws, well reflected the sentiment of the painter, the living ray of grace. I seemed to see around them a glamour of art.

Take a woman who, from an entirely different point of view, showed the same instinct for finding loveliness in common things—the celebrated Madame Roland.

The drying of her grapes and plums, the garnering of her nuts and apples, the due preparation of her dried pears, her broods of hens, her litters of rabbits, her frothing lye, the mending of her linen, the ranging of her napery in its lofty presses—all these were objects of her personal, unstinted, unremitting care, and gave her pleasure. She was present at the village merrymakings and took her place among the dancers on the green. The country people for miles around sought her aid for sick friends whom the doctors had given up.

She ranged the fields on foot and horseback to collect simples, to enrich her herbarium, to complete her collections, and would pause in delight before tufts of violets bordering the hedgerows bursting with the first buds of spring, or before the ruddy vine-clusters tremulous in the autumn breeze: for her, everything in meadow and wood had voices, everything a smile.[1]

When a woman has armed herself with this special force of beauty, she has done much. It only remains for her to nourish and propagate it: her life is a permanent work of art; around her an atmosphere is naturally created, in which all things solicit and give play to our noblest sentiments. Ah! this art is no chimera, no vain or useless thing; it is the very nursery of life. Even in a cottage it smiles upon the wayfarer, offering flowers to his view, teaching him the graciousness and the necessity of joy. M. Guyau defines the artist as "he who, simple even in his profound accomplishment, preserves in the gaze of the world a certain freshness of heart, and (so to say) a perpetual novelty of sensation." That is the impression which a woman should produce around her, and no tremendous exertion is needed, since the first rule is frankness and simplicity. Luxury tends to be hurtful. It is useless to go far afield, to ferret out recondite styles, to complicate, to love the affected, the rare, the eccentric, the languid. Let the house be a living and well-ordered place, where the accessory does not take precedence of the essential, where every object has its own place and its specific character. Breathe into all things a sentiment of unity, and also, as far as possible, of spaciousness and comfort.

In the country, respect the ancient dwelling, even though a little dilapidated—the old walls, the old furniture, the old avenue, the old church. Try to feel in presence of a living personality. A house is a book in stone, and, if you will, you may give to everything a soul, even to stones. Allow your own life freely to enter and pervade this ancient home. Irregularities in structure, recent additions, are all cries of existence. Something of your own soul thus cleaves to all these walls.

[1] O. Gréard.

Is it not true that the architect of a building, the painter of a fresco, the carver of an arabesque, have left upon their work some fragments of their souls? Their thought hovers about the walls. The voice of a singer causes the composer's soul to live again in us; the painter, the sculptor, speak to us, serve us as mentors. I also, in these pages, shall leave some fragments of my soul, with the hope that in the shadow of my thought some one perchance may pray and love.

. . . . . .

Rich or poor, do not crowd your walls; set on them merely a living and friendly note, something that is a final revelation of your self, an element of life—a pretty water-colour, a fine engraving. Is not this a thousand times better than a vulgar glitter, or even than tapestries? It is you, your thought, that you must stamp on these walls! Thereby you extend and fortify your personal action. What recks it me whether I find this or that object in your drawing-room? Am I stepping into a photographer's studio, or into a museum? It is *you* that I want to see. And, to tell the truth, I do not think it very delightful to see above your head your own portrait, the portraits of your husband and children. The end of portraiture is to replace the absent; besides, the painter or engraver strikes me too forcibly as interposing between you and me, and as indicating almost brutally how I am to understand you. What would happen, I wonder, if I should admire the imitation more than the original?

I would rather divine you, come to know you, in my own fashion, as the secret unity among your belongings grows upon me. If the visitor on entering perceives no discordant element; if his eye, wandering presently towards the chimney-piece or some other salient point, rests on a beautiful head enhaloed, as it were, with Christian sentiment and ideals, or on a beautiful Greek statue, calm, dignified, in no wise laboured or strained, natural in pose and expression: at once he is at ease, his confidence is already won.

Presently his glance will range afield; he will perceive

some fine early Italian master, adorable in its artlessness, crowded with ardent ideas, and fragrant with noble aspirations: or, if you are touched with the unrest of life, if needs you must plumb the mysterious and the unknown, you will have made room for some Vincian vision; or maybe for the clever and superficial gaieties of the French school, or the admirable warmth and freedom of some of our landscape painters.

Many people indulge a taste for small canvases, because these will hang anywhere, go with anything, form part of the furniture, and suggest no manner of problem—cow-sheds, to wit, scoured miraculously clean, interiors all spick and span, kettles athrob, alive; or watery meadow lands, with grey trees and grey water, and clouds fretted, or far stretched-out, or close-packed, or flocculent. These do not tire the brain, they offend no one, except that, from the house-decorator's point of view, they are often of too superior a workmanship.

Rembrandt is the divinity of shade, the antipodes of the Italian sunny expansiveness. In an impenetrable cloud he dints a spot of gold, which proves to be a drunkard, a beggar, a melancholy wight, a rotund Boniface, a needy soul, or a Jew from Amsterdam or Batignolles; or possibly himself.

There are also the Gargantuesque old Flemish masters, with their phenomenal processions, their banquets open to the world, bubbling over with gaiety and life.

It seems to me that in matters of art one should say *raca* to nothing; every æsthetic impression has some use. And I really do not see the utility of a dispute like that which has been wrangled over for ages, about the relative importance of form and substance. Certainly there are features that are accidental, and others that are essential: you will choose according to your taste. The arts of design have no title to govern your soul; it is your part to govern and make use of them. Do you prefer to invoke an image, or a thought? Do you wish to surround yourself with the brutalities of so-called Truth, or with suggestions, forms which efface themselves in the interests of impressions or ideas? Do you love beauty of

form, exact outlines, well-defined contours, or a broad effect, a surface whose lines are lost in the ambient shade? These are questions for yourself to answer. Good tools are those which suit you best. It is not the mission of painter or sculptor to reproduce a scene with mathematical precision: a photographer would do this better; the artist's part is to be of service to you, to furnish you with the elements of the art of life. Indeed, it is the distinguishing mark of the artist that he singles out and segregates, in a crowd, in a landscape, the one choice object: upon this he fastens, he is alive to all its manifold nuances, and the charm is so great that around this object he sees nought but gloom.

The æsthetic object does you the delightful service of supplementing your own visions, and of compassing you about with ideas. You do not inquire what it is, but what it expresses; the cleverest of still-life pictures, like those to be seen in Italian houses, would give you but a very superficial pleasure. You need support, not illusions; this marble, as no one knows better than yourself, is marble; but it speaks to you.

Only, the message of art needs to be properly directed. To catch its accents, or to make them heard, one must impart to it something of one's own. How wonderfully the meaning of things, even their most precise intellectual meaning, varies for us, day by day, through distraction or a change of mood! If our mind wanders as we read a book, the loveliest thoughts glide over us as though over marble. A lady who had been stirred to enthusiasm by a somewhat mediocre book wrote asking me to recommend another which would produce the same effect. I told her first to fill herself with the same enthusiasm, and then to take down from her shelves any book she pleased. One day, subdued to our mechanism, we pass on like blind men; the next, if our hearts are moved and our spirits satisfied, we feel suggestion to the full, and go so far as to see, in a phrase or a picture, ideas which the author never dreamed of putting there.

Let us not, then, be anxious to crowd our rooms with

beautiful things; far better display things few in number, but high in worth, adapted to their surroundings, and performing in some sort the office of the conductor of an orchestra.

To enforce this reflection, it is enough to mention the irritating effect produced by certain museums. The genus "collection"—that is the rock to shun! All these hapless canvases, torn from their luminous, hallowed, intimate, unique place, are there exhibited high and dry in philosophic desolation, rootless, forlorn. At ten o'clock you have to don the freshness of spirit necessary to enjoy them, and doff it on the stroke of four or five, according to the season. Instead of entering a gallery with heart at rest, and seeing in the sanctuary the object of worship, you pull it to pieces, compare it with the canons, and puzzle out a needless meaning. Some good souls criticise the subject, others its treatment and technique; and the keepers stroll about or doze in a corner. What a crime to despoil streets and palaces and churches, the very tombs, for the sake of ranging such labels in a row! This is art as officialdom knows it.

In a room of great simplicity, a single work, adapted to its surroundings, and excellently interpreting a woman's tastes, renders us a wholly different service. This is no corpse to anatomise. You contemplate a thing that is loved, and a radiance floods the place; you forget, if only for a moment, the offences of life. And I maintain that the poorest woman in the world, if she has confidence in beauty, will always be able thus to fill her home with light; she can always place in it some flowers or a photograph.

. . . . . .

You may furnish your rooms in a higher sort by adorning your chairs with beings who speak and act. In referring to these familiar beings as furniture I mean no harm, but simply imply that they are no friends of yours, but merely accessories, persons who sink their own ideas and tastes, Madam, to assist your art with theirs.

In this category, musicians probably hold the first place.

Indeed, music plays a much higher *rôle* in æstheticism than the manual arts, a *rôle* scarcely inferior to that of the intellectual arts. Like the latter, it has (so to say) no substance, appealing solely to the feelings; whether we will or no, it rarely fails to take possession of us, though merely by tangled sensations; it catches us as in a web, and does with us what it will; it moves us, lulls us to sleep, stimulates us. It derives its effects from the relations of tone, whether with neighbouring tones on the scale, or with the singer and the listener. A small thing in itself, it is yet of capital importance: all life, all motion even, produces sound, from the wind and the sea upwards; and recourse has ever been had to sound for the purpose of touching men.

Beggars and the blind have always sung, as they do to this day; song has ever been employed to console the afflicted, to hearten soldiers on the march, even to soothe physical pain.

With very good reason, then, do women regard music as their own peculiar sphere. Thus, at the epoch of the Renaissance, in the heyday of their influence, they adopted musical attributes in their portraits; these were, so to speak, their sceptres.

Does it beseem a woman to aim higher, and to seek to create around her a real atmosphere of philosophy, history, science, poetry—in short, an intellectual atmosphere? Yes, and no. If she is so reliant on her own wit and ascendency as to make all the personages she gathers but garniture for her soul or faithful radiators of her glory, mere apostles of her influence, yes. But no, if she has any fear of being absorbed by her surroundings, and reduced to the level of a landlady.

It is often said that salons are things of the past, and the fact is lamented; in truth there are no salons now, and there never will be again, because, what with the ambitions and pretensions of men, the necessities of their careers, the obligations of the struggle for life, the present age knows little of the delight of allowing itself to be embodied or summed up in a woman. A drawing-room very soon becomes a sort of

exchange for literary or sporting affairs, or the like. This does not imply that, for their own purposes, women should neglect intellectual resources; but it will certainly be recognised that real courage is needed if they are to rise superior to tittle-tattle, talk of stocks or the stable, the stuff they read, the things they hear. Happy are the societies where one can still enjoy life, and think! Happy the man who, like Monsieur Jourdain, makes prose without knowing it!

Yet, without holding a salon, women may still exercise in intellectual matters a guiding influence truly indispensable. Instead of allowing themselves to fall a prey to puffery, claptrap, or scandal, why should they not, on the contrary, treat as personal enemies the men who only use their undoubted talents to sport with them, to flaunt everywhere their nudities, to show off the slaves of their pleasure?—why smile upon scribblers, geniuses of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter? It is self-constituted slavery to bow incessantly at the feet of fashion. Always the fashion! A play is bad. Don't go to see it, and tell people so. A poem is a medley of unintelligible catch-words, a rigmarole of sonorous nothings: have the courage to say that it defies comprehension and that *your* mind loves lucidity! We all need our courage: this is yours. Nobody wants you to shoulder a rifle: you are asked to read or not to read, to see or not to see. If need be, effect a grand spring-cleaning! You alone can destroy the literature of the music-hall and the casino, the trashy novelettes that ravage the meanest hamlets worse than alcohol. Is this courage beyond your strength? Do you fancy yourself compelled, because it is a free country, to fuddle yourself on the vile rinsings retailed a few steps away from your dwelling? Why then do you nourish your spirit on things that no one would dare to retail in the open air? Nobody would suggest that you should pass your life in preaching; a light or even a fatuous remark is not likely to offend. But for pity's sake insist that people wash their hands before entering your doors. Many a great personage whom you invite to dinner and make

much of would be wearing a livery and displaying his calves in your entrance-hall if he had remained an honest man. Dare to face and to praise things that are true and serious. Diffuse their fragrance around you. You are responsible for the books that lie about on your table.

What a power you would have at command if you acted resolutely in the interests of beauty! The whole world would lay down its arms at your feet. The sentiment of the Beautiful is so strong! "To fathom the dreams of poets is the true philosophy," said a philosopher. "The mind of the savant stops at phenomena; the soul of the poet essays a higher flight, his inward vision pierces to the heart of reality. If the final knowledge is that which attains, not the surface, but the foundations of being, the poet's method is the true one."

Wherefore, surround yourself at any rate with men who have the taste for rendering life musical; in your conversations encourage clear, clean, warm images, refinements of sentiment rather than tricks of style; spread abroad an air of gaiety, polish, and above all reverence. Your door is not that of a church, but neither is it that of a market.

Some women have too much belief in men of distinction, or so reputed; they imagine them upon a higher plane than they really are, and, especially, more difficult to reach. The majority of men, foolish or eminent, obscure or famous, reck little of grand sentiments, and are satisfied with a modicum of illusion or suggestion; they are led by means quite infantile, provided they are carried out of themselves.

Have you sometimes pondered our extraordinary facility for self-detachment whenever we perform an act of imagination—if we are reading a novel, for instance? We delight in being duped; we want to see and hear everything, we fancy ourselves present at scenes where the novelist himself declares no one was present. Thus, as has been said by a very witty writer, we identify ourselves so thoroughly with the adventures of Pierre Loti that on the day when the Academy

received into its bosom M. Julien Viaud, naval officer, the whole assembly, though so fastidiously select, thought they were really beholding M. Loti.

The art of the novelist consists in riveting us to what he depicts. M. Loti, for instance, to whom I have just referred, has admirably painted the sea, but he has not sought to exalt it to a level with us; he has lent to it neither ideas, nor will, sadness nor ecstasies; but he has marvellously felt and caused us to feel the solemnity of its multitudinous and changeless life, its invincible weight, its aimless perturbation, and it is in this way that he has so powerfully impressed us.

Well, your art is similar. You need not trouble about your merits or ours, but solely about the effect you can produce on us, who love to be duped. Acknowledge this as a guiding principle; for it is easier to regulate illusions than realities.

. . . . . .

Finally, we must clearly envisage the precise duty of women, which is to develop their natural gifts, and boldly to adopt the virtues in which men are lacking.

They are the instrument of life, one might almost say the magic cauldron of life. They set all its elements in fermentation. To transform and to impart is their whole concern. Scarcely have they opened their eyes upon the world but they must needs have a doll to cherish, and tend, and fondle. And they continue thus cherishing, tending, fondling, unless life warps their nature. "Their machinery," as Rousseau said, "is admirable for assuaging or exciting the passions." Theirs is a treasure that grows richer in the spending. Even from a physiological point of view, they exhibit a marvellous power of endurance. They are not armed for attack; the finest natured are the strongest; their chords answer wonderfully to all appeals of sentiment; they love money with resignation, but glory intoxicates them; they live on a glance, a breath of kindness; their enthusiasm is contagious, and they shed around them the youth and freshness of life. So, without intention or effort, they are constantly bestowing their very selves, they

clothe all things with their own enthusiasm. Science they vindicate by the noble fruits they obtain from it; from thorns they cause roses to spring forth, and these roses in their turn they cultivate, giving them an added beauty and fragrance, and fresh blossoms all the seasons round. Excellent gardeners of the world! Their rôle no doubt has varied with the circumstances and needs of different times; but the urgent necessities of the present time serve only to accentuate it and bring it into higher relief. The ignorance and weakness of women work more real mischief than the ignorance and weakness of men. The passive virtues no longer avail for governing; active virtues are the need of to-day.

In olden days, if men loved the king, it was because he belonged to them all, and represented something indispensable to every society, a person with no private interests, but wholly devoted to the interest of the public. Furthermore, he had no possessions entirely his own, not even a park, not even his palace. Now, daring as the idea may appear, let us say that women also can only reign on condition of communising their souls. Otherwise, they will lose all influence, even with their sons. A woman comes short of essential duties if she stops at bemoaning the evils of the times and playing patroness to good little schoolboys, instead of learning for herself and revealing to others what the evils of the times really are, of drawing out the manhood slumbering within us, and giving it new graces. She bears the burden of human joy. And a woman of intelligence and leisure has, in this particular, duties more complicated than she who milks the cows or who minds the poultry.

She must think and love by her own energy, instead of bearing in her heart a thousand undeveloped sentiments. Her husband and her friends hunt, speculate, work, make havoc of their lives. Even so: she has no right to do the same. If she does not redeem men when she can, surely it is she who ruins them?

No difficulty will discourage her if she first fully realises

that she possesses all that is needful for success, and then sets her responsibilities in a clear light.

She will sometimes make mistakes; enthusiasm itself, the delicious art of giving things charm, has its perils, carrying one away into the unreal, opening a loophole for illusion, day-dreams, prejudices, fictions. What matters it, so long as the tree is vigorous? Would you fell a superb poplar because you noticed on it some sprigs of mistletoe?

A woman may also go astray in point of vanity. That is a pretty common folly (even among men), and very provoking when it is shown in questions of etiquette or dress. But why should we not agree that there is a noble, an excellent form of vanity, which consists in being thoroughly acquainted with the things one can love, rejoicing in the apostleship one exercises, and securing success therein by cultivating diligence, refinement, considerateness, industry, persuasiveness? Where is the harm?

But we need not dwell on these fears. The special goal of a woman's life, that in which it is distinguished from the life of men, is manifest: it is the great things, the things to be loved, the things which do not "pay." Man serves money. You make it your servant, ladies, and you must aim higher, at the things that are not bought and sold; attachments, real friendships—those are your speculations. Be faithful to your aim. In faithfulness is redemption.

A moment! As I bow to you, I seem to see on my wall, in place of a modern paper, a grand fresco of long ago, an exquisite symbol of your reign: the Angel from Heaven, kneeling in humble adoration before the spotless Motherhood, proclaiming that from your devotion shall proceed the welfare of mankind. The scene is simple and sweet, the colour serene: a closed room, a curtain hanging, barely a glimpse of the sky.

R. DE MAULDE.

SPRING

THIS is the month, when in the world's young day
The shepherd tribes, from caves and wattled bields,
Lured by the verdure of the virgin fields,
Drove forth their flocks and sought a westward way,
And when the Lordlings of the sea, that lay
Besieged by winter, wearying upon land,
Drew down their ships with shouts along the sand
And launched to wild adventure through the spray.

So longings, as of migrant birds, each spring
Bid us, their children, leave our fireside ease,—
Cross Oceans, brave fierce deserts, wage strange wars,
Float iceberg-borne in the dim Polar seas,
Dare the undared,—and seek on perilous wing
The glistening Eldorado of the stars.

ETHEL WEDGWOOD.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XVI

THE NEW LIFE

"YOU haven't mentioned it to the young man himself?" asked Lady Evenswood.

"Certainly not. I've only seen him once, and then he didn't talk of his own affairs. He takes the thing very well. He's lost his position and he's the hero of the newspapers, and he bears both afflictions quite coolly. A lad of good balance, I think."

"Is he agreeable?"

"Hum, I'm not sure of that. No excess of modesty, I fancy."

"I suppose you mean he's not shy? All young men are conceited. I think I should like you to bring him to see me."

For forty years such an intimation from Lady Evenswood had enjoyed the rank of a command; Lord Southend received it with proper obedience.

"The solution I spoke of has occurred to some of us," he went on. "He's poor now, but with that he could make a marriage. The case is very exceptional——"

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"So is what you propose, George?"

"Oh, there are precedents. It was done in the Bearsdale case."

"There was a doubt there." Lady Evenswood knew all about the Bearsdale case; though it was ancient history to Southend, she had danced with both the parties to it.

"The House was against the marriage unanimously." But he did not deny the doubt.

"Well, what are you going to do?" she asked.

"It would be necessary to approach Disney." Southend spoke with some appearance of timidity. Mr. Disney was Prime Minister. "And the truth is, none of us seemed to like the job. So John Fullcombe suggested you."

"What brave men you are!" Her face wrinkled humorously.

"Well, he might bite us, and he couldn't bite you—not so hard, anyhow."

"And you want me to ask for a higher rank! That wasn't done in the Bearsdale case, nor in any other that I ever heard of."

"We shouldn't press that. A barony would do. But if Disney thought that under the very exceptional circumstances a viscounty——"

"I don't see why you want it," she persisted. The slight embarrassment in Southend's manner stirred the old lady's curiosity. "It's rather odd to reward a man for his mother's ——. There, I don't say a word about Addie. I took her to her first ball, poor girl."

"Disney used to know her as a girl."

"If you're relying on Robert Disney's romantic memories ——" But she stopped, adding after a pause, "Well, one never knows. But again, why a viscounty?"

Driven into a corner, but evidently rather ashamed of himself, Southend explained.

"The viscounty would be more convenient if a match came about between him and the girl."

"What, the new Lady Tristram? Well, George, romance has taken possession of you to-day!"

"Not at all," he protested indignantly. "It's the obviously sensible way out."

"Then they can do it without a viscounty."

"Oh no, not without something. There's the past, you see."

"And a sponge is wanted? And the bigger the sponge the better? And I'm to get my nose bitten off by asking Robert Disney for it? And if by a miracle he said yes, for all I know somebody else might say no!"

This dark reference to the Highest Quarters caused Southend to nod thoughtfully: they discussed the probable attitude —a theme too exalted to be more than mentioned here. "Anyhow, the first thing is to sound Disney," continued Southend.

"I'll think about it after I've seen the young man," Lady Evenswood promised. "Have you any reason to suppose he likes his cousin?"

"None at all—except, of course, the way he's cleared out for her."

"Yielding gracefully to necessity, I suppose?"

"Really I doubt the necessity; and anyhow the gracefulness needs some explanation in a case like this. Still I always fancied he was going to marry another girl, a daughter of a friend of mine—Iver—you know who I mean?"

"Oh yes. Bring Harry Tristram to see me," said she. "Good-bye, George. You're looking very well."

"And you're looking very young."

"Oh, I finished getting old before you were forty."

A thought struck Southend. "You might suggest the viscounty as contingent on the marriage."

"I shan't suggest anything till I've seen the boy—and I won't promise to then."

Later in the afternoon Southend dropped in at the Imperium, where to his surprise and pleasure he found Iver in the smoking-room. Asked how he came to be in town, Iver explained:

"I really ran away from the cackling down at Blentmouth. All our old ladies are talking fifteen to the dozen about Harry Tristram, and Lady Tristram, and me, and my family, and—well, I daresay you're in it by now, Southend. There's an old cat named Swinkerton, who is positively beyond human endurance; she waylays me in the street. And Mrs. Trumbler, the vicar's wife, comes and talks about Providence to my poor wife every day. So I fled."

"Leaving your wife behind, I suppose?"

"Oh, she doesn't mind Mrs. Trumbler. But I do."

"Well, there's a good deal of cackling up here too. But tell me about the new girl." Lord Southend did not appear to consider his own question "cackling" or as tending to produce the same.

"I've only seen her once. She's in absolute seclusion and lets nobody in except Mina Zabriska—a funny little foreign woman— You don't know her."

"I know about her, I saw it in the paper. She had something to do with it?"

"Yes." Iver passed away from that side of the subject immediately. "And she's struck up a friendship with Cecily Gainsborough—Lady Tristram, I ought to say. I had a few words with the father. The poor old chap doesn't know whether he's on his head or his heels; but as they're of about equal value, I should imagine, for thinking purposes, it doesn't much matter. Ah, here's Neeld. He came up with me."

The advent of Neeld produced more discussion. Yet Southend said nothing of the matter which he had brought to Lady Evenswood's attention. Discretion was necessary there. Besides, he wished to know how the land lay as to Janie Iver. On that subject his friend preserved silence.

"And the whole thing was actually in old Joe's diary!" exclaimed Southend.

Neeld, always annoyed at the "Joe," admitted that the main facts had been recorded in Mr. Cholderton's Journal and

that he himself had known them when nobody else in England did—save, of course, the conspirators themselves.

"And you kept it dark? I didn't know you were as deep as that, Neeld." He looked at the old gentleman with great amazement.

"Neeld was in an exceedingly difficult position," said Iver. "I've come to see that." He paused, looking at Southend with an amused air. "You introduced us to one another," he reminded him with a smile.

"Bless my soul, so I did! I'd forgotten. Well, it seems my fate too to be mixed up in the affair." Just at present, however, he was assisting fate rather actively.

"It's everybody's. The Blent's on fire from Mingham to the sea."

"I've seen Harry Tristram."

"Ah, how is he?" asked Neeld.

"Never saw a young man more composed in all my life. And he couldn't be better satisfied with himself if he turned out to be a duke."

"We know Harry's airs," Iver said, smiling indulgently. "But there's stuff in him." A note of regret came into his voice. "He treated me very badly—I know Neeld won't admit it, but he did. Still I like him and I'd help him if I could."

"Well, he atoned for anything wrong by owning up in the end," remarked Southend.

"That wasn't for my sake or for— Well, it had nothing to do with us. As far as we were concerned he'd be at Blent to-day. It was Cecily Gainsborough who did it."

"Yes. I wonder——"

Iver rose decisively. "Look here, Southend, if you're going to do exactly what all my friends and neighbours, beginning with Miss Swinkerton, are doing, I shall go and write letters." With a nod he walked into the next room, leaving Neeld alone with his inquisitive friend. Southend lost no time.

"What's happened about Janie Iver? There was some talk——"

"It's all over," whispered Neeld with needless caution. "He released her, and she accepted the release."

"What, on the ground that——?"

"Really I don't know any more. But it's finally over; you may depend upon that."

Southend lit a cigar with a satisfied air. On the whole he was glad to hear the news.

"Staying much longer in town?" he asked.

"No, I'm going down to Iver's again in August."

"You want to see the end of it? Come, I know that's it!" He laughed as he walked away.

Meanwhile Harry Tristram, unconscious of the efforts which were being made to arrange his future and paying as little attention as he could to the buzz of gossip about his past, had settled down in quiet rooms and was looking at the world from a new point of view. He was in seclusion like his cousin; the mourning they shared for Addie Tristram was sufficient excuse; and he found his chief pleasure in wandering about the streets. The season was not over yet, and he liked to go out about eight in the evening and watch the great city starting forth to enjoy itself. Then he could feel its life in all the rush and the gaiety of it. Somehow now he seemed more part of it and more at home in it than when he used to run up for a few days from his country home. Then Blent had been the centre of his life, and in town he was but a stranger and a sojourner. Blent was gone; and London is home to homeless men. There was a suggestion for him in the air of it, an impulse that was gradually but strongly urging him to action, telling him that he must begin to do. For the moment he was notorious, but the talk and the staring would be over soon—the sooner the better, he added most sincerely. Then he must do something if he wished still to be, or ever again to be, anybody. Otherwise he could expect no more than to be pointed out now and then to the curious as the man who had

once been Tristram of Blent and had ceased to be such in a puzzling manner.

As he looked back, he seemed to himself to have lived hitherto on the banks of the river of life as well of the river Blent; there had been no need of swimming. But he was in the current now; he must swim or sink. This idea took shape as he watched the carriages, the lines of scampering hansoms, the crowds waiting at theatre doors. Every man and every vehicle, every dandy and every urchin, represented some effort, if it were only at one end of the scale to be magnificent, at the other not to be hungry. No such notions had been fostered by days spent on the banks of the Blent. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The question hummed in his brain as he walked about. There were such infinite varieties of things to do, such a multitude of people doing them. To some men this reflection brings despair or bewilderment; to Harry (as indeed Lord Southend would have expected from his observation of him) it was a titillating evidence of great opportunities, stirring his mind to a busy consideration of chances. Thus then it seemed as though Blent might fall into the background, his loved Blent. Perhaps his not thinking of it had begun in wilfulness, or even in fear; but he found the rule he had made far easier to keep than he had ever expected. There had been a sort of release for his mind; he had not foreseen this as a possible result of his great sacrifice. He even felt rather richer; which seemed a strange paradox, till he reflected that the owners of Blent had seldom been able to lay hands readily on a fluid sum of fifteen thousand pounds, subject to no claims for houses to be repaired, buildings to be maintained, cottages to be built, wages to be paid, and the dozen other ways in which money disperses itself over the surface of a landed estate. He had fifteen thousand pounds in form as good as cash. He was living more or less as he had once meant to live in this one particular; he was living with a respectable if not a big cheque by him, ready for any emergency which might arise—an emergency not

now of a danger to be warded off, but of an opportunity to be seized.

These new thoughts suited well with the visit which he paid to Lady Evenswood and gained fresh strength from it. His pride and independence had made him hesitate about going. Southend, amazed yet half admiring, had been obliged to plead, reminding him that it was not merely a woman nor merely a woman of rank who wished to make his acquaintance, but also a very old woman who had known his mother as a child. He further offered his own company, so that the interview might assume a less formal aspect. Harry declined the company but yielded to the plea. He was announced as Mr. Tristram. He had just taken steps to obtain a Royal Licence to bear the name. Southend had chuckled again half-admiringly over that.

Although the room was in deep shadow and very still, and the old white-haired lady the image of peace, for Harry there too the current ran strong. Though not great, she had known the great; if she had not done the things, she had seen them done; her talk revealed a matter-of-course knowledge of secrets, a natural intimacy with the inaccessible. It was like Harry to show no signs of being impressed; but very shrewd eyes were upon him, and his impassivity met with amused approval since it stopped short of inattention. She broke it down at last by speaking of Addie Tristram.

"The most fascinating creature in the world," she said. "I knew her as a little girl. I knew her up to the time of your birth almost. After that she hardly left Blent, did she? At least she never came to London. You travelled, I know."

"Were you ever at Blent?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Tristram."

He frowned for a moment; it was odd not to be able to ask people there, just too as he was awaking to the number of people there were in the world worth asking.

"There never was anybody in the world like her, and there never will be," Lady Evenswood went on.

"I used to think that; but I was wrong." The smile that Mina Zabriska knew came on his face.

"You were wrong? Who's like her then?"

"Her successor. My cousin Cecily's very like her."

Lady Evenswood was more struck by the way he spoke than by the meaning of what he said. She wanted to say "Bravo" and to pat him on the back; he had avoided so entirely any hesitation or affectation in naming his cousin—Addie Tristram's successor who had superseded him.

"She talks and moves and sits and looks at you in the same way. I was amazed to see it." He had said not a word of this to anybody since he left Blent. Lady Evenswood, studying him very curiously, began to make conjectures about the history of the affair, also about what lay behind her visitor's composed face; there was a hint of things suppressed in his voice. But he had the bridle on himself again in a moment. "Very curious these likenesses are," he ended with a shrug.

She decided that he was remarkable, for a boy of his age, bred in the country, astonishing. She had heard her father describe Pitt at twenty-one and Byron at eighteen. Without making absurd comparisons, there was, all the same, something of that precocity of manhood here, something also of the arrogance that the great men had exhibited. She was very glad that she had sent for him.

"I don't want to be impertinent," she said (she had not meant to make even this much apology), "but perhaps an old woman may tell you that she is very sorry for—for this turn in your fortunes, Mr. Tristram."

"You're very kind. It was all my own doing, you know. Nobody could have touched me."

"But that would have meant——?" she exclaimed, startled into candour.

"Oh yes, I know. Still—but since things have turned out differently I needn't trouble you with that."

She saw the truth, seeming to learn it from the set of his jaw. She enjoyed a man who was not afraid to defy things,

and she had been heard to lament that everybody had a conscience nowadays—nay, insisted on bringing it even into politics. She wanted to hear more—much more now—about his surrender, and recognised as a new tribute to Harry the fact that she could not question him. Immediately she conceived the idea of inviting him to dinner to meet Mr. Disney; but of course that must wait for a little while.

"Everything must seem rather strange to you," she suggested.

"Yes, very," he answered thoughtfully. "I'm beginning to think that some day I shall look back on my boyhood with downright incredulity. I shan't seem to have been that boy in the least."

"What are you going to do in the meantime, to procure that feeling?" She was getting to the point she wished to arrive at, but very cautiously.

"I don't know yet. It's hard to choose."

"You certainly won't want for friends."

"Yes, that's pleasant, of course." He seemed to hint, however, that he did not regard it as very useful.

"Oh, and serviceable too," she corrected him, with a nod of wise experience. "Jobs are frowned at now, but many great men have started by means of them. Robert Disney himself came in for a pocket-borough."

"Well, I really don't know," he repeated thoughtfully, but with no sign of anxiety or fretting. "There's lots of time, Lady Evenswood."

"Not for me," she said with all her graciousness.

He smiled again, this time cordially, as he rose to take leave. But she detained him.

"You're on friendly terms with your cousin, I suppose?"

"Certainly, if we meet. Of course I haven't seen her since I left Blent. She's there, you know."

"Have you written to her?"

"No. I think it's best not to ask her to think of me just now."

She looked at him a moment, seeming to consider.

"Perhaps," she said at last. "But don't over-do that. Don't be cruel."

"Cruel?" There was strong surprise in his voice and on his face.

"Yes, cruel. Have you ever troubled to think what she may be feeling?"

"I don't know that I ever have," Harry admitted slowly. "At first sight it looks as if I were the person who might be supposed to be feeling."

"At first sight, yes. Is that always to be enough for you, Mr. Tristram? If so, I shan't regret so much that I haven't—lots of time."

He stood silent before her for several seconds.

"Yes, I see. Perhaps. I daresay I can find out something about it. After all I've given some evidence of consideration for her."

"That makes it worse, if you give none now. Good-bye."

"It's less than a fortnight since I first met her. She won't miss me much, Lady Evenswood."

"Time's everything, isn't it? Oh, you're not stupid! Think it over, Mr. Tristram. Now good-bye. And don't conclude I shan't think about you because it's only an hour since we met. We women are curious. When you've nothing better to do it'll pay you to study us."

As Harry walked down from her house in Green Street, his thoughts were divided between the new life and that old one which she had raised before his eyes by her reference to Cecily. The balance was turned in favour of Blent by the sight of a man who was associated in his mind with it—Sloyd, the house-agent who had let Merrion Lodge to Mina Zabriska. Sloyd was as smart as usual, but he was walking along in a dejected way, and his hat was unfashionably far back on his head. He started when he saw Harry approaching him.

"Why, it's——" he began, and stopped in evident hesitation.

"Mr. Tristram," said Harry. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Sloyd, though you won't have any more rent to hand over to me."

Sloyd began to murmur some rather flowery condolences.

Harry cut him short in a peremptory but good-natured fashion.

"How's business with you?" he asked.

"Might be worse, Mr. Tristram. I don't complain. We're a young firm, and we don't command the opportunities that others do." He laughed as he added, "You couldn't recommend me to a gentleman with ten thousand pounds to spare, could you, Mr. Tristram?"

"I know just the man. What's it for?"

"No, no. Principals only," said Sloyd with a shake of his head.

"How does one become a principal, then? I'll walk your way a bit." Harry lit a cigar; Sloyd became more erect, and amended the position of his hat; he hoped that a good many people would recognise Harry. Yet social pride did not interfere with business wariness.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Tristram? It's a safe thing."

"Oh no, it isn't, or you wouldn't be hunting for ten thousand on the pavement of Berkeley Square."

"I'll trust you," Sloyd declared. Harry nodded thanks, inwardly amused at the obvious effort which attended the concession. "If you don't come in, you'll not give it away?" Again Harry nodded. "It's a big chance, but we haven't got the money to take it, and unless we can take it we shall have to sell our rights. It's an option on land. I secured it, but it's out in a week. Before then we must table twenty thousand. And ten cleans us out."

"What'll happen if you don't?"

"I must sell the option—rather than forfeit it, you know. I've an offer for it, but a starvation one."

"Who from?"

After a moment's scrutiny Sloyd whispered a name of immense significance in such a connection: "Iver."

"I should like to hear some more about this. It's worth something, I expect, if Iver wants it. Shall I go with you to your office?" He hailed a passing cab. "I've got the money," he said, "and I want to use it. You show me that this is a good thing, and in it goes."

An hour passed in the office of Sloyd, Sloyd, and Gurney. Harry Tristram came out whistling. He looked very pleased; his step was alert; he had found something to do, he had made a beginning—good or bad. It looked good: that was enough. He was no longer an idler or merely an onlooker. He had begun to take a hand in the game himself. He found an added, perhaps a boyish, pleasure in the fact that the affair was for the present to be a dead secret. He was against Iver, too, in a certain sense, and that was another spice; not from any ill-will, but because it would please him especially to show Iver that he could hold his own. It occurred to him that in case of a success he would enjoy going and telling old Lady Evenswood about it. He felt, as he said to himself, very jolly, careless and jolly, more so than he remembered feeling for many months back. Suddenly an idea struck him. Was it in whole or in part because there was no longer anything to hide, because he need no longer be on the watch? He gave this idea a good deal of rather amused consideration, and came to the conclusion that there might be something in it. He went to the theatre that night, to the pit (where he would not be known), and enjoyed himself immensely.

And Lady Evenswood had made up her mind that she would find a way of seeing Mr. Disney soon, and throw out a cautious feeler. Everything would have to be done very carefully, especially if the marriage with the cousin were to be made a feature of the case. But her resolve, although not altered, was hampered by a curious feeling to which her talk with Harry had given rise. There was now not only the very grave question whether Robert Disney—to say nothing of Somebody Else—would entertain the idea. There was another, a much less obvious one—whether Harry himself

would welcome it. And a third—whether she herself would welcome it for him. However, when Southend next called on her, she professed her readiness to attack, or at least to reconnoitre, the task from which he and John Fullcombe and the rest had shrunk.

"Only," she said, "if I were you, I should find out tolerably early—as soon as we know that there's any chance at all—what Mr. Tristram himself thinks about it."

"There's only one thing he could think!" exclaimed Southend. "Oh, very well," smiled Lady Evenswood.

A long life had taught her that only facts convince, and that they often fail.

CHAPTER XVII

RIVER SCENES AND BRIC-A-BRAC

THE Blent was on fire indeed, and Mina Zabriska occupied a position rich in importance, prolific of pleasure. Others, such as Iver and Miss S., might meet Mr. Gainsborough as he took timid rambles; they could extort little beyond a dazed civility. Others, again, such as Janie Iver and Bob Broadley, might comfort themselves with the possession of a secret and the conviction that they too could produce a fair sensation when the appropriate (and respectable) time arrived; for the present they commanded no public interest. Others again, the Major notably, strove after importance by airs of previous knowledge and hints of undisclosed details. Even Mrs. Trumbler made her cast, declaring that she had always known (the source of the information was left in obscurity) that pride such as Harry Tristram's was the sure precursor of a fall. None of them could compete with Mina Zabriska. To her alone the doors of Blent were open; she held exclusive right of access to its hidden mistress. The fact caused unmeasured indignation, the reason excited unresting curiosity. This state of things ought

to have made Mina very happy. What more could woman want?

One thing only, but that a necessity—somebody to talk to about it. She had nobody. Janie showed no desire to discuss Blent or anything or anybody connected therewith, and Janie out of the question there was nobody to whom loyalty allowed her to talk. The Major, for instance, was one of the enemy. She might pity him as an uncle—he was perplexed and surly, because somehow he never happened to meet Miss Iver now—but she could not confide in him. The gossips of Blentmouth were beneath her lordly notice. She was bubbling over with undiscussed impressions. And now even Mr. Neeld had gone off on a visit to town!

Yet things needed talking about, hammering out, the light of another mind thrown upon them; for they were very difficult. There was no need to take account of Mr. Gainsborough; as long as he could be kept in the library and out of the one curiosity shop which was to be found in Blentmouth, he could not do himself or the house much harm. He was still bewildered, but by no means unhappy, and he talked constantly of going back to town to see about everything—to-morrow. There was nothing to see about—the lawyers had done it all—and he was no more necessary or important in London than he was at Blent. But Cecily's case was another matter altogether, and it was about her that Mina desired the enlightening contact of mind with mind, in order to canvass and explain the incongruities of a behaviour which conformed to no rational or consistent theory.

Cecily had acquiesced in all the lawyers did, had signed papers at request, had allowed herself to be invested with the property, saluted with the title, enthroned in the fullest manner. So far then she had accepted her cousin's sacrifice and the transformation of her own life. Yet through and in spite of all this she maintained, even to the extreme of punctiliousness, the air of being a visitor at Blent. She was not exactly apologetic to the servants, but she thanked them profusely for any special

personal service they might perform for her; she made no changes in the order of the household; when Mina—always busy in her friend's interest—suggested re-arrangement of furniture or of curios, Cecily's manner implied that she was prepared to take no such liberties in another man's house. It would have been all very well-bred if Harry had put his house at her disposal for a fortnight. Seeing that the place was her own, and that she had accepted it as being her own, Mina declared that her conduct was little less than an absurdity. This assertion was limited to Mina's own mind; it had not been made to the offender herself. The fear she had felt of Harry threatened to spread to his successor; she did not feel equal to a remonstrance. But she grew gradually into a state of extreme irritation and impatience. This provisional, this ostentatiously provisional, attitude could not be maintained permanently. Something must happen one way or the other. Now what was it to be? She could not pretend to guess. These Tristrams were odd folk. There was the same blood in Cecily as had run in Addie Tristram's veins. On the other hand, the Gainsboroughs seemed to have been ordinary. Was this period of indecision or of suspended action a time of struggle between the Tristram in Cecily and the Gainsborough? Mina on the look-out for entertainment, had no doubt which of the two she wished to be victorious; the Gainsborough promised nothing, the Tristram—well—effects! The strain made Mina excited, restless, and at times exceedingly short with Major Duplay.

The neighbourhood waited too, but for the end of Lady Tristram's mourning, not of her indecision. As a result of much discussion, based on many rumours and an incredible number of authentic reports, it was settled that at the end of six months Blent was to be thrown open, visitors received, and a big house-warming given. A new era was to begin. Splendour and respectability were to lie down together. Blent was to pay a new homage to the proprieties. Miss Swinkerton was strongly of opinion that bygones should be allowed to be

bygones, and was author of a theory which found much acceptance among the villas—namely, that Lady Tristram would consider any reference to her immediate predecessor as inconsiderate, indeed indelicate, and not such as might be expected to proceed from ladylike mouths.

"We must remember that she's a girl, my dear," Miss S. observed to Mrs. Trumbler.

"She must know about it," Mrs. Trumbler suggested. "But I daresay you're right, Miss Swinkerton."

"If such a thing had happened in my family, I should consider myself personally affronted by any reference to the persons concerned."

"The Vicar says he's sadly afraid that the notions of the upper classes on such subjects are very lax."

"Not at all," said Miss S. tartly. Really she needed no instruction from the Vicar. "And as I say, my dear, she's a girl. The ball will mark a new departure. I said so to Madame Zabriska, and she quite agreed with me."

Mrs. Trumbler frowned pensively. "I suppose Madame Zabriska has been a widow some time?" she suggested.

"I have never inquired," said Miss S. with an air of expecting applause for a rare discretion.

"I wonder what Mr. Harry will do! The Vicar says he must be terribly upset."

"Oh, I never professed to understand that young man. All I know is that he's going abroad."

"Abroad?"

"Yes, my dear. I heard it in the town, and Madame Zabriska said she had no doubt it was correct."

"But surely Madame Zabriska doesn't correspond——?"

"I don't know, my dear. I know what she said." She looked at Mrs. Trumbler and went on with emphasis: "It doesn't do to judge foreigners as we should judge ourselves. If I corresponded with Mr. Tristram it would be one thing; if Madame Zabriska—and to be sure she has nobody to look after her; that Major is no better than any silly young man—

chooses to do so, it's quite another. All I say is that, so far as Blent is concerned, there's an end of Mr. Tristram. Why, he hasn't got a penny piece, my dear."

"So I heard," agreed Mrs. Trumbler. "I suppose they won't let him starve."

"Oh, arrangements are made in such cases," nodded Miss S. "But of course, nothing is said about them. For my part, I shall never mention either Mr. Tristram or the late Lady Tristram to her present ladyship."

Mrs. Trumbler was silent for a while; at last her mouth spoke the thoughts of her heart.

"I suppose she'll be thinking of marrying soon. But I don't know anybody in the neighbourhood——"

"My dear, she'll have her house in town in the season. The only reason the late Lady Tristram didn't do so was—well, you can see that for yourself, Mrs. Trumbler!"

"What must the Ivers think about it? What an escape! How Providential!"

"Let us hope it'll be a lesson to Janie. If I had allowed myself to think of position or wealth, I should have been married half a dozen times, Mrs. Trumbler."

"I daresay you would," said faithful Mrs. Trumbler. But this assent did not prevent her from remarking to the Vicar that Miss S. sometimes talked of things which no unmarried woman could be expected really to understand.

It will be observed that the Imp had been alleviating the pangs of her own perplexity by a dexterous ministering to the delusions of others. Not for the world would she have contradicted Miss S.'s assertions; she would as soon have thought of giving that lady a plain and unvarnished account of the late Monsieur Zabriska's very ordinary and quite reputable life and death. No doubt she was right. Both she and the neighbourhood had to wait, and her efforts did something to make the period more bearable for both of them. The only sufferer was poor Mr. Gainsborough, who was driven from Blentmouth and the curiosity shop by the sheer terror of encountering ladies

from villas who told him all about what his daughter was going to do.

The outbreak came, and in a fashion as Tristramesque as Mina could desire, for all that the harbinger of it was frightened little Mr. Gainsborough, more frightened still. He came up the hill one evening about six, praying Mina's immediate presence at Blent. Something had happened, he explained, as they walked down. Cecily had had a letter—from somebody in London. No, not Harry. She must see Mina at once. That was all he knew except that his daughter was perturbed and excited. His manner protested against the whole thing with a mild despair.

"Quick, quick," cried the Imp, almost making him run to keep up with her impatient strides.

Cecily was in her room—the room that had been Addie Tristram's.

"You've moved in here!" was Mina's first exclamation.

"Yes; the housekeeper said I must, so I did. But——" She glanced up for a moment at Addie's picture and broke off. Then she held up a letter which she had in her hand. "Do you know anything of Lord Southend?" she asked.

"I've heard Mr. Iver and Mr. Neeld speak of him. That's all."

"He writes to say he knew Lady Tristram and—and Harry, and hopes he'll know me soon."

"That's very friendly." Mina thought, but did not add, that it was rather unimportant.

"Yes, but it's more than that. Don't you see? It's an opening." She looked at her friend, impatient at her want of comprehension. "It makes it possible to do something. I can begin now."

"Begin what?" Mina was enjoying her own bewilderment keenly.

"How long did you think I could stand it? I'm not made of—of—of soap! You know Harry! You liked him, didn't

you? And you knew Lady Tristram! I've slept in this room two nights and——"

"You haven't seen a ghost?"

"Ghost! Oh, don't be silly. I've lain here awake, looking at that picture. And it's looked at me—at least it seemed to. 'What are you doing here?' That's what it's been saying. 'What are you doing here?' No, I'm not mad. That's what I was saying myself. But the picture seemed to say it."

There was a most satisfactory absence of Gainsborough about all this.

"Then I go into the Long Gallery! It's no better there!" Her hands were flung out despairingly.

"You seemed to have settled down so well," murmured Mina.

"Settled down! What was there to do? Oh, you know I hadn't! I can't bear it, Mina, and I won't. Isn't it hard? I should have loved it all so, if it had been really mine, if it had come to me properly. And now—it's worse than nothing!" She sat back in her chair with her face set in a desperate unhappiness.

"It is yours; it did come to you properly," Mina protested. Her sympathy tended always towards the person she was with, her sensitive mind responding to the immediate appeal. She thought more of Cecily now than of Harry, who was somewhere—vaguely somewhere—in London.

"You say that?" cried Cecily angrily. "You, Harry's friend! You, who fought and lied—yes, lied for him. Why did you do all that if you think it's properly mine? How can I face that picture and say it's mine? It's a detestable injustice. Ah, and I did—I did love it so."

"Well, I don't see what you're to do. You can't give it back to Mr. Tristram. At least I shouldn't like to propose that to him, and I'm sure he wouldn't take it. Why, he couldn't, Cecily!"

Cecily rose and walked restlessly to the window.

"No, no, no," she said fretfully. She turned abruptly round

to Mina. "Lord Southend says he'd be glad to make my acquaintance and have a talk."

"Ask him down here, then."

"Ask him here? I'm not going to ask people to stay here."

"I think that's rather absurd." Mina had needed to summon up courage for this remark.

"And he says—there, look at this letter. He says he's seen Harry and hopes to be able to do something for him. What does he mean by that?" She came back towards Mina. "There must be something possible if he says that."

"He can't mean anything about — about Blent. He means——"

"I must find out what he means. I must see him. The letter came when I was just desperate. Father and I sitting down here together day after day! As if—as if——!" She paused and struggled for self-control. "There, I'm going to be quite calm and reasonable about it," she ended.

Mina had her doubts about that—and would have been sorry not to have them. The interest that had threatened to vanish from her life with Addie Tristram's death and Harry's departure was revived. She sat looking at the agitated girl in a pleasant suspense. Cecily took up Southend's letter again and smoothed it thoughtfully. "What should you think Harry must feel about me?" she asked, with a nearer approach to the calm which she had promised; but it seemed the quiet of despair.

Here Mina had her theory ready, and advanced it with confidence.

"I expect he hates you. You see he did what he did in a moment of excitement: he must have been wrought up by something—something quite unusual with him. You brought it about somehow."

"Yes, I know I did. Do you suppose I haven't thought about that?"

"There's sure to have been a reaction," pursued the sage

Imp. "He'll have got back to his ordinary state of mind, and in that he loved Blent above everything. And the more he loves Blent, and the sorrier he is for having given it up, the less he'll like you, of course."

"You think he's sorry?"

"When I've done anything on an impulse like that I'm always sorry." Mina spoke from a tolerably large experience of impulses and their results; a very recent example had been the impulse of temper which made her drop hints to the Major about Harry's right to be Tristram of Blent.

"Yes, then he would hate me," Cecily concluded. "And how she'd hate me!" she cried the next instant, pointing at Addie Tristram's picture.

About that at least there was no doubt in Mina's mind. She nodded emphatically.

"I've done what she spent her life trying to prevent! I've made everybody talk about her again! Mina, I feel as if I'd thrown mud at her, as if I'd reviled her. And she can't know how I would have loved her!"

"I remember her when she thought her husband was dead, and that she could be married all right to Captain Fitzhubert, and—and that it would be all right, you know."

"What did she say?" Cecily's eyes were on the picture.

"She cried out—'Think of the difference it makes—the enormous difference!' I didn't know what she meant then, but I remember how she looked and how she spoke."

"And in the end there is—no difference! Yes, she'd hate me. And so must Harry." She turned to Mina. "It's terribly unfair, isn't it, terribly? She'd have liked me, I think, and I'd got to be such good friends with him. I'd come to think he'd ask us down now and then—about once a year perhaps. It would have been something to look forward to all the year. It would have made life quite different, quite good enough, you know. I should have been

so content and so happy with that. Oh, it's terribly unfair! Why do people do things that—that bring about things like this?"

"Poor Lady Tristram," sighed Mina, glancing at the beautiful cause of the terrible unfairness. "She was like that, you see," she added.

"Yes, I know that. But it oughtn't to count against other people so. Yes, it's terribly unfair."

These criticisms on the order of the world, whether well-founded or not (to Mina they seemed to possess much plausibility), did not advance matters. A silence fell between the two, and Cecily walked again to the window. The sun was setting on Blent, and it glowed in a soft beauty.

"To think that I should be here, and have this, and yet be very, very unhappy!" murmured the girl softly. She faced round suddenly. "Mina, I'm going to London. Now—to-night. There's a train at eight."

The Imp sat up straight and stared.

"I shall wire to our house; the maid's there, and she'll have things ready."

"What are you going to town for?"

"To see this Lord Southend. You must come with me."

"I? Oh, I can't possibly. And your father——?"

"He must stay here. You must come. Run back and pack a bag; you won't want much. I shall go just as I am." With a gesture she indicated the plain black frock she wore. "Oh, I can't be bothered with packing! What does that matter? I'll call on you in the carriage at seven. We mustn't miss the train."

Mina gasped. This was Tristram indeed; the wild resolve was announced in tones calmer than any that Cecily had achieved during the interview. Mina began to think that all the family must have this way of being peculiar in ordinary things, but quite at home when there was an opportunity of doing anything unusual.

"I just feel I must go. If anything's done at all, it'll be done in London, not here."

"How long do you mean to stay?"

"I can't possibly tell. Till something's done. Go now, Mina, or you'll be late."

"Oh, I'm not coming. The whole thing's absurd. What can you do? And anyhow it's not my business."

"Very well. I shall go alone. Only I thought you were interested in Harry and—and I thought you were my friend." She threw herself into a chair; she was in Addie Tristram's attitude. "But I suppose I haven't got any friends," she concluded, not in a distressed fashion, but with a pensive, submissive little smile.

"You're perfectly adorable," cried Mina, running across to her. "And I'll go with you to Jericho, if you like." She caught Cecily's hands in hers and kissed her cheek.

The scene was transformed in an instant; that also was the Tristram way. Cecily sprang up laughing gaily, even dancing a step or two, as she wrung Mina's hands.

"Hurrah! *Marchons! En Avant!*" she cried. "Oh, we'll do something, Mina! Don't you hate sitting still?"

"Cecily, you are—you are in love with Harry?"

"Oh, I hope not, I hope not," she laughed gaily. "Because he must hate me so. And are you, Mina? Oh, I hope not that too! Come, to London! To seek our fortunes in London! Oh, you tiresome old Blent, how glad I am to leave you!"

"But your father——"

"We'll do things quite nicely, Mina dear. We won't distress father. We'll leave a note for him. Mina, I'm sure Addie Tristram used just to leave a note whenever she ran away! We'll sleep in London to-night!"

Suddenly Mina understood better why Harry had surrendered Blent, and understood too, as her mind flew back, why Addie Tristram had made men do what they had done. She

was carried away by this sudden flood of enraptured resolution, of a resolve that seemed like an inspiration, of delight in the unreasonable, of gay defiance to the limits of the possible.

"Oh yes, you tiresome old Blent!" cried Cecily, shaking her fair hair towards the open window. "How could a girl think she was going to live on river scenes and bric-a-brac?" She laughed in airy scorn. "You must grow more amusing if I'm to come back to you!" she threatened.

River scenes and bric-a-brac! Mina was surprised that Blent did not on the instant punish the blasphemy by a revengeful earthquake or an overwhelming flood. Cecily caught her by the arm, a burlesque apprehension screwing her face up into a fastastically ugly mask.

"It was the Gainsborough in me!" she whispered; "Gainsboroughs can live on curios! But I can't, Mina, I can't. I'm a Tristram, not a Gainsborough. No more could Harry in the end, no more could Harry!"

Mina was panting; she had danced and she had wondered; she was on the tip of the excitement with which Cecily had infected her.

"But what are we going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common sense.

"Oh, I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received.

It was not the moment for common sense. Mina scorned the thing and flung it from her. She would have none of it—she who stood between beautiful Addie there on the wall and laughing Cecily here in the window, feeling by a strange and welcome illusion that though there were two visible shapes, there was but one heart, one spirit in the two. Almost it seemed as though Addie had risen to life again, once more to charm and to defy the world. An inexplicable impulse made her exclaim:

"Were you like this before you came to Blent?"

A sudden quiet fell on Cecily. She paused before she answered:

"No, not till I came to Blent." With a laugh she fell on her knees. "Please forgive me what I said about the river and the bric-a-brac, dear darling Blent!"

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

INVESTMENT, TRADE AND GAMBLING — Page 1

ON THE LINE — 12

GALEATUS——FIELD GUNS, II (*Illustrated*) — 26

SIR HENRY E. ROSCOE——THE OUTLOOK FOR BRITISH TRADE, II — 40

ERSKINE CHILDERS——RELATIONS BETWEEN OFFICERS AND MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE — 54

EVELYN J. MARDON——TRADE AND THE ADMINISTRATION IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA — 72

MISS EDITH SICHEL——CHARLOTTE YONGE AS A CHRONICLER — 88

THE AUTHOR OF "PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIÂ"——THE PROTESTANTISM OF CHRIST — 98

PROFESSOR C. WALDSTEIN——RECENTLY DISCOVERED GREEK MASTERPIECES (*Illustrated*) — 110

G. L. CALDERON——THE WRONG TOLSTOI — 129

H. MACFARLANE——THE LOST ART OF CATCHING — 142

MRS. H. BARHAM JOHNSON——LADY HESKETH AND "JOHNNY OF NORFOLK" — 152

ANTHONY HOPE——TRISTRAM OF BLENT, XVIII-XIX — 163

No. 8. III. 2.—MAY 1901

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS. and to give them his consideration. They should be typewritten or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for their return in case of non-acceptance. It must be understood that neither the Editor nor the Publisher of this Review can be responsible for the loss of any MS. submitted to them, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

INVESTMENT, TRADE AND GAMBLING

THE British public suffers from intermittent paroxysms. Usually the fit is of short duration, and when it terminates the inert mass of public opinion sinks back from its transient mood of activity into the lethargy and indifference which it loves too well. The familiar phenomenon has recently been observed again in reference to the laws and usages of limited companies, and the status and functions of the Stock Exchange; and now having passed through the active and volcanic phase, we find the period of quiescence once more coming upon us.

It seems a pity that such impulses and motive forces die away too often before there has been time to yoke them to a practical use; or, when they are indicative of disease, before the determination to be rid of the disorder has taken definite shape.

Off and on for many years England has heard much angry discussion about companies promoters and the like, touched sometimes by the *furor politicus*. Last year Parliament passed another Companies' Act of slight importance—slight because it deals mainly with the evils of the past; and the public having taken this sedative can now sleep in peace. But whilst the mood lasted, there were mob-like shoutings in the press—marred unfortunately in some cases by political bias. Reputable people spoke as if to be a member of the Stock Exchange was as the sin of witchcraft, an unholy and illicit trafficking with

the Evil One; as if merely to be the director of a public company created a taint in the blood, a modern attainder, which not only incapacitated the unfortunate being from every form of public service, but was, like leprosy, ineradicable when once acquired; or, again, as if to have been concerned with a speculative undertaking, was, in itself, a crime against society, success in which was a proof of blood-guiltiness, and failure evidence of a yet more criminal folly.

Now, that the present system of public companies is exposed to evil influences, enough and to spare, we should be the last to deny. We hope to touch lightly on some, but by no means all, later on. But this wild unreasoning spirit of vituperation, and undiscriminating mob-law, or press-law, are in many cases cruel to the individual, and defeat their own ends in consequence of their very injustice. Let us therefore take advantage of the present lull to consider calmly what are the elements of the situation, and what is the test by which we may ascertain the rights and the wrongs of the case.

Broadly speaking it may be said that the modern system of public companies, with its corollary the Stock Exchange, constitutes a vast "money market," the particular aspect of money with which it is concerned being the medium for the transfer of capital or power. In the older theory of economics, capital with its opportunity of encouraging one industry, or discouraging another, was regarded as altogether fluid. In fact much of it is not so; but the present system of public companies gives to such capital as is not fixed the utmost elasticity and mobility of which it is capable. The Stock Exchange is not essential for that purpose; nor is it the only agency of the kind. In former days the principal agency was the banking fraternity. But under modern conditions of commercial life that is not sufficient; and to-day, throughout the world, the existence of stock exchanges and public companies enables the small capitalist, according to his means, to select the particular industry or undertaking which he prefers to encourage and from which he desires to derive profit. The system meets in

this way a requirement of modern times, and represents in commerce the evolution of democracy. It brings with it the advantage that the small capitalist is enabled to participate directly in the profits derived from the use of his capital, instead of allowing the bulk (or the whole) of that profit to be acquired by his banker, or some trader to whom his capital may have been advanced by the bank. In other words he receives a direct personal share in the benefits which are derived by society as a whole from his having saved, over and above such advantage as he may receive *qua* member of society.

Assuming then that the present system will be maintained in its broad outlines for many years, what is it that may be described as its legitimate function? In our view its proper object is to stimulate and facilitate enterprise by increasing the activity of money, and affording to the greatest number of the public an opportunity of participating in, and influencing, industry. Primarily this opportunity is placed before the public when a limited company is by prospectus offering its shares for subscription; and when once an investor has received his allotment of shares, no doubt it is true that a definite amount of free capital thereby becomes fixed, whether those shares remain in his name or not. But, in a secondary degree and indirectly, the investor who purchases on the market shares of an already-established company also helps to influence the direction in which capital flows, although for present purposes it will be sufficient to deal with the original flotation of the company.

What then is the process of flotation? It is a sale to the general public or such of them as respond to the invitation in the prospectus. The vendors and promoters constitute as it were the manufacturers of an article which the public require; that is, they manufacture easily transferable interests in commercial enterprises. Now manufacturers are subject to the ordinary motives influencing mankind, and manufacturers of shares may, like the rest, produce and sell a worthy or a worth-

less article. It is not the class of article which they manufacture which is the unhallowed thing, nor are they tainted by the fact that they participate in the process of manufacture, either as promoters or vendors. It is the quality of the particular article which is the test. But under present conditions the creators of shares are peculiarly exposed to two temptations: The first that they should foist off upon a more or less gullible public an article which is intrinsically worthless, and known by the promoters so to be; and the second, that when selling something which has value they should demand too high a price, or, in technical language, "over-capitalise." To both these influences promoters succumb; and owing to the peculiar disadvantages under which an investor must labour it is generally felt that buyer and seller are not on equal terms, that there is no real freedom of contract, and that the promoter ought to be treated as being under some fiduciary obligation towards the investing public. At the present moment it is the latter of the two dangers which has been attracting most attention, namely, "over-capitalisation." The notorious collapse of many of the Hooley undertakings was a symptom of this evil; and the same feature is visible in some of the concerns floated by the London and Globe Corporation. In the case of that company there was a further disquieting feature, the intervention by a large company in some of the least satisfactory operations of the stock-jobber.

But before discussing that point we desire to complete an outline of the procedure affecting stocks and shares. No sooner have the processes of manufacture been completed, and the product sold to the original allottees, than the ordinary functions of stock-broker and stock-jobber come into use. Practically, although not in theory or in law, the stock-broker is the tradesman or shopkeeper for shares. He is the person to whom the general public must go, if they wish to buy. True it is that in law he is an agent merely, that he does not specialise, that each broker is a universal provider of shares, and that he will not only provide, but dispose of, shares of any

kind for a member of the public. But for our purpose it is sufficient to say that his primary and appropriate function is to act as the middleman, the intermediary between the public on the one side and the merchant or dealer on the other; and for this service he receives as his legitimate reward a commission or percentage.

The stock-jobber, on the other hand, is the merchant or dealer to whom our tradesman (or broker) goes if he wishes to effect a bargain for his customer. Now the jobber is a specialist. Each one confines, or should confine, himself to specified classes of security which he is always more or less willing to buy or sell, and which ought to receive his careful study. The jobber's remuneration is not, like that of the broker, a fixed commission, but depends upon the difference between the price at which he buys and the price at which he sells. Like any other merchant he endeavours always to sell at a higher price than he has paid, or *vice versâ*. In securing that difference of price he finds his reward and livelihood. The function which he performs in the machinery of exchange is of service to the community. He provides an easily-accessible market-place at which the public, through the brokers, can buy or sell; and by concentrating all transactions in the one market, and thereby eliminating or averaging any abnormal considerations, he helps to keep prices steady and avoid erratic fluctuations of value. He may, of course, endeavour to create "corners" or artificially adjusted values, or otherwise misuse the opportunities of his position; but for the moment we are regarding his essential function. Now, as will readily be seen, the intrinsic value of the commodity which he is engaged in transferring is of no great importance to him personally. All that he knows is that one person wishes to sell and another is willing to buy, and that he receives a reward or profit for mediating or effecting the twofold transaction; or his judgment may be at fault and he may have to sell at a loss. He tends therefore to look *solely* at the market values, and the possibility of his being able to secure his margin of

profit. An astute man of sound judgment may prove remarkably successful in assessing his chances and making his bargains; and if he is also bold, or deals in some security which is subject to large fluctuations, he may by a successful stroke achieve a very dramatic reward. Therein lies his temptation and danger; and so long as he is matching his wits solely against members of the Stock Exchange, and there is no unfair manipulation of the market, the danger is one for himself and his fellows alone, and the issue rather a matter of domestic concern on the Stock Exchange than of general interest.

In recent years, however, a gradual change has come over public opinion in regard to investments, a change which makes the stock-jobbing view with regard to them a matter of wider concern. First of all, the broker, not content with his small and steady commission for the performance of his legitimate duty, is often tempted to emulate the jobber, and, without performing any such useful function as that of the legitimate jobber, to engage in what he calls "a flutter," to speculate for the rise or fall, to be in the language of the market "a *bull*" or "a bear," on the chance of achieving some successful stroke. Next, the man in the street, unwilling that gentlemen of the Stock Exchange should have a monopoly of these dazzling profits, begins to compete with them and match his information, judgment, or purse against those of the specialists in the game. From this his broker, who receives a commission each time he buys or sells, is not likely to deter him; and it may be assumed that the more active he is in popping in and out of his investments the more he will tacitly or expressly be encouraged by his agent. The total result is this, that step by step a larger and larger number of the investing public absorb the stock-jobbing view with regard to investments, and look more and more to the possibility of snatching a profit, and less and less to the permanence or intrinsic worth of the investment which they are about to make.

Reverting now to the formation of public companies, it will readily be seen how this prevailing tendency amongst

investors affords peculiar opportunities to the company promoter. A large class of migratory investors has grown up, who care very little about real values but very much about the value on the market, who are quite content to apply for shares which they know to be of less value than the promoter demands, and who are not in any way deceived or defrauded, but invest with open eyes on the chance of getting out subsequently at a profit. To these birds of passage the paramount question is not "Am I getting a good security?" but "Can I snatch a premium before I make my flight?" Thus to a large number of the original investors over-capitalisation becomes of comparatively little moment, except in so far as it affects their prospects of profit and loss in a jobbing experiment; and, inasmuch as the unsophisticated public is inclined to view big figures as in themselves an evidence of worth, it is probable that over-capitalisation, even when effected with the candour which was displayed in some of Mr. Hooley's prospectuses, is far from being any disadvantage to the regular premium-hunter. This migrant investor, who is often a broker or jobber, then slips out of the company, preferably at a profit, and some other member of the investing public gets "landed" with the shares.

Now in our view the special evil of the day lies not so much in the cupidity and rascality of promoters, or the gullibility of ignorant investors (neither of which class is of very modern origin), as in the fact that the general public and the brokers, instead of adhering to their appropriate functions, are now eager to grasp at the reward which normally belongs to the jobber, without themselves performing any of the useful functions in return for which he is legitimately entitled to a reward. In one aspect this springs from the prevailing spirit of the times, which hopes to enjoy the fruits, pleasures, and rewards properly resulting from toil, skill, or abstinence, without paying the price or accepting some corresponding duty. It might in that respect be compared to one aspect of gambling or betting. But the inner significance of it is we

think very different; and just because it is a perversion of that which might be an influence of real service to society it inflicts all the greater damage upon our commercial life.

For what are the classes of undertaking in which the investor may place his money? A very rough classification would indicate three groups. There is the investment which is more or less secure, the income derived from which is small but practically assured, the capital value of which is not likely to be seriously affected, and which for sake of brevity we will describe as a "security." Then there is what may properly be called a "speculation," a risk in which the chance of failure is abnormally great, but in which the hope of phenomenal success invariably appears. In between these two classes there lies a group which partakes of the nature of each, and is aptly described as an "adventurous investment," something which possesses both the quasi-permanence of an investment and also some of the risks and possibilities of the speculation. Such a classification is, of course, a very rough one, and there are infinite gradations and variations of type within these broad limits.

Now to our mind one of the gravest evils of English commercial life to-day, an evil which seems likely to throttle much of the natural energy and resource of the English trader, is the wrong choice which is now being made by the general investing public as between these three classes of investment. The tendency is more and more to select the two extremes, the "security" and the "speculation," and to avoid that which offers the best hope of national progress and development, the "adventurous investment."

This is not a question of right- or wrong-dealing by members of the Stock Exchange, or of shady practices by promoters, important though such questions may be within their spheres; it is rather a matter which touches the thought and action of a great part of the middle-class, and for which they are chiefly responsible. Parents providing for their families, trustees of settlements, and the somewhat pharisaical

beings who scorn the notion of a Stock Exchange transaction, gradually lock up more and more capital in "securities," and run no risks. Even the permeation of society by the stock-jobbing view helps to accentuate the process: First, by frightening those who are respectable away from anything which savours of speculation by attaching the stigma of gambling to ventures which possess the element of risk at all; and, secondly, by inducing even speculators to place some portion of their money in such "securities" partly as a guarantee against absolute ruin, and partly because they like to have their capital in some form in which it can be realised easily and diverted at need into a more profitable channel; so they too join the throng of people who buy safe "securities."

But the admirably characteristic British notion of a perfectly secure smug middle-class minimum of comfort or luxury does not exhaust the impulses and desires of the British nature. Deep-seated in the fibre of our being there is a love of sport, a pleasure in danger for its own sake; a spirit of adventure and willingness to take risks; a delight derived from mere achievement of a purpose; a fascination in matching one's skill, energy, wit, or judgment against some one else; an exhilaration in the act itself, and a subtle joy in the success. This instinct finds some scope even in investments. So long as the game is not indulged in at the expense of the community, or to the ruin of one's neighbour, and so long as it is not played with loaded dice, or by one whose obligations forbid him to take the risk, there may in one aspect be no great harm in it. But since, as we have said, the stock-jobbing view pervades the investing mind, and it is the mere "speculation" which offers in a special degree the conditions of financial adventure, it happens that to an ever-increasing degree the speculation pure and simple allures a large portion of the free capital of the country. Mingled with this there is often the itching desire to be rich at all hazards, and to enjoy the luxuries of life; but we think that the above is not an unfair statement of the influences at work. Added to this is the fact that every year more and more of

the well-established commercial undertakings in the country are converted into limited companies. Managers and directors of such concerns who might, prior to their taking in the public as partners, have been prepared occasionally to take trade risks above the average, in the hope of personal reward arising therefrom, become less anxious to accept such a responsibility. They know that if a venture turns out badly their reputation will suffer gravely, and that from their point of view it is better to pursue the hum-drum course, and see a gradually declining trade, than run any risk of exposing their co-partners to severe loss and themselves to the vituperation of disappointed shareholders or the sometimes spiteful attacks of an anonymous press. Therefore, even in perfectly sound undertakings, the spirit of commercial enterprise tends to be choked; and the original object of the Companies Act, viz., the encouragement of industrial undertakings such as individuals or small groups could not easily carry on, is now being defeated by the operation of those very Acts themselves.

This we regard as the grave evil. The spirit of adventure has been directed into the barren channel of mere speculation of a stock-jobbing nature, where it can result in little fruit, instead of pursuing the more fertile and nationally beneficial course of the adventurous investment. As a matter of fact, it is in the intelligent foresight of public needs, in the acceptance of fair commercial hazards, in enterprise and activity in spheres which are new, either geographically or in the sense of creating new wants, that the hope of English commerce must lie. But such hazards imply the chance of failure; and to-day public opinion, dealing out as it does a wild undiscriminating justice, and blind to all but the fact of failure or success, deters the honest man of solid judgment and enterprise, who has a reputation which he values, from embarking upon any venturesome hazard with the money of shareholders, or from accepting the responsibility of a director in any company of which the future is problematical. Thus it is that capital abstains from adventurous investments, that the soundest

commercial intellect of the day is directed not so much to the task of guiding new ventures as to bolstering up the old ones on old lines, and commercial enterprise begins to wane.

What then is the remedy for this? The answer is not easy. As may be gathered, the evil, in our opinion, is not one which can be righted by mechanical means, or one in which legislation alone can avail very much. At the root it springs from an intellectual and moral change; and it is to the intellectual and moral perceptions that the appeal must be made. A sounder, more observant, and more discriminating judgment must be cultivated and expressed. Public opinion must not, out of mere laziness or haziness of thought, confound the healthy enterprise with the pure speculation. The doctrine must be preached that the adventurous investment is the truly patriotic form of using capital; that in the creation of new industries and new ventures lies the hope of our nation; that he is not a gambler who accepts his risk in an investment like a man and abides by it, fairly making his choice; but that every member of the investing public who yields to the stock-jobbing ideal of seizing a turn on the market, with the "Devil take the hindmost" notion in his mind, is doing what he can to sap our national pre-eminence, and corrupting the commercial integrity upon which as a nation and empire we depend.

ON THE LINE

The Girl at the Half-Way House. By E. Hough. (Heinemann. 4*s.* net.)—The Day of War, the Day of the Buffalo, the Day of the Cattle, the Day of the Plough, are the last four of the days which went to the creation of America. The author is filled with the consciousness of the great work in hand, and succeeds in giving his men and women not only life but something of the heroic air and movement. From the storming of the trenches before Louisberg in chapter *ii.* to the surrender of Mary Ellen in the tram-car on the last page, neither the story nor the characters ever fall below themselves. Of course the hero and heroine, though quite satisfactory, are not the pick of the basket: that place is undoubtedly reserved for Battersleigh, formerly "lance-sergeant in the ould Tinth Rigiment," and now pioneer, speculator, and uncrowned king of Ellisville, the town at the end of the trail. "Never yet was Batty without the arms and the appar'l of a gintleman": and if only for the way in which this boast was maintained on the occasion of "The First Ball at Ellisville," he deserves to be remembered no less than Captain Costigan himself.

The very air of the North breathes fresh and strong in the lovely tales **From a Swedish Homestead,** by Selma Lagerlöf. (Heinemann. 6*s.*)—Rare is this fragrance of a foreign land around us whilst we read; few writers—at most but one or two of those acquainted with human nature—

give it us. Who has not opened a book by Tolstoi, or—to come down in the scale—by Maarten Maartens, with a feeling of mingled relief and disappointment that Russians and the Dutch should be (except in the trifling matter of names) just as much like the English as the Romans in "Julius Cæsar" are? There are no Englishmen, no Englishwomen here; all are of the far North, Northerners. We are carried over sea at once by the weird pathetic story of the young mad gentleman, of the girl who was buried alive. There is a singular touch of Ibsen in the description of "Mistress Sorrow"—"an old lady in a long black velvet cloak, with many small capes on the shoulders," concealing bat's wings and the large cracked claw at the end of her long finger. She is truly of the kin of the horrible Rat-Wife; she awakens shuddering. The marvellous beauty of the tale that follows will make older people doubt whether even De la Motte Fouqué, as he appeared to them at fifteen, possessed a greater charm. Italy and the Middle Ages rise at the spell. The strange modern feeling of Christianity towards a ghost shines out in "Old Agnete." Venice lies all about us in "The Fisherman's Ring." "Our Lord and St. Peter" and "The Flight into Egypt" are both exquisite, and the parable of "The Empress's Money-Chest" will come home to hearts other than those of the workmen at Charleroi. There is deep and subtle power in the study of the mother who never loved her child till it was dead. It is a pity that such a book must come to us in a translation.

In spite of the date of the book, 1827–1880, **The Journal of Mrs. Fenton**—(Arnold. 8*s.* 6*d.* net)—is as near, as familiar, as the Swedish Homestead is remote. There are so many Mrs. Fentons; surely there must be one in almost every family in England. She might be anybody's great-aunt, everybody's fourth cousin. She married first a captain called Campbell, next a captain called Fenton, and she had a baby called Flora. She went to India with the first captain in 1826,

and to the Isle de France and Australia with the second very soon afterwards. She preferred the society of gentlemen to that of "females," and she remarks with charming *naïveté* how pretty every one thought her, how much her fine complexion was admired, and her beautiful hair. She is always endeavouring, apparently without the slightest success, to restrain the tears which gush from her eyes; she calls the stars "beautiful orbs," she says "It was ever thus," and she drops into poetry with the ease of one who could, as she informs us, express herself "better in verse than in prose." She was a great admirer of Mrs. Hemans, who "is, to my taste, the Sappho of English poetry, but dignified by a lofty and pure imagination which Sappho never knew"; and she is rather severe on people who are not endowed with so much sensibility as herself: "What strange and varying feelings sweep the hidden chords of the human heart, and here George sits smoking as calmly as a Turk!" "What a pity it is so few people are original!" says she; and without a single original thought she contrives to be entertaining from the first page to the last. She gives no clear idea of the people amongst whom she lived. From the native who "said he had read the Bible, which was a very pretty book written by Lindley Murray, containing true stories, of which he chiefly admired Noah," to the great Havelock, who fell fast asleep behind a row of chairs one evening, an offence she did not forgive, they are introduced merely because for a moment they served or amused this fragile little wandering princess. She paints her landscapes in the delicate, leisurely, old-fashioned style. "Look at that party of women coming over the bank with those classical-shaped water-pots on their heads! See what graceful figures in their own peculiar costume, how elegantly they walk! What Englishwoman could descend through that broken ground with such antelope steps? Then see that immense elephant crossing the river with his rider waving that slender branch which is enough to guide him." After the death of her first husband she becomes a perfect Niobe. Her marriage with Fenton did not avail to stem the

torrent of her tears—Fenton seems to have bullied her into it, though he did everything she wished without the least hesitation, ever after—but the baby brought consolation. "My child! What a flood of new emotions the very name produces! It appears as if I never *felt* or loved till now." But the "infant," after the usual manner of infants, ended the journal.

My Experiences of the Boer War. By Count Sternberg. (Longmans. 5*s.* net.)—This may not be a great book, but to readers of this REVIEW it can hardly fail to be interesting. That part of it which deals with the art of war in general strenuously endeavours to controvert such views as those put forward in our February number by Lieut.-Col. Maude, and held as of faith all over the Continent. According to Count Sternberg,

> the modern rifle, with its immense range and rapidity of fire, and smokeless powder, have completely upset the old principles of tactics. . . . While in the wars of the past an energetic offensive has led to victory, in the wars of the future it will lead to destruction.

As for cavalry, it is "not for charging," but must be converted into mounted infantry, armed not with sword or lance, but with rifle and bayonet. The argument is well worth reading. The other point for us is the author's account of the English soldier—officer or private—who, in Count Sternberg's opinion, is the Happy Warrior we endeavoured to describe in the same number above mentioned.

> I may count myself fortunate . . . to have finished my expedition as a prisoner, and so to have had the opportunity of seeing this splendid army under various conditions. . . . The tone among the officers was . . . *noblesse oblige.*
>
> When I think of the English officers my heart grows weary. Men who are decimated, shot down like rabbits at a drive, and still remain so kind-hearted and so chivalrous, show themselves to have the right blood in their veins
>
> I can only repeat that the English officers and the English soldiers have shown in this war that the profession of arms does not debase, but rather ennobles man. . . . The war has had its good side, and I think I may say that never has a war been fought in so civilised a manner.

The Count is further of opinion that conscription is likely to prove fatal from a military as well as a social point of view: that a smaller voluntary army will defeat larger armies of conscripts; and that in Africa "no Continental army would have done better than the English with the same or even somewhat larger numbers."

First on the Antarctic Continent. By C. E. Borchgrevink. (Newnes. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—This is hardly in the same rank with Dr. Nansen's famous book, but it is a very interesting record and admirably illustrated from photographs. Of the members of the expedition we are not told much that is characteristic; but the dogs, the Finns, and the penguins are delightful throughout. Ninety dogs were taken, some being Siberians and some Greenlanders, and their masters were devoted to them. Many puppies were born and throve in spite of the temperature and exposure. When one of them died,

> real was the grief depicted in Fougner's face. We found out later that . . . he had picked and dug in the frozen rocky ground until he had found a suitable last resting-place for his puppy, . . . and put a pole in it as a mark. . . . He blushingly remarked that he had done it out of consideration for the other dogs. "They might have eaten my puppy," he said, "and become ill themselves."

The idea was not altogether unfounded:

> Often during gales the dogs killed each other and ate their dead comrades. . . . They seemed with one accord to boycott a single dog for days and weeks. . . . Then driven by hunger, or forgetting for the moment . . . he might show himself . . . on the ice. Off went the other dogs like wolves . . . and before any one could help it he was torn into pieces.

The Finns—Savio and Must—were most attractive companions. On one occasion they risked their lives to save a dog. When one of the crew died, before he was buried by his fellows, "the two Finns, according to their wish, held a Lappish service—standing with bent heads in the cold, singing and talking to Mr. Hanson's dead body." On other occasions they played at "Sakko"—a kind of chess—a Finn game, full of remarkable

formalities. "These two shouted and jumped during their game."

The penguins make their nests of stones, but are too clever to bring their materials up from the seashore. They waited till "the pebble supply came down to the peninsula from the top of the cape, driven by the furious gales," and some robbed their unwary neighbours, like common rooks. Many of them sat for their portraits, which are excellent.

In Tuscany. By Montgomery Carmichael. (Murray. 9*s.* net.)—The author of this book unmistakably enjoyed writing it, and whether by way of reminiscence or anticipation he has succeeded in conveying to the reader some of his own delight in a fascinating people and their country. His Italy is not the Italy of the cheap trip—return tickets to any one town, five nights in an hotel, and perambulatory lectures—nor the Italy of exclusive culture and art pilgrimages. It is a living world, modern as well as ancient and mediæval, with trades, baths, politics, games, religion, literature and State lotteries all in going order. A particularly good chapter is that on the national game *Pallone;* another gives the history of Orbetello. "Everything about this singular place is singular and unique."

To its other wonders and memories might be added the cutting-out feats of Sir Peter Parker in 1811, and the saving of Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition by powder supplies obtained from the Spanish magazine, of which Mr. Carmichael gives a picture.

The Relief of Kumasi. By Captain H. C. J. Biss. (Methuen. 6*s.*)—It seems a pity that Lady Hodgson had not read this book before she published her own on the same subject.

> To me [she says] it seems strange that, as the situation at Kumasi was known to the officer commanding the relief column, operations were not hurried on, and the difficulties due to weather, the state of the roads, and

fatigue overcome at once. . . . Why was there so long a halt at Prahsu, which is certainly not the most pleasant of places to spend a fortnight at?

Over and above the initial necessity of collecting food, ammunition and carriers (p. 52) the mere difficulties of the road were enormous. Towards the end, when nearing Kumasi,

we struggled along [says Captain Biss], holding on to each other in the inky forest-darkness. Nothing broke the deathlike silence, save the dropping of water from the trees overhead, and the squelch of filthy mud churned by three thousand feet. Soaked with rain, the column was forced at times to wade waist deep in water. The exhausted carriers fell out by dozens, one even died.

As for the fighting, it was magnificent, but at first resulted only in a succession of reverses which "would have daunted any man not possessed of the indomitable pluck of our Commandant. With him it was otherwise; he only laboured on the harder." When the advance guard at Kwisa was joined, "one's first impressions were that one had walked into a field hospital by mistake. Every third man one saw had some part of him tied up." The casualties of the expedition are believed to have made a record; out of 152 Europeans, 9 (all officers) were killed in action, 7 died from disease, 52 were wounded, and 54 invalided from wounds and sickness. The casualties of the native force (Sikhs and Hausas) were nearly 800 out of 2804, besides 102 who died of disease.

The book is simply written, but inspiriting and suggestive. The meaning of Empire is strikingly illustrated by such passages as these:

British soldiers were at this time out of the question on account of the war in South Africa.

. . . the Transvaal War was the chief reason why this particular time was selected by them. Their enormous stores of arms and ammunition testify to the rising having been long premeditated.

On the 22nd we were all delighted to hear of the relief of Mafeking (by wire at Ogbomoso!)

We heard (at Prahsu), for the first time, of the war in China and the advance on Peking of the Allied forces.

The "weary Titan" is still afoot, it seems, and reaches her

goal somehow. "I will personally," wrote Sir James Willcocks, "relieve Kumasi by that date, *under any circumstances.*"

My Autobiography: a Fragment. By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.*)—A good autobiography is probably the most difficult of all books to write, but Mr. Max Müller possessed a temperament admirably suited to make such a success possible. He has woven into this fragment many of the threads which went to make up the charm remembered so vividly by generations of Oxford men: the *naïveté*, the sunny thankfulness, the intellectual keenness, the childlike sympathy and absence of self-consciousness. He is himself on every page: nowhere more so than on page 41.

I suppose we all remember how the sight of a wound of a fellow creature, nay even of a dog, gives us a sharp twitch in the same part of our own body. That bodily sympathy has never left me, I suffer from it even now as I did seventy years ago. And is there anybody who has not felt his eyes moisten at the sudden happiness of his friends? All this seems to me to account, to a certain extent at least, for that feeling of identity with so-called strangers, which came to me from my earliest days, and has returned again with renewed strength in my old age.

It is unnecessary to lay stress upon the romantic aspect of a career which began under many disadvantages in the miniature capital of a small German Duchy and ended in Oxford after the attainment of a world-wide reputation and a seat at the Privy Council. Happily Mr. Max Müller was free from those common British feelings which too often take half the interest out of a great life by concealing the humbleness of its origin: he does not describe his father, the poet Wilhelm Müller, as "Son and heir of W. Müller, Esq.," after the fashion of Burke, but says frankly:

My father's father, whom I never knew, seems not to have been distinguished in any way. He was, however, a useful tradesman and a respected citizen of Dessau, and, as I see, the founder of the first lending library in that small town.

It is clear, however, from the history of his son and grandson, and from the delicacy and refinement proved by the portraits in this volume, that there was plenty of good blood in the "useful tradesman's" family.

The book is full of learning and of genial humour: it throws interesting sidelights upon the transformation of the University and upon the Oxford Movement; and it contains an unusually frank and complete statement of the writer's own faith. We hope that it may give to many who did not know him personally some insight into the charm of character which endeared him to the multitude of his friends.

Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century. By George Paston. (Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.*)—The author of this charming, scholarly and unpretentious volume invites us to meet "a little company of men and women" consisting of "two *Grandes dames* of the Second George's Court," Lady Hertford and Lady Pomfret, "a poet-playwright who dabbled in diplomacy," namely, Richard Cumberland, "an aristocratic *déclassée*," Lady Craven, "an ex-shoemaker turned bookseller," the fickle James Lackington, "a Highland lady with literary proclivi ties," no other than Mrs. Grant of Laggan, author of "Letters from the Mountains," and, last of all, the distinguished scholar, poor John Tweddell. In a preface of commendable brevity and point we are introduced to this well-assorted company by the statement that they all belonged to the genus "self-revealer."

Mr. Paston gives us 880 pages of excellent matter, concise and lucid, where he allows himself some modest space for comment or explanation, and, where his originals are speaking for themselves, sufficiently diffuse to remind us agreeably of the century to which all alike belonged. Indeed, the casual reader who opens the book, as casual readers will, towards the end, would perhaps be inclined to shut it for ever after digesting one of John Tweddell's portentous love-letters. But if he will but turn back to the story of James Lackington he will find

himself in a middle-class *milieu* of that century as little known as it is absorbing in its interest. As Mr. Paston says (p. 225): "... we cannot but be struck by the almost total absence of documents dealing, at first hand, with the trading and labouring classes of the period." He might have added that we know too little of those mediocrities who had not the *entrée* to Strawberry Hill. Is there anything in all Horace Walpole's letters more discerning or more humorous than Mrs. Grant's account of her visit to some relations at Perth (p. 253)? She complains that her hostesses were

> too civil to let us alone, too desirous of entertaining to hold their tongues for a moment, too observant to let us look serious without asking why we were so dull, or out of the window without taxing us with being wearied of them. In short, we did not *get our elbows on the tea-table* while we stayed.

The Meaning of Good. By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Maclehose. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)—This little book sets out with a rich old-fashioned programme that reminds us of "Friends in Council" or of William Smith's "Thorndale." A number of old friends, some of whom have not met for years, come together in a Swiss hotel and discuss philosophical problems on its terrace. Their theme is the meaning of good, and they try to discover it by dialectics. Every point of view is represented except the orthodox. The Idealist, the Biologist, the advocate of Hegel and pure Reason, the disciple of Walt Whitman, the practical man, the Utilitarian politician, and the Cynic who believes in nothing but physical sensation—all these are to be found among the company. They centre round the Socrates of the party—the man who marshals and sifts their thoughts and ends by giving them his own creed as the best answer he can find to the problem they are debating.

In turn he carries the thought of each to its logical conclusion. The Hegelian, with his abstract good, gives him the most trouble; but perhaps he is at his best when he disposes of the Cui Bono theory, or of the Utilitarian's conception of good as the greatest happiness of the greatest number. On

the whole, the scientific Biologist comes off the worst in the investigation, and the Walt Whitmanite the best. The only drawback in the Symposium is that the Socrates is only like his prototype in his position, and does not dominate the rest, or leave us secure in his authority. The final solution might as well come from any mouth as from his. That solution, he indicates, lies in the life of the personal affections—affections extended to as many of our fellow creatures as possible. Knowledge and Art, contends this follower of Browning, are only necessary steps in the Evolution of Love: the heart alone makes them fruitful.

The dream with which the discussion ends will be congenial to many, though perhaps not to experts in metaphysics. But the book is a compound of poetry and philosophy, and was written rather for the parlour than the study. It is, at all events, suggestive, and that is saying a great deal.

The Papacy in the XIXth Century. By Friedrich Nippold, translated by Laurence Henry Schwab. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10*s.* 6*d.*)—The most cogent among the many reasons which lead us to welcome the publication of this powerful book is that it may help to mitigate the ignorance of Continental Christianity, which is largely responsible for the two extreme tendencies in our own Church—the hankering after unity which, since 1870, can only be purchased by an impossible sacrifice, and the violent prejudice against things good or indifferent in themselves, which would have been exploited in the political interest at the last General Election had it not been for the war in South Africa.

The central purpose of the book is to emphasise the distinction between Papalism and Catholicism. At the same time the writer has successfully illustrated and maintained the importance of the Catholic ideal as a corrective to the individualism of the Protestant schools of thought. There are grounds for suspecting that this latter positive purpose has been to some extent obscured by the form which the translator has

given to Herr Nippold's original volume. But in any case the appreciation of the courageous work of Döllinger and others of the Old-Catholic school is a valuable feature of the work. As Nippold says (p. 167):

> The sacrifice which these enthusiastic representatives of the Catholic Church ideal made for their faith has never been appreciated at its full value by Protestants.

The form of the book is chronological, but it gains rather than loses by this in coherence and lucidity. The progressive concentration of absolute power in the Holy See is traced in a series of chapters, beginning with the Restoration of Pius VII. and of the Jesuits in 1814, and ending with the first Vatican Council in 1870. There is a note of deep tragedy in the account given of the preparations for this last fatal step. The chapters dealing with the Council and with the consequences of the dogma of Infallibility are the most masterly and, it should be added, the most temperate in the book. There is also a lucid and sympathetic study of the Oxford Movement, to which attention will naturally be directed in this country.

The Body of Christ. By Charles Gore, D.D. (Murray. 6*s*.)—This is a treatise to be read but not to be talked about: "silence is our best wisdom" here, and we shall do no more than recommend the book in the most general, but at the same time in the strongest terms. Canon Gore tells us in his preface that this work "is in part the result of an attempt to clear up my own thoughts on eucharistic subjects in view of the 'Round Table Conference' at Fulham." It is no secret that his wide learning, his sympathetic attitude and clearness of view rendered exceptional service to the members of that conference; and the same qualities appear no less strikingly in these pages. The professed controversialist will, no doubt, continue to care for none of these things, but those of all shades of opinion, who are interested in Christianity as a part of the practical life of the world, will find their best sympathies

met and their best hopes confirmed in this deeply suggestive volume, for it treats not only of the "Devotional Unanimity" of Christendom, but of "the power which belongs to the deepest human ideas, to grow with man's growth, and not to become antiquated."

The Rockies of Canada. By Walter Dwight Wilcox. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—This reincarnation of "Camping in the Canadian Rockies" will be welcome to many. It has long been evident—at least to the Alpine Club—that as a field for exploration and first ascents Switzerland must soon be played out. Of the snowy ranges remaining there can be no doubt that the Rockies are best suited to the needs of the more ordinary climber. They are, to begin with, fairly accessible—there are plenty of virgin peaks within a day's march of the rail; they are extremely beautiful, and lie in a country full of interesting people, with abundant opportunities for sport of the most genuine kind —the sport of primitive man—dinner-hunting; of the size and abundance of the trout we cannot bring ourselves to speak. The beauty of air, water, snow and rock in this wonderful country is here shown in the only possible way, by forty photographic pictures of unusual perfection. Mount Assiniboine, and in a lesser degree Mount Sir Donald, show a very remarkable resemblance to the Matterhorn; but a comparison of all the principal peaks in Switzerland and Canada would apparently go decidedly in favour of the Rockies, though their average height would be less. The real difference, however, is a more vital one: the Swiss ascent is a matter of, at the most, thirty-six hours from hotel to hotel; the Canadian explorer pitches his camp fifty times in two months, and lives on the trail with a miniature army corps of ponies, Indians, and "packers." Of Bill Peyto, the packer, a portrait is given, which is to our mind the finest picture in the book. Best of all, perhaps, is chapter xv., on the Indians. One tribe of these—the Stony Indians—seem to be the ideal braves

of Fenimore Cooper and our childhood. "The Stonies are exceptionally faithful; they cannot be tempted to steal; they are true to their word, and, more incredible still, they have an abhorrence of alcohol." They are also renowned in war, marvellous on the trail, friendly to the white man, fond of learning, religious and contented; and—rare and happy climax—they appear to be actually increasing slightly in numbers.

Deirdre Wed. By Herbert Trench. (Methuen. *5s.*)—We have, it seems, one more poet than we knew—maker or finder of an Irish legend, which he tells in varied and masculine verse. Deirdre, a captive from the elf-mounds, was to wed the great king Connachar, but fled an hour before with young Naois, one of the sons of Usnach:

> Look now outside thy door, O Connachar!
> The black oak with the vision-dripping boughs
> Whose foot is in thy fathers' blood of pride
> Stagger'd as I came up in the night-blast.
> In vain it stretches anger to the sky:
> It cannot keep the white moon from escape
> To sail the tempest; nor O King canst thou!

The fourth canto is the story of their wedding on the islet:

> The slender hazels ask'd the Yew like night
> Beside the river-green of Lisnacaun,
> "Who is this woman beautiful as light
> Sitting in dolour on thy branchèd lawn;
> With sun-red hair, entangled as with flight,
> Sheening the knees up to her bosom drawn?
> What horses mud-besprent so thirstily
> Bellying the hush pools with their nostrils wide?"
> And the Yew, old as the long mountain side,
> Answer'd, "I saw her hither with Clan Usnach ride."

From here to the end all is beautiful, and we could quote from every page. But those who love romantic and heroic poetry will read for themselves.

FIELD GUNS

II. THE CASE AGAINST THOSE ORDERED IN GERMANY

WE drew attention on a recent occasion (THE MONTHLY REVIEW, December 1901) to the fact that the War Office had placed large orders for field material with a small metallurgic firm in Germany. Orders of this nature (except on an experimental scale) are recognised as unpatriotic, humiliating, and illicit, for any first-class Power, so that it was natural that those responsible for them should have carefully concealed what had been done, and equally natural that comment should follow when the transaction became known.

A question was raised in the German Reichstag as to how far the supply of such material was compatible with neutrality; and in the English House of Commons the Secretary of State for War was asked (December 14, 1900) to explain the circumstances under which the order was given. Mr. Brodrick replied, in substance, that a severe crisis had forced the Government to give large and urgent orders for field material; that the resources of the only two English firms who supply armaments were exhausted, and so the War Office had to give part of the work to Germany; that the Germans had delivered their material while the English were still hopelessly in arrears; and finally that he could give no pledge that further orders would not be placed abroad.

Now, we hold no brief for the English firms in question, and are no more inclined to find excuses for their shortcomings in the matter of delivery than we are to find excuses for the improvidence and supineness of the War Office which has brought the country to so necessitous a condition. But the suggestion by a responsible Minister that the resources of English manufacture had been exhausted by an order for some two hundred field guns seems to us so misleading, and under present circumstances so peculiarly mischievous, as to warrant a serious attempt to rebut it. Could anything be more damaging to our manufacturing reputation in the eyes of Europe than that the Secretary of State for War should admit that after three months of a second-rate war he was at the end of his resources, and had to turn to Germany for help?

And first it may be well to clear the way by stating that the sources upon which the Government can draw for war material are three: the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, the manufactories of Messrs. Vickers at Sheffield, Barrow, and Erith, and of Messrs. Armstrong at Newcastle and Manchester. Though the number of cannon-makers is thus limited because the capital and the technical experience involved in such works are enormous, their capacity of output is much greater than might be supposed, for Armstrong's works are undoubtedly larger and better equipped than the Royal Arsenal, and Vickers have not shrunk in the last few years from a prodigious outlay in putting themselves on an equal footing with their rivals.

We have no hesitation in saying that the capacity of Woolwich, in conjunction with the properly used capacity of these two firms, is more than sufficient to meet any needs of this country, even at a time of the greatest pressure. But there is reason in all things, and extravagant and impossible demands may very easily make the most ample resources appear inadequate. The best of watch-makers cannot make a watch in five minutes, no matter what stock of gold or mainsprings he may have prepared, no matter what amount of fine machinery he may have laid down. Yet this is what the War Office expects.

For a quarter of a century Woolwich has kept the supply of field material entirely in its own hands; we do not believe that half a dozen batteries have been ordered from outside contractors in the last generation. "Why should we go to outsiders when we can do the work ourselves?" is the War Office argument; but even assuming that the Arsenal can furnish the ordinary peace supply (and experience has shown how inadequate a supply will pass muster), it is patent to every one that it will always need the help of outside firms in case of war. But that help, to be effective, is very largely a question of plant and practice; and common prudence would suggest that manufacturers should be induced to hold themselves in readiness for immediate supply by some system of continuity of orders (on however modest a scale) to be given in peace time. It is unreasonable to expect a large plant for making field material to be kept always ready, but always idle, when an outside order for an English field gun is rarer than snow in harvest.

Crises have been the politician's excuse for ill-advised and unconstitutional action ever since the world began; and if we refrain from saying that the present crisis has been intensified, if not brought about, by the improvidence of those who now use it as an excuse, we only do so on the broad principle of not flogging a dead horse. For years past manufacturers ought to have been trained up in the way they should go; for years past reserve stores of material should have been established and kept constantly replenished; and it is unfair to disparage English production and say its resources are exhausted because it cannot make good in a moment the deficiencies of a decade.

We are far from saying that exceptional circumstances do not sometimes justify exceptional measures; and given a sufficiently critical position, it might obviously become the duty of those in authority to buy material from a foreign country. But to justify such a course it should be clear, first, that the material which it is proposed to purchase is good, and secondly, that similar material could not be supplied equally quickly from

home sources. In the present instance there is reason to believe that neither of these conditions has been fulfilled.

In comparing the promptitude of the German delivery with the delay of the English, the Secretary for War let it be supposed (no doubt unintentionally) that the material supplied was of the same quality and model in both instances, and that the conditions of supply were identical. But this was not so, and the comparison lacks all value in consequence. The German carriage was of a much more easily-made type, and the conditions of supply were wholly to the disadvantage of the English maker.

It is as well to premise that the designs of the English carriage are prepared in the Woolwich Arsenal, and issued to the contractor. He must work to them, and cannot work at all till he gets them; while the German maker is entirely free from such trammels, and supplies his own pattern. This difference, which very seriously affects the question, was pointed out in a letter written to the *Times* (in issue of January 5, 1901) by Sir Andrew Noble, chairman of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Company. The order for a certain number of batteries was given to his firm, he says, late in January,

> But it is sufficient, to show the difficulties with which we had to contend, to mention that the model of the breech block from which our tools and gauges had to be made (a work which would occupy five or six weeks) was only received by us on June 2, and that no less than forty-six drawings of details, either original or alterations to previous designs, were received by us between July 1 and the middle of September, the date at which we commenced to deliver.

We do not know whether such delays in the issue of Government drawings are customary. We hope not; for they seem to point to a vacillation and capricious change of detail not usually associated with technical confidence; but in the present instance at least they must be taken as having severely handicapped the English output. Thus, while it might be inferred from the House of Commons statement that both English and German makers received their orders at

the same time, and were free to proceed with them from that instant, it appears that in reality certain important drawings were not forthcoming for the English makers, and that, as regards such a presumably vital point as the breech mechanism, their hands were tied for nearly six months after the order was received.

A second essential difference in the conditions of contract will be found in the system of inspection pursued during manufacture. In England a certain number of artillery officers are specially detailed to superintend the manufacture of War Office material in private works. They reside on the spot, go day by day to the factory, and are allowed access at any time to any building where Government work is being carried on. The whole of the rough material is examined by them, and pieces cut off and subjected to certain mechanical tests defined in the contract. If the material fail at test, even by the smallest amount, it is rejected, and new must be obtained, with a corresponding delay. If the material pass the test, the inspector punches his mark of approval upon it; and until this mark is applied no work can be done on any given piece. Should processes of manufacture, such as turning or planing, threaten afterwards to remove this mark, the inspector must be awaited, so that he may transfer it to another part of the article, where it will not be interfered with. During the actual building up, other tests are required; until at last the gun or carriage is sent to Woolwich to pass its final examination. Here, if any discrepancy with the standard pattern is detected, the article stands rejected until such discrepancy has been adjusted. We have been at some pains to obtain opinions of the delay caused by these most useful precautions, and estimates agree very closely in considering that some 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. is thus added to the time required for completion. Manufacturers have tried, time out of mind, to shake off these fetters, characterising inspection as arbitrary, pedantic or antiquated, with many other adjectives which none know better how to use than the public-spirited gun-maker; but the common sense of the

Government has hitherto prevailed in keeping up an absolutely essential precaution.

In the case of the foreign order, these regulations were dispensed with. There was no waiting for Government drawings, no testing of rough material, no standard pattern as an ultimate criterion. Mr. Brodrick's advisers forgot to tell him that English producers were thus handicapped to the extent of 50 per cent. of the time of manufacture; but experience with the German material has shown that a rigid inspection can by no means be neglected with impunity.

In turning from the differences of the conditions under which the English and German equipments were supplied to the actual differences between the equipments themselves, we shall venture to give some very short descriptions, accompanied by outline sketches.

Of the guns themselves we have little to say, because the question of the moment is the rapidity of manufacture, and it is the carriage and not the gun that is the measure or determining factor in the date of delivery.

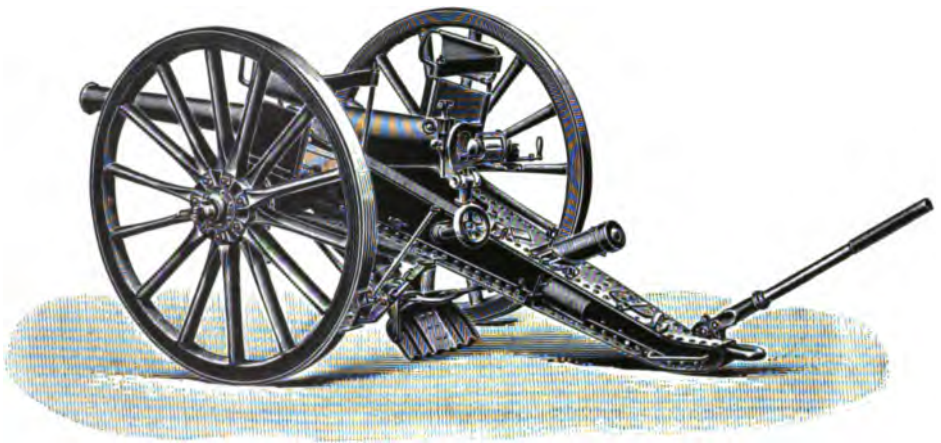
The English carriage is a characteristically "Government" design; sound and serviceable, simple in general arrangement, but complicated and expensive in detail. Ideas of economy are foreign, and often distasteful, to Government factories, and heads of departments are disposed to give contractors a monopoly of the "healthy spirit of competition" of which so much is heard. It is probable that no one who had his living to make would design the English service carriage, for the simple reason that any price he could hope to get for it would be swallowed up in the cost of manufacture. At the same time we are far from wishing to make cheapness the sole, or even the chief, criterion. Economy is apt to become a fetish, and the gentlemanly high-backed extravagance of the Royal Arsenal may, after all, serve as a wholesome corrective to that parsimony which results in ineffectiveness. The present carriage is no doubt needlessly expensive in some points, but in admitting this, and that it is a little heavy, we have

probably said the worst that can be laid to its charge. It is, on the whole, a good carriage, and has survived the very rough usage of South Africa with credit; which is not perhaps so much to be wondered at, because the material and workmanship put into it, whether at Woolwich or Sheffield or Newcastle, have been of the best.

It has a short trail and is fitted with an axial spring spade. In travelling position this spade hinges close up under the trail, and is secured by a spring catch; in action, the catch is withdrawn, and the spade, falling immediately into firing position, digs into the ground when the gun is fired. A pair of wire ropes attach the spade to a strong coiled spring, which is compressed by the recoil of gun and carriage. This spade holds its position, more or less, on firing; the spring in extending returns the gun to approximately its original position: and the arrangement has proved practical and reliable in the time of need.

Each side is composed of a jointless steel angle frame of varying thickness, with a thin steel plate riveted to it. The sides are held apart by a top and bottom plate, also riveted to the steel angle frame, and the carriage thus forms a strong box-girder beam. The axle-tree, a hollow tube of large diameter in the middle, and tapering towards the ends, but having its walls of one thickness throughout, could probably be simplified with advantage, but is at least perfectly trustworthy in its present form.

The wheels are undoubtedly the most difficult part of the whole equipment to make, and by their exigencies do much to limit rapidity of manufacture. They are of large (5 ft.) diameter, and made of wood as regards spokes and felloes. The felloes are of ash, and the spokes of oak, cleft, not sawn from the log; while the specification provides that all is to be of the best seasoned English wood, a material which, quite apart from its cost, is exceedingly difficult to obtain. The nave is built up of two thin stamped steel plates, arranged so that the spokes give the dish to the wheel, and are straight



15-pounder Field gun, Woolwich pattern.

alternately. These wheels have been severely tested in the Boer war, and have proved thoroughly reliable; while practice shows that damaged spokes, if they are of wood, admit of much easier repair than those made of metal.

Axle-tree boxes, each containing two rounds of ammunition, are fitted, and can be used as seats, when manœuvring, by two of the detachment. The lids of these boxes are of specially-toughened steel, and are raised when the gun is in action so as to form bullet-proof shields. Limber and waggons are, like the carriage, strong and good, but something extravagant in design.

The German carriage differs *toto cœlo* from the English. The trail, instead of being built up of plates and angles, consists simply of two pieces of steel tube sliding one over the other telescopically. For firing, the tubes are pulled out; while for travelling they are closed up and fixed with a pin.

One end of the smaller or inner tube is fitted with a steel bracket to carry the axle-tree, and to the upper part of the same bracket is attached a steel case covering the break arrangement—a combination of recoil-buffer-cylinder and coiled spring. On top of this case the gun recoils 42 inches on being fired; and when the recoil energy is absorbed, the spring acts and returns the gun to the firing position. A transverse screw admits of a traverse of 3 degrees right or left in relation to the carriage, so that the gun may be aligned on any object within this arc without moving the trail. The wheels (4 ft. 6 in. in diameter against the English 5 ft.) are entirely of metal. The advantages claimed for the carriage are lightness and great steadiness during firing. It is said (and we have no reason to doubt it) that "jump" is so completely eliminated that a coin placed on the rim of one of the wheels will not be shaken off by the shock of firing. This result is obtained by the unusual length of the trail when fully extended, in combination with the great recoil allowed to the gun. But in this connection it is worth remarking that neither a long trail nor a long recoil is a

novelty. Such a system has been constantly under consideration by the English service, and as constantly rejected on account of certain disadvantages which have been supposed to attend its use.

There are several points in the design which lend themselves to criticism. As a broad principle, the wholesale use of tubes in the construction is to be condemned. Tubes are from the very method of their manufacture much more liable to flaws, and such flaws of material are far less easy of detection in tubes than is the case with plates.

Again, it is impossible to believe that the telescopic trail could continue to work long under service conditions. A very slight injury would suffice to throw it out of gear; the impact of a shell splinter, or even of a bullet, would probably render it unserviceable. If such injury occurred when the trail was in the extended position, and the tubes could not be closed, the gun might indeed be limbered up and dragged off the field, but any manœuvring would be impossible. To any one, then, considering the matter, these questions naturally present themselves: was this carriage ever submitted to the German War Office; were any experiments with it carried out by the German Government with a view to its adoption in the Imperial service; and was one of the reasons for its rejection the extreme liability to damage of the telescopic trail? It should not be difficult to ascertain whether such trials took place, and what was the result of them; and these are points on which we all have a right to information. In any case it seems difficult to explain why, if the carriage is a good one, its makers have been so altruistic as to hand it over to England instead of reserving it for home consumption.

The wheels are in every respect a contrast to those hitherto approved for our service. The English wheel is of large (5 ft.) diameter, because a large wheel is considered to be springy, and little sensitive to the shock of small obstacles in travelling; and it is built of wood, because wood is less liable than metal to be damaged by shell fire, and if damaged is

15-pounder Field gun, German pattern (with trail extended).

more easily repaired. The German wheel is 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter, is built entirely of metal, and from the nature of its construction is of marked rigidity. Thus any sudden shock it encounters is transmitted direct to the axle-tree without cushioning, and the result (as we shall presently point out) is fracture of the axle. It is built up of a tubular steel rim joined to a central cast steel nave or hub, by steel tubular spokes, and if a spoke breaks the whole wheel must be taken to pieces before it can be mended. Such repairs can only be carried out by skilled mechanics, and experience has shown that the Boer siege guns (of French origin) which were fitted with metal wheels were continually being put out of action by injuries to their wheels. It may be remarked that these steel wheels are almost identical in weight (about 1½ cwt.) with the wooden English pattern, so that in spite of the smaller diameter no saving of weight is effected, but the employment of such material does effect an enormous saving in the time of manufacture, as Mr. Brodrick's advisers should have been candid enough to tell him.

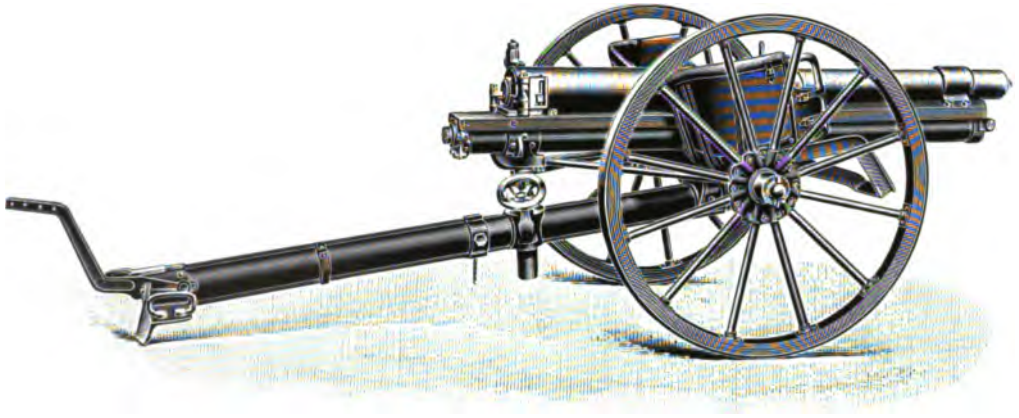
As regards workmanship the foreign carriage admits of no comparison with the English; the difference is amazing, and apparent to the most casual observer. The German equipment entirely lacks the precision and finish which we are accustomed to associate with military work, and in general appearance suggests an agricultural implement rather than a gun carriage.

Turning from questions of design to practical results, we shall find, and shall not be surprised to find, that a veil is discreetly drawn over the performances of the German material in England. But facts are gradually transpiring. Only a small number of the guns and carriages have been issued to the service, and of these a terribly serious percentage (probably more than 50 per cent.) have broken down under peace conditions. No "trials" in the ordinary sense of that word have as yet been carried out, and the accidents (and those of the gravest nature) have happened in the routine of the barrack

square, in railway transport, or in ordinary road marching. The point of failure is, for the most part, the axle. This has broken at the place where a socket hole of 2·75 inches diameter is formed in it to receive the pivot of the traversing gear, and no artillery officer can feel any confidence that a single one of all these 108 carriages would survive ten minutes' travel over any really rough ground.

Mr. Brodrick, replying to a question in the House of Commons on February 28 last, admits that "fourteen axles have cracked in travelling, and the carriages have been returned to Woolwich" to be fitted with new axles. He does not say, as he should have said, that only a small number have been issued to the service at all; but leaves it to be inferred that the fourteen are the only cases of failure out of the whole order. The breaking of an axle, involving as it does the falling of the gun on the ground, is an irreparable disaster. Not only would the gun be flung out of action, but it must of necessity be abandoned then and there; and this is the accident of which the Secretary of State for War speaks so light-heartedly that one would imagine it was the scraping of a little paint that was being discussed. *Ex pede Herculem*, we shall now be able to appraise more accurately the true value of Mr. Brodrick's remarks when he speaks of "the threads of some of the breech screws having become burred, owing to the guns being used for drill purposes, without drill cartridges—a slight damage which can be repaired locally." We hope the damage may be indeed as slight as the Secretary of State would have us believe. The point is of too technical a nature to be here discussed, but in any case the artillerist will recognise in the statement that the German design has failed to foresee a difficulty which has been specifically provided against in the English Government pattern.

We shall not discuss the gun as apart from the carriage, because we hope to revert to it at some later period, when extended experiments have given more proof of its value. We must be content for the present to rely on the assurance



15-pounder Field gun, German pattern (with trail closed).

that it "shoots with remarkable accuracy," and to stop our ears to any discouraging rumours; but there is a wide field for investigation as to the quality of the ammunition, and especially of the fuses, supplied with these foreign guns.

Let us recapitulate. It has been agreed that orders to foreign countries for material of war are, in principle, illicit, and can only be justified by the considerations that the necessities of the country are exceedingly urgent, that the material offered by foreign producers is good, that equally good material cannot be procured equally quickly from home sources.

With regard to the first condition we are prepared to admit that at the time these orders were given the country was passing through a crisis sufficiently grave to necessitate an immediate supply of war material. The second condition, that the material offered by the foreign producer should be good, has not been fulfilled; for no unbiased authority could be found to say that the German field carriages are serviceable. It is absolutely certain that the axle-tree of every single carriage must be replaced, and it must be remembered that the manufacturers have no record of past successes which might inspire confidence. It is said that, in view of the failure of the material supplied to England, they have since changed and improved the design; and the present order may fairly be considered as an enormously costly experiment, carried out by the English War Office for the benefit of the Rheinische Metalwaarenfabrik. The tyro in gun-making is no more likely to escape error than the tyro in any other art; he has his trade to learn, and the reflection that this firm had never hitherto made any field material should have been sufficient at least to inspire the War Office with unusual caution.

We have been at some pains to elaborate the difference of conditions of supply, because they gravely affect the third question, as to whether the material ordered abroad could not have been equally quickly supplied at home. We have shown how this difference of condition has handicapped the English producer; and we maintain that if Woolwich or the English

firms had been commissioned to supply a carriage of a similar type and under similar conditions, any one of the three could have supplied at least an equal number in at least as short a time as was required by the German manufacturer.

Such carriages would, moreover, have been serviceable.

Mr. Brodrick used the speedy delivery of the foreign order to point the moral of German manufacturing superiority, but we should like to draw his attention to the fact that of all these carriages, so quickly delivered, not one is now fit for service, and that all must have their axles replaced, even if they are ever found sufficiently reliable to be issued to the service at all —a sad commentary on the system that would sacrifice quality to quickness of delivery.

We have not to consider the interests of Woolwich or of the two English firms of whom we have been forced to make such frequent mention. They are no doubt able to look after their own interests, and we are not pleading the cause of A, B or C. The question must be put on the much broader basis of the trade of this country in general, and of the ability of English manufacture to supply English needs. It is sad enough to see our engineering superiority shouldered and jostled out of the way at every turn; it is sad for Englishmen who have had the privilege of a residence in Germany to compare the progress of that country with the stagnation of our own; it is sad to see the snobbish "made in Germany," that was meant for a warning and reproach, becoming gradually a trade-mark of excellence; and it is surely enough to give us pause when the Secretary of State for War of the country of Stephenson and Armstrong admits that he has to turn to unknown German makers for his guns.

Mr. Brodrick's brilliant exposition of army reform (*quod Di feliciter vertant*), and his stalwart delivery in the House of Commons, on a more recent occasion, shows that when left to himself his views are wide and statesmanlike, and that he has the courage to hold them firmly. It is the more pity to see him so ill-advised on the question under discussion.

We remember once to have seen a ruined Temple of Isis, where there was a pedestal on which formerly stood an oracular image of the goddess. The figure had long been missing, but in the built-up base was pointed out a little pipe that led away by twists and turns to a secret chamber. Here used to hide a priest whose voice it was that gave fateful utterance through the idol's mouth. Real responsibility is not always easily traced.

GALEATUS

THE OUTLOOK FOR BRITISH TRADE

II

IN one of his classical popular lectures, Helmholtz expresses his opinion on the national aspects of scientific investigation in the following eloquent words:

> In fact, men of science form, as it were, an organised army labouring on behalf of the whole nation, and generally under its direction and at its expense, to promote industrial enterprise, to increase wealth, to adorn life, and to further the moral development of individual citizens. . . . We are convinced that whatever contributes to the knowledge of the forces of Nature, or to the powers of the human mind, is worth cherishing, and may, in its own due time, bear practical fruit, very often where we should least have expected it.

Of the truth of the above, no one who has witnessed the general progress of science during the Victorian Era can fail to be impressed. And yet, so far as our own country is concerned, the statement that the labours of English men of science are carried on either under national direction or at national cost cannot be said to be the true one. In an interesting discussion on this question of the attitude of the State towards scientific investigation, which recently took place at Baltimore, Professor Osborn pointed out that a certain necessary class of State expenditure may be considered as being in the nature of unproductive investments, which look to the future rather than to the present requirements of the nation.

"Conspicuous amongst these are the funds invested in

education and science." He then proceeds to give his opinion as to the attitude of various States with regard to this provision for future needs.

Of European countries [he says], Germany places in its budget the largest unproductive investments of this kind; France is not far behind, England is perhaps fourth, and affords a conspicuous example of blindness and fatuity in the matter of unproductive investment; she has, it is true, established textile schools, but has not sufficiently supported technical schools; the cost of a single battleship would establish four splendidly equipped technical schools; England secures the ship and postpones the construction of the schools. All this is through no fault of her prophets of science, who have been as persistent as Jeremiah in foretelling the consequences which are sure to follow.

One of these "prophets of science"—the distinguished astronomer who now presides over the Royal Society—expressed his views at our last anniversary dinner as follows:

Stein wisely said, "What is put into the schools of a country comes out in the manhood of the nation." A primary and immediate need of this country is the putting of more science into the education of the country—not the teaching of the mere facts of science, which, by itself is of little use, but the training of the intellect by strict scientific methods and principles. In the coming century the race will not be to the country of the athlete, nor to the country of the classicist, but to the country where men, having been trained under the rigorous methods of science, have the knowledge, and especially the alertness of mind, to enrich themselves out of the open and inexhaustible treasury of Nature. To this end not only reformed and more thorough secondary education is necessary, but technical colleges where higher theoretical is combined with practical training, and, if I may be so bold, I would add reformed methods of teaching in our higher public schools. It can only be through a higher scientific education and more scientific methods of scholastic teaching that the whole community can be awakened to the supreme importance of science to every one of its enterprises, personal and national; in a word, to the greatness and prosperity of the Empire.

Listen again to the magic words of another of our "major prophets," alas! no longer amongst us in the body but still ever with us in spirit, our dear and revered friend Huxley, who never wearied of well-doing in the great cause of England's progress.

We are at present [said Huxley, speaking at Manchester some years ago] in the swim of one of those vast movements in which, with a population far in excess of that which we can feed, we are saved from a catastrophe through the impossibility of feeding them, solely by our possession of a fair share of the markets of the world. And in order that that fair share may be retained it is absolutely necessary that we should be able to produce commodities which we can exchange with food-growing people, and which they will take, rather than those of our rivals, on the ground of their greater cheapness or of their greater excellence. That is the whole story. . . . Our sole chance of succeeding in a competition, which must constantly become more and more severe, is that our people shall not only have the knowledge and skill which are required, but that they shall have the will and the energy and the honesty, without which neither knowledge nor skill can be of any permanent avail. This is what I mean by a stable social condition.

The effect of the want of appreciation amongst us of the methods making for progress, in contradiction to the acknowledgment of the force of such methods as exhibited by our competitors, is most strongly put in an article by Professor Fleming—one of our first experts in electrical engineering—lately published in the "Nineteenth Century and After." Fleming points out that owing to the legislative shackles applied in this country to the business of electrical supply, that business, as Edison exclaimed, has been throttled!

So that now we find that we have to go for much of our knowledge, and for many of our materials and machines, to the experienced inventors and manufacturers in the United States. They are past masters in the art; we are just learning the business.

Then the professor in a few powerful words shows—as so many others have done, amongst whom none have more successfully pleaded for the cause than Sir Norman Lockyer—that our educational system is defective.

The full and careful training of the observational and creative faculties is still greatly neglected. In secondary schools too much attention is paid to words and the grammar of dead or living languages. Natural and experimental science takes a second place. It is to be feared that the tendency of much so-called technical education is the manufacture of mediocrities rather than the expert training of experts by experts to the highest possible efficiency. . . . Meanwhile many of our higher colleges of university rank are crippled in their

Applied Science Faculties by want of laboratory accommodation, or of funds to support higher teaching and research. What is required is not more abundant mediocrity but a fully sufficient supply of those who will be captains of industry. The persons who need technical education are the masters much more than the men. In the terrible contest for superiority with the United States and Germany towards which this country is advancing, nothing will avail us unless the young men who are to be masters of works, foremen, heads of departments, and directors of industries based on applications of scientific knowledge, are equipped with the most thorough knowledge of the arts they direct. The law of evolution will mercilessly eliminate the unfit. . . . That the question of a Teaching University for London took so long to settle was a national disgrace. Even now the proper organisation of its technical side will be a work of time. Meanwhile London has nothing to compare with the Berlin Technische Hochschule with its 5000 students, and a teaching staff of professors, assistants and workmen, numbered by hundreds.

Next hear the opinion of another expert, this time Dr. Meldola, the well-known Professor of Chemistry at Finsbury. He writes to me of what he saw and heard at the Paris Exhibition concerning German progress, in reply to a question which I knew he could answer with effect, why has Germany all her own way in the newer chemical industries, worth many millions a year, and why are the English out of it?

The reasons for the great progress in German chemical industry are obvious to all who are acquainted with the facts of the case, and who have kept watch on the various lines of development. It is often stated that the main cause of this lies in the intimate association between science and industry in that country. This, however, scarcely embodies the whole truth, inasmuch as before there can be an association between science and industry, there must be science to begin with, and it is the superiority in the scientific training of the German manufacturers, as compared with that of our own men, which has imbued them with the true spirit of progress, which recognises the essential principle that success depends on alliance with science. Our people in the same position are by no means alive to the true state of things, and only call in scientific assistance when some branch of industry is *in extremis*. The reason why we hear of large staffs of highly trained chemists and of splendidly equipped research laboratories attached to Continental factories, is because the heads of these foreign firms, unlike our own, know the necessity for these things, and owe that knowledge to their own scientific training. The extraordinary development in Germany of the coal-tar industry may be said to have culminated in their exhibit in the Paris Exhibition, and the lesson conveyed by this exhibit

illustrates in a forcible way the methods of advance as practised in Germany. The prime factor is originality—creativeness, leading to the discovery of new products and processes. Then comes the technical skill enabling the new discoveries to be worked out in practice to the best advantage. Both these factors, originality and technical skill, are fostered and developed by the German systems of education and co-operation. This latter is important because many discoveries which are utilised in the German factories are made in the Universities by men of a purely academic stamp; upon such men the ever-watchful eye of German industry is set, always alert to seize hold of discoveries which offer prospects of technical application. No instance of this co-operation is more striking than the discovery of the synthesis of indigo. This, as all the world knows, was a purely scientific piece of work of the celebrated Munich professor, A. von Baeyer. But this discovery having once been made, the Germans for twenty years never relaxed their efforts in the investigation of the processes by which this colouring-matter could be produced, with the result that at the present moment artificial indigo is now manufactured by the Badische Company at a price which enables them to compete with the natural product. The difficulties which were encountered were great and numerous, and such as could only be overcome by the patient application of the highest theoretical training combined with the most persistent practical skill. This achievement is one of which German industry may well be proud, but added to this are other developments such as the synthetical production of essential oils and essences used in perfumery, of artificial products for pharmaceutical purposes, &c.

When these things become generally known they will help, if indeed anything can, to open the eyes of the people of this country to the methods by which chemical industry is being advanced abroad. Comparing this position with that of British exhibitors in Paris, Professor Meldola concludes that during the last twenty years the only progress—speaking generally—visible in this country is not, as is the case in Germany, the introduction of new products or processes, but the improvement of existing ones, and the increase of production on a scale larger than was formerly the case. The main cause—he thinks—of the stagnation in some branches and the retrogression in others may fairly be ascribed to the absence of chemical originality amongst our chemical manufacturers. The advancement in chemical industry is due to the displacement of the old by new and cheaper products and processes. A stage is at

one time or another reached when no tinkering-up of old processes can save them from extinction. This is unfortunately too often the history of many of our chemical factories. They go on without assistance or prevision until a commercial crisis arises, then begins a tinkering-up process to save that which a competent chemist might have foreseen was in the course of natural and irremediable decay.

To conclude, let me give the evidence of a man of business, Sir Swire Smith, who was my colleague on the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, and with whom I visited the leading schools and industrial establishments of the Continent several years ago. Referring to the very superior engineering exhibits from Switzerland at Paris last year, and recalling his conversations with employers and workmen, eighteen years ago, as to the value of the high scientific training of engineers, he writes to me as follows:

In the works visited, practically all the head men had gone through the Polytechnic of Zürich, or the Technicum of Winterthur. One important employer expressed the opinion that the higher education of young men dependent on their wages for a living had been quite overdone. At that time he was employing several scientists, who had passed the highest examinations at the Polytechnic of Zürich, and were working as ordinary journeymen. There were no openings for them in the higher departments, and in his opinion their costly education—paid for by the State—was practically wasted. Yet I was subsequently informed that these young men, who had taken high degrees and who were working in the ranks, had been sought out, and engaged for superior positions at high salaries in England. Here the capable Schweitzer was available, although it would surely be more satisfactory that our important situations should be filled by trained Englishmen rather than by foreigners. I need not tell you that the high character of the Swiss exhibits, and the great reputation of the exhibitors, were due to that combination of Science and Practice on the part of masters and men, especially the former, which we call technical education.

But to me the most interesting exhibit was that of Messrs. Schuckert & Co. of Nuremberg. In 1873 the head of this firm was a working man with only a small shop and bench for himself, but he was a man of science. In 1882 he exhibited electrical appliances, which the Technical Commissioners saw at the Nuremberg Exhibition, and employed about forty workmen. In the Nuremberg Exhibition of 1896 the exhibits of this firm were of the highest importance, and we visited the worksand found them magnificently equipped for all kinds of

electrical engineering, for railways, lighting, lighthouses, &c., and giving employment to 3500 men. From a handful of employees within recent memory, these colossal works now give employment to 8500 men, and I was informed that at the present time the orders on their books represent over £4,000,000, a large share being for England. To what is the great progress and success of this firm attributed? Very largely, I was told, to the fact that the constant demand for highly trained experts in electrical science, which such works require for heads of departments, for making and carrying out the mathematical calculations, for taking charge of their undertakings at home and abroad, was being supplied without difficulty from the polytechnic schools of Germany and Switzerland, which through the noble system of promotion by merit, were drafting from the Elementary, Secondary, and Higher Schools the young men of capacity and talent from every town and village in each country.

But on the absolute necessity of the highest scientific training on the part of those who are expected to take the direction of our industries, I have testimony even more convincing than the above.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was born a poor boy at Dunfermline, has built up with his partners at Pittsburg, the most colossal manufacturing business that the world has known under private ownership. In addition to unequalled knowledge and experience of the iron and steel industry, Mr. Carnegie has a marvellous power of getting at the heart of any difficult question. In a letter to Mr. Chamberlain, notifying a gift of £50,000 to the Birmingham University for a department of engineering, he writes:

After the members of the Iron and Steel Institute had returned to New York from their tour of observation through the United States the officials dined with me. . . . A partner in one of your foremost steel companies said, "Mr. Carnegie, it is not your wonderful machinery, nor even your unequalled supplies of minerals, which we have most cause to envy. It is something worth both of these combined: the class of scientific experts you have to manage every department of your works. *We have no corresponding class in England.*" Never were truer words spoken. Now this class you must sooner or later secure, if Britain is to remain one of the principal manufacturing nations.

It is however needless at the present day to dwell longer on the necessity of putting our educational house in order. The question of the moment is how that reform can be best

accomplished. This need is acknowledged on all hands. Our statesmen have at last spoken out. The Duke of Devonshire has indeed long ago done so, and on numerous occasions has shown that he fully appreciates the momentous issues which lie before us. More recently Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain have each spoken with words of wisdom and of foresight on this great question of the hour. It is however a far cry from words to deeds; to preach is easier than to practise, and what our statesmen have now to show is that they are determined to make a successful effort to turn into a reality what will, unless they use such efforts, remain a mere pious opinion.

But whilst men of science have long been unanimous in expressing their views on the necessity of reconstructing our educational methods, and, whilst some of our prominent statesmen recognise this necessity, we are still far from having convinced those who hold the higher educational reins, and who direct the pace and route of the journey. Methods which have existed, and have been in sole possession for centuries, are hard to disturb. Men who have been brought up from childhood without any notion of scientific method, who look back to the time of Pericles as the golden age, and to whom the commission of a false quantity is a more heinous offence than ignorance of the simplest and most far-reaching of Nature's laws, such men can hardly be expected to look with a favourable eye upon innovations, or to help to develop science, the teaching of which they do not appreciate, to the detriment, as they think, of that of classics, which they do understand and value. "Don't imagine," they may say, "that we are antagonistic to science teaching, for that is not the case." Yes, that may be, but ask them to give up an hour a day from Latin and Greek to science, and they at once cry "non possumus." In short, whilst they do not decry scientific methods, they still deny to its supporters much chance of proving their success. The result is that, what with the mediævalism of Oxford and the classicism of the Head-masters, science teaching in our highest secondary education is at the present moment in anything but a satisfactory

condition. And no radical change can be made except by the complete reconstruction of one or more of our public schools on the basis of modern requirements in such a way that the balance between scientific and linguistic methods shall be more equitably adjusted than has hitherto been the case. But such a reconstruction is difficult, if not impossible, until public opinion on the subject is crystallised. What does the average man in the street know or care about education beyond what he thinks will buy him bread and butter to-day? And is the parent—not in the street—or the average member of Parliament, whether peer or commoner, any further advanced? Those who know the House of Commons know that the "education fads" empty the House, unless, indeed, the debate assumes the character of a fight between the supporters of clericalism on the one hand, and of free opinion on the other. Under these conditions, then, it behoves all who have the matter at heart to keep "pegging away," to remember that "it is dogged as does it," and to lose no opportunity, through evil report and through good report, of influencing, both by word and deed, the mass of our countrymen.

Let us now contrast what is being done elsewhere with what we do at home. Let us get an idea of the extent to which in Germany the highest technical training is carried on, in State supported institutions called Technical Universities or High Schools of Science. I take from official sources the number of students pursuing during the session 1899–1900 a regular three or four years course of study in engineering, civil, mechanical and electrical, in chemistry and physics pure and applied, and in mathematics, in the following ten great schools:

	Number of Regular Students, 1899–1900
Berlin Technical University or High School	2750
Munich „ „	1844
Darmstadt „ „	1366
Carlsruhe „ „	1152
Zürich „ „	1007

			Number of Regular Students, 1899–1900
Hanover	Technical University or High School	. .	973
Dresden	„	„ . . .	849
Stuttgart	„	„ . . .	787
Aachen	„	„ . . .	418
Brunswick	„	„ . . .	301

Or a total of 11,447, whereas ten years ago the total number of such students was barely one-half of the present number, an evidence of the enormous progress recently made in the appreciation of the value of the instruction given in these schools. Anything, it is often said, may be proved by figures, and nothing is so misleading as statistics. And an answer might be attempted to the above, that the students in our polytechnics and technical schools are quite as numerous. Yes—but there are students and students. The elementary instruction given, chiefly in evening classes, to the boys who flock to our technical schools is all very well, and so far as it goes is good and useful, but it cannot compare with the continued and developed teaching received by the eleven thousand regular students in the German polytechnica. The real comparison is not with our so-called polytechnics and other technical schools, but with the University Colleges, and with such institutions as the Royal College of Science and the Central College of City and the Guilds of London. In these institutions under real masters of the subjects, the higher technical and scientific training given compares favourably with that in any of the foreign schools, for England does not lack, and has never lacked for men of light and leading in any of the highest walks of science, whether as originators or as expositors. But in these institutions, few and far between as they are, the students do not number one-tenth of the Germans. This is partly due to the want of adequate funds, but perhaps even more to a lack of previous systematic training owing to our acknowledged deficiency in secondary education. Is such a state of things creditable? If the Swiss and the Germans are convinced, as they are, that State aid to such institutions is the cheapest and most secure investment of national funds as

insurance against disaster, why should we English stand aloof? Are we not actually courting the very disaster which they make provision to avoid?

But it is often said, surely if these things are so important to the manufacturing and commercial community, they are the proper persons to save themselves from destruction. Why should the rest of the people be taxed to support a class? And there is some force in the argument. If these persons can be induced to come forward—as indeed some have already done (and the names of Whitworth, Baeyer and Carnegie amongst others, will occur to all), and out of their superfluity give to their country in sufficient amount, no Government aid would be required, no Governmental supervision or control would be needed, and a real good time would be coming. But is this generosity, is this public spirit to be looked for in the near future?

If Englishmen of wealth—of whom there is really no end—would take example by their brethren across the pond, the thing would soon be done. Just look at the following list of benefactions and gifts which some of the enlightened millionaires of the States have made over for the higher education of their compatriots. It fairly takes one's breath away!

Summary of the largest endowments contributed by private munificence to the Universities, Institutes and University Colleges of the United States.

Chicago University	...	J. D. Rockefeller	...	£1,902,848
Gerard College	...	Stephen Gerard	...	1,458,333
Pratt Institute	...	Charles Pratt	...	750,000
Johns Hopkins University	...	Johns Hopkins	...	625,000
Dexel Institute	...	A. J. Dexel	...	625,000
L. Stanford University	...	Leland Stanford, jr.	...	520,833
Cornell University	...	Ezra Cornell	...	312,500
Vanderbilt University	...	The Vanderbilts	...	229,166
Columbia University	...	Seth Low	...	208,333

It is estimated that a sum of no less than £22,000,000

has been given or bequeathed by private citizens of the United States during recent years for the foundation and maintenance of universities and high schools of science in that country.

Admitting that we cannot compete with the Carnegies and the Rockefellers either in wealth or in its generous disposal, the difficulty with us is, after all, not so much the want of money as the want of will. For one case like that of Lord Iveagh, who gave a quarter of a million—not, it is true, for ordinary every-day educational purposes, but for the furtherance of knowledge of how to combat disease—for one instance like this we hear of dozens of men, many of whom have made their fortunes in trade or industry, and who decline to assist in the great work of helping others to do likewise. One notable instance of this has lately occurred, and will be in the memory of many. Then again we hear that there has lately been a great boom in Welsh coal, and the coal-owners have been rolling up their thousands upon thousands. On the other hand, the college at Cardiff is in their midst doing what it can with its slender means to protect the industries of that district by the introduction of something like a scientific spirit, and the question may well be asked, has it occurred to any of these rich coal-owners that it behoves them to dispose of a portion of their easily gotten wealth for the betterment of the population from amongst whom it has been gathered? Is the case different with the coal-owners in the north? or with the ironmasters who have recently had a flourishing trade? The plan of giving, like the Quakers, a tenth of their income for the advancement of their district does not seem to be a part of their creed.

This being unfortunately the general state of English opinion, we must either wait until that opinion ripens (and before that occurs the fruit will be dead), or the Government, as the protector of national honour and well-being, must be made to understand that it is its duty to take the matter up; and I will now venture to make a suggestion of

a somewhat wider scope, and perhaps of a more practical character than that contained at the end of my article in the February number of this REVIEW. It is this. The Government shall appoint at once a small influential commission to be called "The Royal Commission for Technical University Education." The number of members of this commission should not, I think, exceed seven. And I further venture to suggest that three of the members should be Lord Goschen, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain—all men who have shown that they have the subject at heart—these persons to have the absolute disposal of a sum of not less than £100,000 a year to be voted by Parliament. The recipients of grants from this commission shall be the Universities of London, Victoria (Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds), Birmingham, Wales (Cardiff) and Glasgow. The commission shall determine the grants to be made in each instance, alterable, if necessary, after a term of not less than five years, and shall specify, with or without consultation with the several University authorities, the particular objects to which the grants shall be allocated, whether to founding new chairs or aiding the existing ones, to building and equipping new laboratories, or aiding existing ones, it being always understood that the funds are to be apportioned solely to the furtherance of learning and research of the highest University type as applied to industrial pursuits in large centres of population.

It will be readily understood that Oxford and Cambridge can never be expected to become great centres for technical instruction. They have their special work to do, and if that is properly done it is amply sufficient for all their energies. As to the Scottish Universities, they already receive £70,000 a year in the form of Government grants. But if they are to compete successfully with the newer English Universities, they must move from their ancestral ways and change their system of a five months session and a seven months vacation. This, it is satisfactory to learn, is now about to be accomplished.

Glasgow, the second largest city in the Empire and the seat and centre of vast industrial undertakings, is about to put its University on a satisfactory and modern footing as regards its teaching of applied science, and it may therefore fairly claim a share of the Government fund, the allotment of which I have ventured to propose.

H. E. Roscoe.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN OFFICERS AND MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE

I have seen a great deal that is very true, doubtless, in the papers, about the union that this war has created between Great Britain and her Colonies. I have not seen so much of what I believe to be equally true, of the way in which the war has pulled together various classes in the United Kingdom. If you lie two or three hours behind a stone being shot at with Tommy Atkins, at the end of that time perhaps you realise that he is as good a man as you are, or better, and if when you come back to England you forget that, because you wear broadcloth and he wears fustian, you have missed, you have not gripped, one of the best lessons of this war.—LIEUT.-GENERAL IAN HAMILTON *at Bath, March* 9, 1901.

THESE manly and generous words directly raise the subject of my paper; a subject of which little is heard in the prevailing controversies on army reform, but which is of high significance in the field. What the general says is true. What I wish to urge is that it ought to prove more universally true, and that the lesson he speaks of would have greater practical efficacy if it were learnt at home, and not merely taught, as he puts it, by war.

It may be said, without unfairness, that generally speaking when the relations between officers and men are bad, it is the fault of the officers. It is not always true, but it is true often enough to make it just that the men's side should be heard, for apart altogether from the obligations of the service, which

apply to both classes equally, the men are from the very nature of the case the voiceless and obscure class. And where the fault may be equally divided, it is for the officers, as the directing and educating force, to bring about an improvement. Nothing probably will be heard of the question unless some of the better educated volunteers, whom the exigencies of this war have drawn into the ranks of the fighting line, give the public, when they are free to speak as civilians again, their experiences of their life as private soldiers and the conclusions they have drawn from it. Not that such conclusions should be rashly accepted. Such men must speak with coolness and sobriety. All sense of personal grievance, if there has been any, must be obliterated. They must have thrown themselves wholly into the life of the regular soldier, adopted his outlook and his standards, and rigidly limited their own ideas of what is right and necessary to the just requirements of the class of which they are temporary members. They will then have the advantage of being able to see both sides of the question, by natural affinity with the class from which officers are drawn, and by sympathy and familiarity with the life and feelings of the private soldier. This double attitude is not so difficult to acquire as it might be thought. In fact, any difficulty in it comes principally from the side you would least expect, that of re-identifying oneself with the habits of mind of the class one left in enlisting. I frankly admit this at the outset, because its result may be a tendency to do an injustice to the officers. To see through the eyes of the private is a habit that is learnt with remarkable ease. There is a magic in military discipline that changes a man's whole nature from the moment of enlistment, and which, while narrowing his horizon to a limited field of submission in immediate detail and duty, at the same time changes all his standards and all his ways of looking at things, so that when he comes to meet and mix with the soldiers of the regular army, he soon finds that, unless cursed with a great lack of adaptability, he can see as they see, feel as they feel, just as he certainly lives as they live. I think myself that this

is one of the greatest privileges gained by volunteer service in the war. To understand other people's lives is always good, but in these days, when the army has assumed such high importance in our national fabric, it is a great thing that so many civilians of all classes and conditions should have had practical insight into the life of the army on active service.

It may be fairly asked whether a volunteer serving in a strictly volunteer unit has lived the life of the regular soldier. It may be suspected that his life is an easier one, that his relations with his officers are different, that discipline is less strict, that the standard of comfort is higher and of work lower. Any idea of this sort is false, as all would agree who have had experience of the war. Whatever be the case at home, incorporation in the army for active service has an instant and magnetic effect in extending the traditions of the army to its new material. The inexorable conditions of warfare in far off wildernesses do the rest. War is a great leveller, and in that hard, hungry life, volunteers and regulars have the same interests, hardships, and needs. I should say, though, that in speaking of volunteers I mean primarily volunteers from the home country, as opposed to colonials. For both, of course, the material conditions are the same, but it is well known, in South Africa at any rate, that in many colonial corps (including those which have done the best work) discipline is laxer (not in a bad sense), independence in the ranks greater, and the spirit governing the relation of officers and men entirely different to that in our army. The contrast is only a reflection of the broader difference of temperament between colonial communities and the mother country. A system which will suit one will not suit the other. I refer to the point because this difference in spirit makes what I am going to write about, to some extent inapplicable to colonial corps, who have solved the question in their own way.

I have said that a volunteer who has seen active service may speak usefully for his comrade the regular. It is nevertheless a serious disadvantage for him never to have had

experience of a soldier's life in times of peace; I mean any experience worth anything for this purpose. The home training of the most zealous volunteer at the best gives him little of such knowledge. It is true that so utterly different are the conditions of peace and war, that it may almost be said that war is as great a change for the regular as for the volunteer. Nevertheless, the evil I am going to speak about undoubtedly has its roots in the system as it has grown up in times of peace, though it may be only visible and actual in war. Here is our disadvantage. But it only affects the ultimate causes. The evil is on the surface, and its immediate remedy. I shall suggest an opinion as to the causes, too, but only working on such general information as a layman has, aided by the experience of one (and the more important) side of a soldier's life, active service.

By officers, I mean regimental officers, with whom the men have more or less direct relations. The character and example of a general may have a very great influence on the officers of his brigade, but how far this is the case a private has little means of knowing. To the latter, the general is a far-off personage, whose personality may indeed have a potent effect in inspiring confidence, endurance, and cheerfulness in his troops. A chance word of praise from him passed from mouth to mouth round the camp-fires when the day is over, and never forgotten, may make a whole regiment eat its biscuits and smoke its pipes with greater relish, and hear the order for *reveillé* at 2 A.M. with greater equanimity. But generally speaking, the content and morale of a corps depends on its own regimental officers, even if from causes beyond their control marches are long and ceaseless, expeditions fruitless, and hardships correspondingly greater.

To avoid all misconception, let me say that I am not concerned with the professional training of officers for their work in war. Indirectly it enters into my subject in a way I shall afterwards point out, but with the general question I have nothing to do. I think it is generally agreed that the training

of officers leaves something to be desired, and its deficiencies have been proved in the present war. The same applies to the men. But from the point of view of the men, skill in leadership is not, paradoxical as it may seem, by any means the most important quality in an officer. Neither is personal gallantry. The latter is universal enough to be taken for granted. And in any case bravery is a subject not much talked about there. It is the common thing in all ranks. For the rest, it would be impertinent at this stage of the war to add a fresh eulogy on the gallantry of British officers. It did not need to be proved; but it has been nobly proved again and again; and it is unquestioned. But, it may be asked, if professional ability and personal gallantry are excluded, what more is there to discuss? There is a great deal more. War is not all fighting, nor even manœuvring for fights. This is a truth often not fully realised at home. Fights are only incidents more or less common in a soldier's life. There are of course large numbers permanently stationed on the lines of communication and in garrison towns, but even in the many militant columns that move about in pursuit of the enemy, or are engaged in clearing the country, burning farms, driving in cattle, or other military operations, a day's hard fighting is a comparatively rare thing. When it comes, it may be very hard, and there may be lighter relief of skirmishes in which a fraction of the force is engaged, but for the average individual man it is true to say that when once the novelty is worn off, fighting is one of the least important elements in his life. It is impossible to understand the conditions which go to make up the efficiency of a field force, unless it is realised that there is always a long monotonous background of commonplace workaday life, where common physical needs and trials are the really absorbing things for the ordinary soldier. The more so because the operations in which he is engaged may be a complete mystery to him; forced marches may seem purposeless and fruitless; the object and method of a fight itself are probably unintelligible to him. Of the general progress of the war he

knows nothing. What he *does* know is that he is tired and hungry. If he is personally engaged on any definite day the difference to him may be very little. Momentous questions of sleep, baccy, scraps of biscuit, the chance of a chicken, the prospect of fatigue or outpost duty when he gets in still occupy his mind, together with a score of little material details of work or physical comfort, which affect him every day alike. I do not mean that such things affect his keenness and ardour in fighting. Fighting and the rest are all in the day's work. He may indeed, if he is lucky, find a day's fighting a positive rest and relief. He will certainly have less distance to march, and mere mechanical marching "bulks big" in a soldier's life. If an infantry soldier he may be in support, and lie on his back snoozing and smoking peaceably half the day, never under fire or firing. If a mounted man, he may be holding horses or watching a flank with plenty of leisure. As an artillery driver I found, rather to my surprise, that I had more leisure during a hard day's fighting than on a day of simple marching, or of rest in a standing camp with its many necessary duties of grooming, harness cleaning, grazing horses, and miscellaneous "fatigues." This is only a digression to bring into relief the disproportion between fighting as it is read of in paragraphs in the newspapers and the long unwritten story behind. The disproportion is reflected, of course, in the lists of casualties from wounds and disease respectively, and still more in the unclassified wastage that is constantly in progress in the shape of men who are not wounded or dangerously ill, but just used up, worn out.

I have said enough to make clear what I meant in saying that skill and gallantry cannot alone make a good and popular officer. "'E don't think no more for us than if we were dogs," or "'E's all right; 'e always thinks of the men" are the common catchwords one hears in discussions of an officer's popularity, a popularity which depends mainly on his consideration and solicitude for his men's welfare in common domestic matters. And this popularity is a very important thing. It means that

by example and active effort officers are keeping their men fit, content, and cheerful, with fortitude to undertake arduous marches, with grit and spirit to withstand attack by superior numbers, and with the *élan* for vigorous offence. The importance of this, it is needless to say, becomes greater the longer the war is prolonged, and the sense of weariness and disappointment is intensified. The British soldier has no personal stake in the contest, as the Boer has, nor any but the vaguest knowledge, carrying no enthusiasm, of the causes and objects of the war. He is merely doing his professional business with the zeal that the honour of the flag and pride in his work inspire in him.

Now, my point is that on active service the relations between officers and men ought to be closer; the officers should take a deeper and more detailed interest in their men's welfare as distinguished from their work; should live more with them and like them; know them better; do more to gain their confidence and affection by personal consideration in times of strain and hardship, and, indeed, by taking their full share of such hardship. Happily, there are many officers who do set the right example. The standard I have in my mind is no visionary ideal, but taken from my own personal experience and, by report, from that of others who have been equally fortunate. I should not be writing at all if I did not know for myself what an influence for good an officer can have on the condition and spirits of his men, and, by observation, how keen is the appreciation of such an officer wherever he is found, I can sympathise all the more closely with those who have been less fortunate. As to the latter, perhaps I ought to say that I rely on intercourse not only with men in the field but with individuals of all corps and regiments during a stay in hospital and its sequel—a depôt of "details" waiting to rejoin.

But there is great need for caution in hearing the soldier's case, and for this reason. He is an inveterate "grouser." To "grouse" is soldiers' slang for to complain. It is one of the press correspondent's familiar fictions that Tommy (among several

other noble things) is "uncomplaining." In one sense nothing could be more ludicrously untrue, as he himself would be the first to admit. There is something in the air out there which made us all grouse. You must talk about something; there is no news, and a mild luxurious grumble passes the time wonderfully. If it is a fatigue, by the time you have done the grumble you find, to your surprise, that you have done the fatigue. Most of this sort of grousing represents the "topmost froth of thought," and is of very little account. But it has to be carefully appraised, for it is sometimes wholly despicable; in every regiment there is a small residuum of invertebrates, mean in spirit and foolish in speech, who really have not the grit and pluck to be soldiers at all.

Now, making the fullest allowance for what is generally a surface idiosyncrasy, there yet remains, in my honest judgment, evidence of the unpopularity of many officers, justly due to their shortcomings, in the ways I have indicated. I am not going to recount the specific stories which one hears out there of selfishness and indifference, because I want to avoid the least suspicion of exaggeration, and stories are easily exaggerated. But the evil exists, and it is thrown into relief by the exceptions to it, which are as warmly and generously appreciated as the other side is bitterly resented. Tommy is very fair-minded at bottom, and has the usual amount of human nature in him. The rigid discipline under which he lives, almost the passive serfdom of the dumb animal, makes him peculiarly susceptible to the "touch of nature," and to any personal sympathy and encouragement which for the moment abolishes distinctions of rank. It is this rigid discipline, too, which tends to keep the evil, where it exists, suppressed and unremedied, often perhaps unknown, when if it were known it would be readily cured by the good hearts and good sense of the officers themselves, whose deficiencies might only be due to ignorance or, at the worse, indifference.

And now, in order to be more particular, I will give some instances in which the evils tell, and indicate the remedy.

To take the material side first. Mere food is a matter of overwhelming importance to a soldier doing hard work, whether fighting or marching. Bullets are insignificant beside it. Now every one knows that there is very great difficulty in feeding a column moving far from a base of supplies. It is often necessary to put the troops on half-rations or less. This is a severe trial in a succession of days beginning at from 2 to 5 A.M. and ending at 8 or 9 P.M., with possibly night marches thrown in. Full rations are often little enough. Now, in such circumstances, officers are too often allowed to carry an excessive quantity of baggage—private stores and kit, a quantity out of all proportion to the transport devoted to the men.

It is a great object to limit the transport, but it is done at the expense of the men, who are just those who need it most. It is not only a matter of food. Rigid orders are generally made against carrying anything on the waggons except the barest necessaries. For instance, in the kit waggons of an infantry battalion, it may be that the men's blankets and nothing else are admitted. If a man wants to take any extra comforts such as spare underclothing he must carry it on his person, already burdened to the extreme point with rifle, two pouches of ammunition, water-bottle, belts, and haversack. This may be all very right and necessary; such things are the common hardships of war, which is not a picnic, but a hard practical business. But space, which is so saved, ought not to be represented by tents, tables, clothes, stores and wine for the use of officers. It must be remembered that the effect is cumulative. Every Cape cart and waggon so used has to be drawn by horses and mules, whose forage must also be carried with the column. The truth is, that one of two courses ought always to be taken where there is any risk of scarce supplies. One is to reduce to a minimum the whole transport, limiting the baggage of all ranks. It may be remarked that had some general order been promulgated to this effect, one might have heard less of the mobility of the Boers and of long stern chases ending in their escape, in cases, be it understood, where their

speed has been limited by a slow-moving convoy exactly similar to our own. Transport must be often the crux of the whole matter, and it would be interesting to know, in some acknowledged cases of failure through slowness, exactly what proportion the officers' waggons and Cape carts bore to the rest of the convoy. It would sometimes amount to a scandal, I believe. Possibly, under the new *régime*, some reform has been made. No doubt regulations vary in different brigades. In some famous marches by mounted troops for a special object there can have been no question of such a scandal; but in the course of the war scores of columns have moved obscurely about on various errands, blending a little fighting with much tedious marching and always encumbered with one of those serpentine convoys, sometimes miles in length, creeping slowly and sinuously over hill and valley, having to be guarded in all its unwieldy and straggling course, getting blocked at difficult drifts, and making one vividly realise the tremendous difficulties of war. One way, as I have said, is to limit this incubus by reducing *all* baggage. But if this is not considered necessary, then baggage of officers and men should at least be equalised down to a fair point. The latter should not be docked of biscuits, beef, and kit-room, until all unnecessary luxuries have been eliminated from the officers' baggage. This may seem excessive rigour, but I hardly think it is so really. Physically, the officers, at any rate the younger ones, are as well able to stand hardship and exposure as the men, and often better. And the physical strain on them is, quite rightly, less; they travel light, and have servants to do their camp-work. A man travels heavily weighted, and when he reaches camp, after a hard march, his work may only be beginning. There are fatigues and camp work to be done, and a chance of outpost duty all night. At such times a man may reason unfairly. Absorbed in the physical fatigues and needs of his own narrow groove, he may forget that his officers may have had a hard day too, and passed through anxieties and tests of skill and watchfulness, of which he knows nothing; but when all is said, any

sharp material inequality is demoralising, especially when a man knows that the biscuits and clothes he misses are represented by an equivalent in weight of not indispensable comforts enjoyed by his officers. It must be remembered that the conditions are far from normal. The smooth run of service in peace time, when distinctions may be kept up without harm, are left far behind. In war the case is often more like that of a shipwrecked crew or a straitened exploring party lost in a desert —circumstances in which a levelling of ranks and conventions and a close sentiment of *camaraderie* may be of the highest value in keeping up the spirits of the whole body.

So much for the question of transport. But besides this, an officer who thinks as much of his men as of himself can do much in many ways to better their lot. Tommy is a remarkably helpless person in the system under which he lives and, as the Hospital Commission reported, with rather naïve perplexity, "is very reluctant to make complaints"—that is effective official complaints. He is largely at the mercy of all sorts of people—incompetent or dishonest quartermaster-sergeants, careless or lazy cooks, Army Service Corps men, sleek and well fed themselves, far-off officials on the line of communications, a whole hierarchy of people, requiring the ceaseless vigilance and energy of his officers to ensure that they do their duty by him. Men very soon know how much is being done for them and by whose initiative, and if they see an officer, as I have had the good fortune to see one, hovering about the cook's fire while his own supper waits, to taste the men's coffee when it is made; if they know that he has at his fingers' ends what rations there are and the fairest way of dividing them, and will see they are so divided and give ear to the smallest complaints and grievances about them; if they see him periodically turning out the quartermaster's stores and using violent language if he finds anything being unduly kept back, if they find that on every possible and impossible occasion he is sending out to commandeer poultry, bread, &c., to supplement the rations, and dividing it fairly among the men and his

own mess alike; if a waggon of new clothing turns up and they dimly guess at the amount of worrying and cajoling and threatening it has taken him to get it there (for it will not come of itself); if they have an officer like this, the gain in spirit and efficiency is incalculable. Be it added that such a man is probably just the one who will know the rest of his work thoroughly. For such qualities as I have indicated do not stand alone; they show an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the soldier and the best way of using him. The possessor of them will certainly command double confidence, for he is not only a master but a friend. He may be severe as he pleases, for he will be just through knowledge. But he will not have many offenders.

I would go even further and ask if there might not be more personal intimacy between the officers, at any rate the younger ones, and the men. I mean something of the sort referred to in the following extract from a letter which a friend has shown me, written by a private at the front to his relations at home.

> We have a representative of your town here; he is over my company, Mr. ——, he is lieutenant, and all the men are very fond of him. He is very good and we only wish the remainder were like him, but I am sorry to say they are not. He sits among us, and laughs and talks with every one just the same as if he were an ordinary Tommy, and always looking to our comfort.

Such relations between officers and men may seem strange and even dangerous to people at home with their traditional ideas of army discipline, and of the sharp caste-division between the ranks. I admit that here I am treading on more debateable ground, but my point is that the circumstances of active service alter the whole case, making what may be pernicious at home not only harmless but beneficial in war. Of course, tact and *savoir faire* are as necessary here as elsewhere. Given these things would discipline suffer? I think not. It would gain. In fact the doubt seems almost absurd to one who knows the facts, and with what affection and admiration men speak of an officer after their own heart. To play the "little tin god," to court authority by isolation, is always a dangerous

method. Least of all does it answer with soldiers, who are very shrewd judges of character, and very quick to appreciate the true basis of authority. Excess of dignity in an officer is a fatal blunder.

I have now mentioned some special points where a close bond between officers and men works for good. There are many other ways in which a knowledge of, and thought for, men can save much friction and promote much enthusiasm. I will briefly refer to two of these.

If there is one thing Tommy hates it is being worried. The word is a poor one, and has better but less polite substitutes in his own vernacular. I don't deny that he will grouse heartily over the most necessary work, but he will grouse in a very different and more justifiable way over unnecessary work, or work given him at the wrong time, when a little consideration would have shown the order to be unfair. There are times when details must be insisted on; there are others when a sympathetic instinct would say "let them alone." He hates a succession of contradictory orders, one countermanding the other. Often this is inevitable, but he is shrewd enough to make allowances where it is so and to distinguish cases where it is only foresight and consideration that are lacking. An officer's knowledge of his work and knowledge of his men, never far separated, are here closely allied. An order which is wrong through short-sightedness or ignorance, though its results in inconvenience to the giver may be nothing at all, reacts inexorably on the rank and file in the shape of annoyance and worry perhaps far out of proportion to its intrinsic importance.

Another similar topic is that of the ignorance of the private soldier of the operations he is engaged in. I am bound to say he accepts it with philosophy, for it is part of the system in which he is trained. Not that the system avows as much. The text-books abound with exhortations to intelligence in the soldier. Yet no one can say that it is encouraged very practically, or that individual independence and resource are

found in the ranks of the home army as they are found among the Boers and among the best Colonial corps, who are unhampered by our traditions. But I shall transgress my limits if I speak about intelligence in action. What I mean here is general enlightment as to the objects of marches and manœuvres. A man will work better if he knows where he is going and why. A machine to some extent he must always remain, but the less he is treated as one the better. For, however machine-like his actions under the influence of discipline he has a critical eye for results, and is liable to wrongly ascribe failure to bad leadership, and even to call failure what is really success. Enlightenment would naturally spring from familiar intercourse between officers and men.

All I have so far said has been in very general terms; but naturally the moral I have pointed applies with varying force to different branches of the service and with varying degree according to the different shades of rank among officers and men themselves. It is the general spirit that I am concerned with. For instance, I have not mentioned non-commissioned officers, "the back-bone of the army" as they have been called. That in their special functions they exercise a potent influence is very true. In fact in a lesser degree the very same questions arise as to the relations between them and their men as arise between officers and men. A selfish and indifferent sergeant may be as pernicious an influence as an officer of similar character, just as by example and solicitude for his men he may have an equally good effect on his section or sub-division. There are wheels within wheels in every regiment. But needless to say the important thing is that the standard should be set from above, or the right spirit will not permeate downwards, while apart from this fact, the powers of the sergeant are at best limited, and some grievances may be altogether out of his power to remedy.

It should also be said that for the purposes of this question a distinction can be drawn between mounted men and infantry, at any rate in relation to the purely material side. The former

are naturally more independent; their work is less tiring; they have better chances of supplementing their rations on their own account; they can carry more things. On the march it is always the foot soldiers who are at the extreme strain; and it must be remembered that throughout most of the war they have formed the bulk of the field force. Any defect in organisation tells acutely and directly on them. Any one who has seen them tramping their fifteen miles across the veldt, half-clothed, half-fed, half-rested, and overloaded, but steady, resolute, and patient, will feel that no effort should be spared to keep them at their fittest and happiest.

Again, I have referred in this paper chiefly to moving columns; but it should not be thought that the point is inapplicable to standing camps or garrisons. The degree may widely vary. To sit securely at a safe station on the line of communications, with plenty of stores and blankets behind you, full rations, tents, and other joys, is a very different thing to tramping a scarcely accessible guerrilla-haunted wilderness. The worst enemy may be monotony, or even, by paradox, the hope deferred of active work. Yet these are enemies and may be defeated. But there are also, or have been, scores of intermediate cases where small posts are more or less *en l'air* with precarious communications in districts infested by raiding bands, demanding incessant vigilance with little excitement; cases where depression and disappointment will gain ground without the best relations between officers and men. On the whole it may be said that the nearer the conditions are to those of a peace-establishment, the less the question arises, simply because the men are the less dependent on their officers for the conditions of happiness.

That brings me naturally to the root of the whole matter. The word "dependent" is perhaps misleading; what I mean is, that in the normal life of peace the personal element is less prominent. The officers are administering a smoothly-running system, which secures to the soldier the elements of content; but in war systems evaporate and the personal element

assumes the highest importance. Yet an army only exists for the purpose of war. The question is then how to create and foster in peace such relations between officers and men as will stand the test of war. In going back thus far, any mere volunteer must, as I said at the outset, speak with diffidence. But it is not venturing too boldly to say—indeed all I have urged is leading to this conclusion—that the question does not stand by itself, but is bound up with the larger one of the training of our army, officers and men, as a whole. Neither side is professionally trained for war as it ought to be. It follows that the conditions are never approached which test, in the way they are tested in war, the relations between officers and men.

Perhaps it is quixotic to expect that a slice of Donegal or Connemara should be "commandeered" and forces manœuvred on it with an approach to reality, with no pre-arranged camping-grounds, no tents, no civilian caterers; with real serpent-like convoys to be got over mountain-drifts, real hardships to bear if transport breaks down, and real blame allotted for mistakes. Nor is it easy to see how the social gulf that now divides the ranks can be so bridged in times of peace as to lead to that knowledge of men and sharing of their life with its rough and smooth which was so invaluable in the stress of war; but at least the foundations may be laid. It seems to be generally acknowledged that for many officers the army is not a profession in the sense it ought to be; that they do not give enough time and zeal to their work, that the expense is too great and the pay too small, that interest counts for too much, and ability and application for too little; and on the other hand that the training of the men is imperfect, that too much time and trouble are devoted to ceremonial and routine as opposed to practical field-work. It may safely be affirmed that any improvement in any of these things is also a step towards the particular reform I am advocating.

That there is any inherent moral obstacle it is absurd to suppose. In England, of all countries, the very happiest

conditions exist for the development of such relations as I have indicated, without the loss and, indeed, to the gain of discipline. We have sharp class distinctions but no class prejudices. To the gentleman the habit of command comes naturally, and with it the power to use that sort of familiarity which does not breed contempt. Of course, the faculty in its perfection of inspiring both obedience and affection is a rare gift, but as I have tried to point out it depends largely on mere knowledge and sympathy, and may be educated like any other faculty.

We have heard of suggestions for "democratising" the army. If by this is meant any system of wholesale promotion from the ranks, or, indeed, any change which would tend to lower the social standard of officers, it cannot be too strongly condemned. That *ceteris paribus* a soldier will best follow an officer who is his superior in birth may be taken for granted. To neglect this fact would be a wanton waste of that subtle personal magnetism which is exercised by gentle breeding. No one knows better than an English gentleman how to make the most of this quality, and how to double and triple its efficacy by example and insight, and to have it not only unimpaired but quickened by tactful familiarity. This is proved every day in every walk of life. It only remains to ask whether there is anything in the particular class from which soldiers are drawn which renders the task more difficult. Are they of too low a class? This is surely an exploded notion. "We ain't no thin red 'eroes, nor we ain't no blackguards too," about hits the mark. Donning a uniform does not change a man's character. Soldiers are average men of the lower class, with the average amount of intelligence and morals for their rank in life, and with the common failings of humanity. The younger men have the defects and qualities of youth; the reservists are mostly sober family men with average width of view, sense of responsibility, and regard for morality. There are black sheep whom nothing but force will appeal to, as in large societies, but they do not set the tone. If we say that our soldiers have done well in South Africa it is only to say that they have

worthily represented the strength and probity of the nation that sent them. For some of us who served side by side with them there is a deep personal feeling as well, due to what always seemed to me their exceptional warm-heartedness and generosity. It is partly this feeling which actuates me in writing this article. Nearly all of us volunteers owe much to the regulars, and if we see any way of bettering their lot while increasing their efficiency we ought to say so.

For the rest it is now or never, if we are to avoid compulsory service, that voluntary service must be made popular. This war will severely test its popularity. But the reform I have urged will, I am certain, be a step in the right direction.

ERSKINE CHILDERS.

TRADE AND THE ADMINISTRATION IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

ONE of the most important results of the war in South Africa has been that the people of Great Britain have begun to take a real interest in our foreign possessions; an interest which will have the effect of greatly strengthening the hands of the Home Government in improving the administration of the Crown Colonies and in developing their natural resources. Public attention was first directed towards Egypt and the Soudan and then to South Africa, whilst the idea of connecting our interests at the two extremities of the continent, by rail and telegram, has become common even to the man in the street. Between these extremities the British flag flies over two tracts of country separated by German territory, the one known as British Central Africa and the other as the Protectorates of Uganda and British East Africa. The following remarks will be in reference to the protectorates only, and chiefly in regard to the latter, as of it I have actual personal knowledge.

The British "sphere of influence" was defined by agreement made between the British and German Governments in 1886 and 1890, and the development of the country was left to the "British East Africa Association," which commenced operations towards the latter part of 1888, but parted with its rights

to the Government in 1894–95, in which years the Protectorates of Uganda and British East Africa came into existence. In criticising, therefore, the administration of these protectorates, it must be remembered that, whatever has been done, has been accomplished within a decade, and that the present system has been working only for half that period. On this account, when existing methods are found fault with, it will not be in a captious spirit, but rather with the hope that the necessary remedy will shortly be applied. With this object in view, suggestions will be made as to the lines on which improvements might be introduced, such suggestions obtaining any force they may possess from experience gained in India, where similar difficulties have occurred, although under somewhat different circumstances, arising from the fact that the Indians, with the exception of some of the frontier tribes, are in a higher state of civilisation than the natives of Africa.

The country to be administered is roughly a million square miles in extent, and the population is estimated at two and a half millions in the East African Protectorate, and close on four millions in Uganda, but the former estimate is much too high now, for in the famine of 1889–1900 whole villages completely disappeared. The difficulty of control is, therefore, not due to the size of the population, which is no more than that in an average Indian Commissionership, but the immense area over which the population is scattered. In a country which is largely waterless, and where the only means of transport is by porterage, this difficulty cannot be exaggerated, but it has now been largely minimised by the construction of the Uganda Railway, which is at present open for close on 500 miles. The "Nyika," or waterless strip of country behind the coast, can now be crossed in a few hours, and from thence onwards there is, as a rule, no serious difficulty on the score of water. This same short journey of a couple of hundred miles lands the traveller on a higher plateau, where cattle and other beasts of burden will live without being molested by the tsetse-fly, and where, therefore, it would be unnecessary to depend on porters for trans-

port, if only some little provision were made in the way of roads and bridges. The old company did do something in this direction, for it cut the "Mackinnon Road" through the dense jungle for the benefit of the porters going up to Uganda, but the present administration has done nothing, except to a small extent in Uganda, and therefore must be held responsible for the resulting unsettled state of the country and dearth of trade. As every one knows, our control over the natives is absolutely non-existent beyond a radius of some ten miles or so from our forts, the reason being that the natives never see an official or any sign of the existence of a government. By opening out roads and having them patrolled by bodies of police, the country would soon be subjugated and traders would have protection and facilities of travel. The necessity of building roads has been so universally recognised since the time of the Romans that it requires no further proof. It is impossible that the administration has not been struck with this necessity, and therefore the failure of Government to perform its duty in this respect is all the more reprehensible. Want of funds is no sufficient excuse, for, since the only income of the country is from customs and transit dues, it is above all things necessary to increase trade. This will be all the more evident when the trade returns are considered: the imports in 1897-98 were estimated at £279,051 and in the following year at £439,062, whilst the figures for the exports were £67,954 and £66,687 respectively. The imports tell us nothing, for the articles imported were principally for the consumption of the Europeans and Indians temporarily employed in the railway construction. The case of the exports is very different, for in a new country they represent the value of the foreign goods sold in the country and also the profits of the foreign merchants. Less than £67,000 of trade, and the amount decreasing, shows to what extent the country has been exploited during the ten years we have had it.

From the Government point of view, improved communications are very necessary, so as to lessen the cost of transporting

military supplies and in order to render the troops more mobile, and thus obviate the necessity of largely increasing their number, which otherwise will be unavoidable when steps are seriously taken to subdue the country. The only security at present is at the coast and, to a lesser degree, along the railway line, and in the immediate vicinity of the forts. As an example of the present unsettled state of the country, I may mention that in the early part of last year two caravans going to Uganda were raided by the Wa-Kikuyu, several men being killed, in the immediate neighbourhood of Fort Smith, and yet at that time there were troops also at Nyrobi and at "Railhead," all three places being within twenty miles of each other. The Wa-Kikuyu, moreover, used to amuse themselves by firing shots at night time into Nyrobi, the headquarters of the railway, and by massacring any Indian whom they might catch a little way from the railroad. The authorities were supine in the matter, the reason generally accepted being that they had received orders from England not to start any fresh difficulties or incur further military expenditure. Again, a trading caravan led by two Englishmen was cut up in the Mbe country, less than a hundred miles from Fort Smith, and the Englishmen dangerously wounded. Instead of the offending tribe being properly punished, the Sub-Commissioner issued a notice that for the future no trading caravans were to go into those parts. Matters have apparently gone from bad to worse, for the correspondent of the *Times of India* writes on December 24, 1900, that

> The road to Uganda is blocked by tribes on the war-path, driven to this attitude by our policy in forcing on them measures such as Sir Harry Johnston's "hut-tax." They are eager for revenge, which is their wild idea of justice. Whole caravans are looted and slaughtered. The military are hemmed in at their posts and barely holding their own. The telegraph wires are cut, and no communication is possible on either side. And now Kismayu is ablaze, and quite recently was a scene of murder, loot, and rapine, which we are not able to avenge till troops can be despatched from India or Aden, and when we do get there the moral effect of a quick and speedy settlement or punishment will have been lost completely.

It is the want of water that causes the greatest difficulty to the traveller in Africa, and therefore it is necessary that the main roads or tracks should be provided with some sort of water supply. Costly works are not necessary, for it would be easy and inexpensive to construct tanks or shallow wells at spots where water is available. To water a caravan from a trickling spring or from a muddy water-hole is tedious, unpleasant and insanitary; having myself been glad to get even this liquid filth, I can speak with a good deal of feeling. In the East generally it is considered a pious act to construct wells for travellers; might not a little of this piety be expected from a soulless Government? Possibly, if the African native saw something done for his benefit, he might appreciate our advent more; so far he has little but disease to thank the white man for. During the recent famine in British East Africa, the Home Government did not feel itself in a position to undertake any relief measures. Without criticising this action, I think one can have but one opinion of its meanness in charging for the transport, on the Government railway, of foodstuffs bought from funds raised by public subscription.

It may be said that the Home Government has done so much for our East African possessions by building the Uganda railway that it cannot be expected to spend more money on roads; but to urge such a plea would be somewhat disingenuous, for, as every one knows, the Uganda line was primarily built, not to open out the country, but for political purposes; namely, to secure our position in Uganda and the Upper Nile, and so stop any dervish or other irruption into those parts. Moreover, without feeder-roads, a railway is of little use, and therefore, merely with the idea of getting some return on the large capital invested, a little more should be expended in improving trade facilities. All this should have been done *pari passu* with the construction of the line; as it is, the line is open to traffic half-way to Uganda, but simply runs through an undeveloped waste.

Perhaps, as a preliminary to opening out the country, it

would be advisable to know something about it, and have maps showing at least the principal physical features. In these particulars too we are woefully deficient, and if any one full of ideas of British superiority would only compare the maps and economic reports of British East Africa with those compiled by the Germans of their territory, he will understand why the latter have become such successful rivals of ours in foreign trade.

With the exception of the railway survey and a few surveys in Uganda, our knowledge of our territories is due to private individuals and to German sources. The best map we possess is that brought out by the Intelligence Division of the War Office in 1898, which, when not blank, is largely incorrect. Our Government is accused by foreigners, and justly so, with being niggardly in the extreme as regards grants to any form of pure research, but is supposed to aid research when it can be proved to be directly utilitarian. Even this qualified praise is undeserved, for nothing is being done by our Government corresponding to the German expeditions in their territory to map the country topographically and to investigate its value from the agricultural and mineral point of view. We have come to the stage of not expecting our Government to bear the expense of investigations into matters relating to race, language, physiography, meteorology or suchlike important subjects; the most that is ever hoped for is that some petty grant may be made to an expedition fitted out by some learned society. The Sultan of Zanzibar, who now rules over only 1020 square miles, has an experimental plantation presided over by an English Director and Assistant, who are endeavouring to increase the output of the agricultural staples of his territory and to acclimatise others. We, on the other hand, with our million square miles, do nothing, although there is no apparent reason why the cultivation of rubber should not be extended, or why coffee, tobacco, cacao and cotton should not be introduced. Private enterprise has shown that English cereals and vegetables, and Japanese or Australasian varieties

of English fruit, will do well in the country round Machakos and Nyrobi; but no thanks are due to Government, which has not even endeavoured to extend the cultivation of these articles. Ivory forms at present the most important export, but this trade will soon rapidly diminish, for the stores of ivory are being depleted and the elephant is being protected. The Germans have possessed their 380,000 square miles for about the same period that we have had our territory, but yet their exports in 1898 were valued at £300,000. They, however, have several experimental stations for tropical culture and cattle-rearing, and they have plantations run by German settlers for the cultivation of rubber, cacao, coffee, vanilla and coco-palm.

To make a correct map on the scale of eight or four miles to the inch, instead of the existing sketch-map of twenty-five miles to the inch, would not be a very lengthy or expensive operation, carried out by proper hands, such as the Indian Survey Department. If, however, the matter is arranged for by the Foreign Office and protégés of influential people sent out from England, it will be carried out in about as satisfactory a manner as the Uganda Railway has been, and more than that need not be said.

A geological survey on practical lines should certainly be undertaken, for it is known that minerals, including coal, exist in the country towards Lake Rudolf, and, if these are only in workable quantities, wealth would soon accrue to the country.

In the absence of specialists, the economic conditions of the country could be ascertained by the district officers, if only their work were arranged for on a more rational basis. These officials are, or rather should be, the backbone of the whole administration, in the same way as they are in India. In the latter country the district officer has on an average the welfare of at least a million natives entrusted to him; besides exercising a general control over the administration of justice, the police, education, sanitation, public bodies, &c., he travels during at least four months every year over his district, visits

all the larger villages, meets the principal inhabitants, and generally gets to know the wants of his district to almost the same extent that a landed proprietor in England knows the needs of his estate. In East Africa, however, the district officer is little better than a clerk; his powers are less than those of the last joined "civilian" in India, and his work is principally of the kind that in the latter country is entrusted to a native head-clerk. Very seldom is he able to go more than a day's ride from his headquarters, as, if he were absent, there would be none to attend to the petty business that might come up. This business generally consists in assessing the customs duty on ivory that is passing through, or realising the transit dues on a train of donkeys or herd of goats. It may be, too, that a Swahili or Indian trader wishes to take money down to the coast and has to get a draft on the Mombasa treasury for the purpose, as it is illegal to take specie out of the Uganda Protectorate. This curious state of affairs arises from Government having made no provision for a currency. Indian coinage is used, but the provision of this is left to the banks at Zanzibar and Mombasa, which charge for the accommodation; thus, when cashing cheques, I had to pay one per cent. to get silver, but a great deal higher for notes, as there is a great demand for these on the part of the Indians who are remitting to their homes. One Accountant-General did try a little finance which took the form of flooding the country with the Indian copper coin called a "pice"; the treasury benefited by this, but not the country, for when I was at Tsavo Kibwezi 100 pice went to the rupee instead of 64!

When not attending to something like the above, or trying a petty case arising within the fort precincts, the district officer is keeping up account-books or attending to the "despatches" of the Sub-Commissioner. If only the Foreign Office had not infected East Africa with "despatches," things would be more flourishing there. These alarming documents, generally relating to mere nothings, have amused the clerks in the Foreign Office for years, but in Africa they appear to have caused a sort of

blight, as the effort to evolve them on the part of the Sub-Commissioners appears to have occasioned a swelling of the head and a condition of the mind tending to mental atrophy except in the production of despatches. The result of this system is that the so-called district officer has no influence over the surrounding natives, whose villages he does not know of and whose chiefs he has never seen. In one or two instances where men have obtained local influence, they have been transferred to a part of the country with which they were unacquainted. As the natives are practically undiscovered, it is needless to say that they on their part have no knowledge of the Government, which has done nothing on their behalf, exercises no control over them, and does not even exact recognition from them.

It may be urged that the administration cannot afford to increase the number of the officials, and therefore that the existing system cannot be altered. The obvious reply to this is that, if the present system continues, so also will the present state of affairs, and there will be no progress. In any case it would not be necessary to double the staff, as the petty head-quarter work might be done by a junior assistant or by a head-clerk, whilst important matters might be referred to the district officer in camp, as is the practice in India. By keeping a European officer at headquarters and letting the district officer go on tour, it would be possible, if necessary, to increase the size of the present administrative charges.

The touring official should keep careful notes of the villages and people he visits, so that in a few years it would be possible to compile a rough gazetteer, which would supply local information to a new official and would enable the higher authorities to get some idea of the capabilities of the country, the manner in which it should be developed, the existing village or tribal government, the forms taxation might take, prejudices of the people, &c. Unless the native is to be treated as a mere beast of the field, we must introduce some little order into what at present is largely chaos, and the first

step in this direction is to clothe the tribal chiefs or village headmen with some sort of authority, recognising certain rights on their part, but at the same time insisting on certain duties from them in return. Don't let us give the native cause for thinking that we merely wish to grab his land or raise taxes out of him; let us improve his condition a little by teaching him handicrafts, providing cheap dispensaries as in India, securing to him the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour, and so on.

The native, it is true, is so lazy that he will often prefer to starve rather than work; if he has all that he desires no one can blame him for not working to get more. By civilising him a little, however, new wants will be created, and to satisfy these he will learn to work, so as to raise more from the soil than is necessary merely to keep himself alive. By so doing we shall also benefit ourselves, as the demand for piece goods and other manufactured articles will increase. Already the effect of the railway has been that the natives near it have taken to clothe themselves, partly to copy the Indians and partly because the latter laughed at their nakedness, and ridicule no savage can endure. A market will soon arise for European wares if only our traders will ascertain what the native wants, instead of trying to induce him to buy articles that we already possess. At Zanzibar and along the coast the women have of late years all taken to clothing themselves in printed calicoes of the most startling patterns and colours, but I was informed that these articles, which had an instant large demand, were introduced by the Germans and not by the English, although our trade in those parts is no new thing.

At the present time it is impossible to say with what ostensible object Government is running the country, unless it is merely to make our occupation sufficiently "effective" to keep off the hands of other Powers. Certainly nothing has been done for the native, nor does the Englishman see that anything has been done on his behalf. The highlands existing in the districts of Ulu, Kenia and Mau are perhaps not exactly health

resorts, but they are suitable for European settlers, and are more healthy than the portions of British Central Africa that have been colonised. The land is suitable for agriculture or for stock-raising, the soil in the Athi and Kapté Plains being the same as the "black cotton" soil of India and Southern Russia. Up to the present there are no settlers, not because there are no applicants, but because the Government either refuses to grant or sell land or else seeks to impose impossible conditions. This is very different from the policy of the Germans in Usambara, where the settlers not only get free grants of land but also every kind of assistance in advice, money and otherwise. One applicant in our territory was told the country was not pacified, and he was therefore refused, although he was prepared to take the risk. The land applied for was adjoining the railway, so that this reason involved a distinct admission of incapacity on the part of the authorities. Of the twenty thousand and odd Indian coolies engaged on the railway construction, many, whose term of engagement had elapsed, have wished to take up land but have been refused, although these are the very men who should be encouraged to settle in this sparsely populated land, as they could stand the climate, whilst their "petite culture" would prove ultimately more profitable to the administration than large ranches would. It would, moreover, be another outlet for the overcrowded districts of India, although this reason will scarcely commend itself to the authorities in East Africa, where the Indian is not much loved, he being too pushing when compared with the easy-going, lazy native. At present nearly all the petty trade in British and German East Africa, as well as in Zanzibar, is in the hands of the Indians, who have ousted the Arabs and Swahilis, and who will be the means of eventually bringing prosperity to our possessions in those parts. At present their wants are very inadequately provided for, as the Courts do not know Hindustani, even in Mombasa, where the "Banians" form the majority of the litigants. The consequence is that any disreputable, out-at-elbows Goanese loafer is employed as

interpreter, to the great disadvantage of the Indian suitor. Instead of ignoring the Indian, as is the case at present, the Government should only appoint at large trade centres such judges and magistrates as know Hindustani. To demand a knowledge of this language as well as of Swahili is not asking too much; in India it is the rule for the civilians to know at least two of the vernaculars.

In many respects endeavours have been made to copy the procedure observed in India, but very little discrimination has been shown in the manner of doing so. Laws and regulations have been adopted *en bloc* without considering how far they are applicable. I say nominally, because no one pays any attention to these notifications—the Government not even supplying the Courts with copies of the Acts in question! To apply the complicated Indian Procedure Codes to cases in which the up-country savages are concerned is ridiculous enough, but this is nothing to the absurdity of extending the Indian Jail Act and Manual to a country in which no jails exist except in name, where the prisoners are chained together, fed and kept in a shed, and just marched out in the daytime to do a little scavenging.

With the Indians and the Swahilis such portions of the Indian Civil and Criminal Codes as are applicable should be observed, but as regards the natives, rough-and-ready justice is all that is necessary, and merely rules similar to those applied to the half-savage tribes on our Indian frontier. In a new country it is, of course, impossible to introduce new laws to meet all future contingencies, but officials might at least, in the civilised portions, be guided by procedure prevalent in other countries, if no rules are provided for East Africa. Thus, when taking up the property of Europeans near Mombasa for the railway line, instead of calmly appropriating it and becoming subsequently involved in lawsuits, it would have been just as easy for the Government representative to have issued notices, listened to claims and objections in a similar manner to that prescribed in the Indian Land Acquisition Act.

And here we come to the real crux of the whole question of East African administration: Are those entrusted with the administration capable of the work entrusted to them?

When the Home Government took over the administration of East Africa from the Company, it naturally took over the existing staff, which, of course, included men of different degrees of ability, whose previous training fitted them for pioneers and traders, but scarcely for administrators, except of a very rough-and-ready type. Some, of course, were able to rise to the occasion, and much more might have been made of them if there had been a strong directing hand; but this, unfortunately, was lacking, for the head of the administration was the Consul-General at Zanzibar, whose legitimate duties lie in the consular and diplomatic line. With no special judicial and administrative training or experience, and with but an occasional flying visit to the mainland, the Consul-General could not be expected to originate far-reaching schemes or even to exercise a guiding control over his subordinates, who were thus left to their own devices. Some of the officials have risen to their position, whilst others have suffered from a too rapid rise, and have lost themselves among despatches, salutes and the gorgeous uniform they have introduced. The Civil Service of India, living in a land of pomp and show, have not considered it necessary to bedeck themselves with blue cloth, gold lace and swords, but the civil officials in East Africa, living among naked or semi-nude savages, have come to a different conclusion.

For the last two years the Uganda Protectorate has been under a Special Commissioner whose experience has been gained in British Central Africa, but who otherwise has had no special training. It seems a pity that the services could not have been obtained of some official who had administrative knowledge of some part of our dominions, where the state of civilisation was somewhat higher, and who would therefore know on what lines improvements should be made. It is, no doubt, owing to our foreign possessions being distributed between the India, Foreign and Colonial Offices that expe-

rience gained in one portion of the world is not made use of in another, but each possession left instead to work out its own salvation. We may, however, have hopes for the future, as the present head of the Foreign Office, Lord Lansdowne, has had such varied experience in our foreign dependencies, that these are not likely to be run henceforward by a set of permanent clerks who have mostly never left the British Isles.

Progress will be ensured when the conduct of East African affairs is taken from the Foreign Office clerks and the Consul-General at Zanzibar, and is entrusted to an officer who has gained his experience elsewhere and is sufficiently young and robust to survive the climate, which is enervating in those places where it is not absolutely deadly. One man of energy and good constitution could manage the two protectorates, thus obviating the present dual control and artificial restrictions. Attention should, however, be paid to the recruiting and training of the junior officials, as with incompetent subordinates little can be accomplished. At present they are appointed by the Foreign Office without even a qualifying examination, let alone a competitive one, and then shipped out to Africa and sent up the country without the slightest knowledge of Swahili, law, accounts, or anything else. The salary is a bare pittance; merely enough to enable them to get into debt. If reasonable pay is given and men are selected by competition only, or by nomination and competition, as in the Navy, there will be no difficulty in getting efficient officers. A six months course of instruction in languages, elementary law, conditions of the country, and so on, could easily be arranged for, either in London or at Mombasa, and thus replace the present haphazard and unsatisfactory method of picking up knowledge. We should not then have a repetition of an actual case in which a man who can neither read nor write was put in charge of a sub-district! In the case referred to, exceptional service required a special reward, but surely this might have taken a more appropriate form!

With an efficient administration and a judicious outlay of

capital, which might be raised by a guaranteed loan, the country would soon begin to prosper. Hitherto money has been granted with a very niggardly hand, and almost all has been spent in military expeditions, but no doubt funds would be forthcoming if properly matured projects were submitted by a capable head of the administration. The Foreign Office control over the major heads of expenditure might continue, but the present red tape as to details must cease. As an instance of how this works, I may mention that sections for officers' quarters, sent out from England, lay rotting along the roadsides at Mombasa, because no funds had been provided for sending them up country on the Government railway! Again, at one of the forts the armed police were a lot of ragamuffins, because no provision had been made for a tailor to make up the uniforms from the cloth that had been already supplied.

In military matters, too, alterations will have to be made, as the English officers at present only serve in East Africa for two or three years, and come for the purpose of getting a little active service, or sport, or in order to recruit their finances. Is it a wonder, then, that the officers, being ignorant of the language of the men and being but birds of passage, should have but little knowledge of their men or control over them? Numerous murderous outbreaks of the men, to which it is unnecessary to refer in detail, have taken place, showing the necessity for altering the present system. With the high pay given and the prospects of active service and sport, it would not be difficult to get any number of officers to volunteer for continuous service in Africa if those in our auxiliary forces were approached. A man in a British regiment naturally does not like the idea of cutting himself off from his old comrades for ever.

One more important point deserves notice, and that is, that there is no direct steamboat line between England and East Africa or Zanzibar, simply because the Government will not give a sufficient subsidy. To get to those parts direct from Europe, the traveller must go by either the German East Africa Line or else by the French Messageries Maritimes.

To recapitulate. If we wish to do anything with East Africa, we must improve internal and external communications, we must knock every atom of fight out of the natives, we must improve the administration and free it from too much Foreign Office control, we must get English and Indian settlers, and, finally, we must spend a little money in discovering and developing the natural resources of the country.

EVELYN J. MARDON,
Indian Civil Service.

CHARLOTTE YONGE AS A CHRONICLER

IT was only the other day that Charlotte Yonge was laid to rest at Hursley in Hampshire, near the cross of John Keble, her guide and her intimate friend. There are probably few people born between 1845 and 1865 who did not leave a little piece of their hearts in her quiet grave. What eager girl of the 'seventies did not mould herself upon Ethel in "The Daisy Chain," with her untidy skirts and her visions of reforming Cocksmoor? Who has not thrilled over the Doubts of Norman at Oxford? And which of us that happened to have an ailment in that period did not try to give the sweet if impossible smile of Margaret May upon her sofa? Robert Browning says that "if you die, there's the dying Alexander"; but who would not much rather have died like Guy Morville, the heir of Redclyffe? We may have been the greater prigs for doing so, and self-examination can be a morbid habit. And yet is it more unwholesome than the self-analysis and the fear of being absurd that possess the present generation? It is, at all events, the outcome of moral enthusiasm, not of rather aimless criticism; and the annals of commonplace virtue are not more tedious than the annals of commonplace vice. Miss Yonge is as lengthy as you choose, but what can be lengthier than a modern realistic novel?

In limited space it is impossible to do justice to all her efforts. Perhaps her historical stories and studies are the most

irreproachable of these. When she gets to other centuries than her own she is freer from the trammels of duty and moralising, and is able to put her particular tenets into fancy dress. But her domestic chronicles best embody herself. All that was original in her is there, and it is to them that this review will confine itself.

Charlotte Yonge's chief gift is not a literary one: it is rather a moral gift—the faculty of intimacy. This it was, perhaps, which endeared her to more than one distinguished mind. In "The Life of Tennyson," Mr. Palgrave records how one night, in a Devonshire inn, he shared a room with him, and how the poet lay in his bed with a candle persistently reading a book of Miss Yonge's, which he had already taken out by day "at every disengaged moment, while rambling over the moor." "I see land!" cried Tennyson at last. "Mr. —— is going to be confirmed." It is well known, too, how Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites read and re-read "The Heir of Redclyffe," the novel to which we find it most difficult to return. There are, of course, obvious reasons outside her characters to account for their taste. Charlotte Yonge was the child of the Tractarian School, without any of its extravagances, and her tone of symbolism was congenial to the Brotherhood; so were the books that were influencing her—"Sintram" and the "Morte d'Arthur." And however different was her treatment of material, her range of subjects was analogous to theirs, and varied between historical romance and the homeliest themes. But she could hardly have affected them as she did had it not been for her deep, if narrow, moral insight and her faithful minuteness of description. Her work, as a recent critic[1] has cleverly pointed out, was in her own little province, the result of Wordsworth.

The secret of Charlotte Yonge's strength lies in this: she plucks the heart out of the obvious—she evokes the familiar. No one can more potently stir the associations that recall our childhood's excitements: the emotions of lessons; the dual

[1] "Charlotte Yonge," by Ethel Earl, *The Pilot*, March 30, 1901.

life of inner visions and walks with the governess; the very smell of a school-treat at Christmas; the hissing of the tea-urn which brought us our evening liberty. "The Daisy Chain" is an epic—the "Iliad" of the schoolroom—and should hold its place as a moral classic.

But if we are to make a preposterous analogy, Miss Yonge is, on the whole, more like Zola than Homer in her methods. Both she and the French novelist take an enormous canvas and, with prodigious industry, work out the experience of each of their characters. The Rougon-Macquarts are almost as numerous as the Mays, or the Pillars of the House, and, like them, recur through an endless series of volumes. Both writers have the same courage in the face of tediousness, and the same faults—overgrown conscience and prolixity. Their themes, it must be owned, are very different. Miss Yonge is at her best when she describes youth. The life of girlhood between twelve and twenty-five lies open to her with its joys and struggles, and so does every unimportant, all-important detail of daily existence in a country neighbourhood. What, for instance, can be more arresting—what can carry us more directly into the centre of things—than the opening of "The Daisy Chain"?

"Miss Winter, are you busy? Do you want this afternoon? Can you take a good long walk?"

"Ethel, my dear, how often have I told you of your impetuosity—you have forgotten."

"Very well"—with an impatient twist—"I beg your pardon. Good morning, Miss Winter," said a thin, lank, angular, sallow girl just fifteen.

Here is the gift of intimacy: a something that puts us in touch with her people at once. And she knows in their essence all the little things that affect family life, even to the frictions that exist, without fault on any side, between differing temperaments in the same circle. That is why we do not so much read her stories as live next door to her characters, embracing all the worry and tedium as well as the pleasure which identification with a family must mean. When the

Underwoods and Merryfields have the measles we know exactly which one is the worst and want to go and inquire after them. When the Pillars of the House give a party on about eighteenpence and entertain the County on that modest sum (Miss Yonge has a discreet partiality for orthodox lords), we find ourselves growing needlessly harassed lest the home-made cakes should be too heavy; and when (in "The Clever Woman of the Family") Ermine Williams, the Absolute Idea of the Invalid, puts on her "Nürnberg horn brooch" to welcome the lover she had counted as dead, we are consumed with desire to see what she looked like. Or take "Countess Kate," perhaps the most flawless of her domestic stories. How well we know the ardent, aggravating, lovable, grandiloquent little girl, with her private heroics, her awkwardness in public, her unsatisfied heart. And Rachel, too, the infallible, "the Clever Woman" of a small set, who made a "mission" of her ladylike cousin's family, to the destruction of their comfort, and in due time landed herself in a happy marriage with a soldier of iron will. These and a dozen more come back to our mind like well-remembered visitors. Indeed, if we search Miss Yonge's many volumes, we shall find there the germs of most of the women's characters that we come across in the world; it is the circumscribed development she gives them, apart from the accidents of time and fashion, that make them often seem remote from our knowledge. There is at least no lack of depth in Charlotte Yonge. If we want the deeper aspects of family experience—the things all feel and seldom formulate—no one is better at suggesting them. When scarlet fever seized the delicate boy of the May family, Ethel and her father felt grave forebodings.

> Ethel silently and rapidly moved about, dreading to give an interval for tremblings of heart. Five years of family prosperity had passed, and there had been that insensible feeling of peace and immunity from care which is strange to look back upon when one hour has drifted from smooth water to turbid currents. There was a sort of awe in seeing the mysterious gates of sorrow again unclosed.

In work, in character-drawing, such as all this, there is the saving grace, the steady force of reality. From the heart it comes; to the heart it goes. And, in so far, it will retain its vital quality.

It is when Miss Yonge leaves her set limits that truth forsakes her. She is not an artist; the æsthetic sense is outside her and generally counts as a danger in her scheme of existence. Mr. Rivers, in "The Daisy Chain"—who possesses a Claude and a portfolio of engravings from Raphael, who likes "a show set of peasants in rustic cottages," and puts "all that offends the eye out of the way"—has, according to Dr. May, "cultivated his taste till it is getting to be a disease." And Cherry Underwood's picture painted to the glory of heaven, without much knowledge of drawing, was at once accepted by the Academy, and must have been a pretty bad specimen. None, indeed, of her artists are happy in their mind when once outside the lych-gate of their church. But, after all, bad art for the glory of heaven is no worse than bad art for art's sake—the ideal of modern stories—and has the advantage of possessing a practical motive which is applicable to other forms of activity. It must be owned, though, that Miss Yonge carries that motive pretty far. Sports, games even, do not escape. Croquet is frequently a matter for prayer: for or against, according as the croquet-player is indolent by temperament or too much absorbed in the game. Her favourite lady in "The Clever Woman of the Family" only yields to it gradually because she long believed it to be the monopoly of fast officers and their set. And bicycles (touchingly introduced into her last volume, "Modern Broods") are only allowed because they can be ridden in the service of the Church. "Magdalen (runs the story) had, however, decided on granting the bicycles. She had found plenty of use for her own, for it was possible, with prudent use of it, avoiding the worst parts of the road, to be at early celebration at St. Andrews, and get to the Sunday School at Arnscombe afterwards."

It is impossible to imagine many men reading Miss Yonge.

There is an intemperate tameness about her—at once her charm and her defect—which forbids our associating mankind with her. It would be as if we dreamed of them taking high tea *in perpetuo*. Her masculine portraits are generally impossible. She can manage a father or a colonial bishop, or even a widower clergyman. Dr. May is the real hero of "The Daisy Chain" and "The Trial"; and the Diocesan in the last story, or blind Mr. Clare in "The Clever Woman of the Family" can mildly hold their own. But her lovers, clerical and military, and, worse still, her man of the world! Her conception of the latter is embodied in Philip Morville, who frequently stays with a lord in a gay country-house, and says "Encore?" when the visitors' bell rings a second time in the villa of his untitled uncle; or again, in Dr. May's utterance when he found the sitting-room "pervaded with an odour of nutmeg and port-wine," while "a kettle, a decanter and empty tumblers told tales"—of nothing worse than Tom's attempt to cure his younger brother's cold. "Cold," says the Doctor, "is always the excuse. But, another time, don't teach your brother to make this place like a fast man's rooms."

Miss Yonge prefers the Church or the Army as a calling for her favourites, but she allows other avocations. That Pillar of the House who became the editor of a high-toned newspaper, besides squires, doctors, sailors, the weary politician and an emigrant farmer or two, come across our memory as we write. But as all of them are bent on devoting their professions to the cause of the Anglican Church, their talk is, so to speak, reduced to a common denominator. Extreme heartiness is her favourite method of producing a manly note in conversation; and rather outlandish ejaculations, such as "Aye!" "Ha!" "Nay!" "What say you?" are frequent in the mouths of the men in her books. They are not much more successful in feeling than in speech. When Leonard Ward is condemned to death for a murder of which he is innocent, he is resigned, even pleased to be hanged, because he had once, unpunished,

thrown a stone (which did not hit) at his elder brother for telling him the drawing-room was untidy. Guy Morville, the heir of Redclyffe, cures himself of the Redclyffe temper by playing the "Harmonious Blacksmith" whenever he is impatient—though the amount of time he must have wasted in running to and from the piano is incalculable. Or, if we want a Bacchanalia of mildness, let us look in upon the proceedings on Philip Morville's wedding-day—the crown of a long and faithful though clandestine love.

> It was late before he appeared at all, and when he came down there was nothing so plainly written on his face as headache. It was so severe that the most merciful thing was to send him to lie on the sofa in the drawing-room. Amabel said she would fetch him some camphor, and disappeared, while Laura (the bride) sat still with her forced composure. Her father fidgeted, only restrained by her presence from expressing his fears that Philip was too unwell for the marriage to take place to-day, and Charles talked cheerfully of the great improvement in his general health. . . . At the last moment she (Amabel) went to warn Philip it was time to go, if he meant to walk to church alone, the best thing for his head.

It should perhaps be mentioned that the headache came from remorse, and had already lasted eighteen months. There should be a separate treatise on Miss Yonge's treatment of illness, as the maladies in her novels, whether proceeding from fire or fever, whether from shrunken tendons or overwork, are alike only cured by joy, repentance, or some other well-regulated feeling. But these, like Philip's remorse, belong to the machinery of her tales. She is happily too sensible a woman to make for a plot as a rule. When she does so it is an anomaly, whether in "The Trial," where for three years the escaped villain keeps in his pocket the only document that can inculpate him; or in "The Clever Woman of the Family," where the deceptions practised by the robber and forger are such as a baby-thief would not attempt. In that book, too, so that no fault may be left unwarned in her works, she conscientiously allows Bessie Keith the mildest of married flirtations with Mr. Carleton, formerly rejected by her. But where it reaches

its apex (we cannot call it a crisis) she has the misfortune to be upon a croquet-lawn. In her guilty excitement and desire to reach her relations she trips over a hoop, falls, and dies a few hours afterwards from an internal injury, the effect of the accident. The culprit gives up fishing in the agony of his regret and takes to a serious profession, much to the pleasure of his Mama. Her uncle reads the burial-service, and all the other clergymen and officers, with their wives and nieces, live rather happily ever afterwards.

When we consider episodes such as these, we cannot be surprised that the rising generation for the most part refuse to read Charlotte Yonge—except for her historical stories. The smallness of her experience, or rather (for that might apply to Miss Austen) of the results of her experience put them off her track. She is never perfect outside the hearth, and the hearth is not very popular just now. No more is the British Gentlewoman, but if ever a temple were built for her Miss Yonge should figure as its goddess. The young people brought up on Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling demand more colour and movement than she can give them. And yet in her last book she has tried hard to put herself in touch with them and has made pathetic concessions. Pneumatic tyres are adapted to self-sacrifice. The girl who longs for Girton is allowed to go to Oxford, and finds the womanly daughter and modest niece of an Anglican lord as her fellow students; Dolores, the author's favourite maiden, gives lectures on electricity and founds a reading-settlement. But it is no good. The girls of to-day cannot *see themselves* in Miss Yonge, and that is their chief demand from literature: for young people are not imaginative. Besides, this is a critical age. "I can't read Miss Yonge!" said a little girl the other day: "she makes such long conversations, and thinks everything she talks of is the same; it doesn't seem to matter to her if it's a little dog, or self-denial, or a young girl, or a leaf." It is always easier for youth to detect faults than virtues.

And what have people in their teens in the place of

Charlotte Yonge? The natural answer seems to be: "Mrs. Humphry Ward." She, too, writes the serious family story, unexceptionable in tone and dealing with religious problems. She, too, depicts the spiritual trials of clergymen and young women. She paints the earnest priest who goes out of the church, Miss Yonge the earnest priest who stays in it—each according to their generation; and Norman May is at least as living as Robert Elsmere. But when we come to women, it is the elder author who bears off the palm. Will Marcella with her humanitarian visions, her beauty, her diamonds, and her influence in society, live as long as dowdy, noble Ethel with her merely Christian scheme? or has the fast, brilliant, free-thinking heroine of "Helbeck of Bannisdale," the vitality of Angela Underwood, half-flirt, half-saint, with her hoyden tricks, her taste for Ritualism, and her hidden capacities for devotion? In the sum of her work, too, Miss Yonge gains the prize; her books live for us and remain in our hearts as Mrs. Ward's hardly will, in spite of the fact that the author of "Marcella" treats of people and subjects much more congenial to us than those of "The Heir of Redclyffe." For when we come to compare the ground that both ladies cover—when we are confronted by Mrs. Ward's vast range of themes temporal and spiritual, the pen halts and the analogy stops.

The reason why Miss Yonge wears is not far to seek. Her experience is limited, but it is deep, it is first-hand. She has chosen a narrow path, but all that she describes on that path is described from her own observation. She is herself: unconscious, spontaneous and human. The people she evokes are no sudden creations: they have always been in her affections. Nevertheless it is natural that, in spite of her virtues, she should be neglected, while the novels of Mrs. Ward are devoured by an audience whose needs she represents, whose dialect she talks.

And yet it is a misfortune. Miss Yonge could supply this generation with many of the qualities it lacks. Unselfishness

and reverence are virtues none too common, and the wider the channel they flow in the better are they worth having. Charlotte Yonge appeals to enduring feelings, not to fleeting emotions; and, when all is said, a belief in the possibility of doing good is better than the belief that no good can be done.

EDITH SICHEL.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF CHRIST

A MOVEMENT which at any time in the history of the race attains such significance as to evoke a new name must be, as all observers will confess, not new in itself but merely a greater agitation of one of those forces which are a perpetual part of humanity. We believe that all earthly types have eternal prototypes: if Protestantism be a force with positive existence, there must be for it an ideal laid up, eternal in the heavens.

It is to be expected, then, that this ever-present revolt, more or less obvious, of the dissenter against existing religious standards—this revolt which is a part of man, who is made in the image of God—will be found to have a counterpart in the divine character. But though the religious mind always conceives of God as protesting against evil, such protest cannot be conceived as merely negative or destructive, either in character or aim. While in character, as just observed, it is a positive and permanent force, in aim it would remedy deficiencies, perfect the imperfect, overcome evil with good. Thus God's protest may fitly be regarded as the action of the positive illimitable good pushing against finite limitations of good, and, when it meets positive evil, vanquishing it by opposing to it some positive conception of good.

'This quality of protesting, found both in God and man, must, if Jesus Christ be the divine man, be seen in him in its

earthly perfection; and one striking feature of his protest against evil is that it is not directed first and chiefly against irreligion but, like that of later Protestants, against the Church of his day.

The argument of this article is, that in this protest of Jesus we shall find the perfect manifestation of that part of the divine which corresponds to all true religious reform which has ever, may ever, vibrate in the heart of man; that he expressed an ideal Protestantism which must be essential to the perfection of the Church in every time and place, and to the completeness of every religious character; that the nature of right Protestantism, as distinguished from wrong, can be discovered only by an analysis of his attitude toward the sins and errors of the noblest religious system of his time.

Although Judaism was the purest ancient creed, it is but necessary to glance at the Mishna, or any sketch of its contents, to see how soul-deadening was the legalism which at the Christian era entered into every detail of the action of the devout Jew. The very fibre of his religious performance was of such stuff that a revived spiritual impulse could not long make his rule of life its expression. The observance of the Halakah, the traditional law, was the religion of all pious Jews. It has been a popular idea that a section only, and they false religionists, devoted themselves to legalism, while another section, the faithful who were waiting for the consolation of Israel, nourished their souls only upon psalm and prophecy; but this is not true. All religious Jews considered tithings and purifications and sabbatical exactions necessary to salvation. Deep down where the eye of God alone sees the inner man, there was, no doubt, a clear distinction then, as in the Church of all time, between what may be called "the faithful remnant"—the pure in heart, who always see God even through the utmost formalism—and those who may always be termed religious actors (ὑποκριταί), because they are absorbed in accomplishments. But as far as Judaism might be seen outwardly, it was technical and gross; and if some humble souls

laid the greater stress upon the inspired utterances of their religious poets, the flower of the nation—its strength, its youth, its learning—sat in the higher Rabbinical schools, where the precepts of a literal law were painfully analysed and split into more and more shocking puerilities.

Perhaps the most accessible information concerning this religion is in Edersheim's "Life and Times of Jesus." In vol. i. chap. viii., we read: "The Halakah indicated, with the most minute and painful punctiliousness, every legal ordinance as to outward observances, and it explained every bearing of the law of Moses, but beyond this it left the inner man, the spring of actions, untouched. What he was to believe, and what to feel, was chiefly matter of the Haggadah." Edersheim explains that the first, the Halakah, was considered of supreme importance. Then he adds: "He (Jesus) left the Halakah untouched, putting it, as it were, on one side"; and again: "Except when forced to comment upon some outstanding detail, he left the traditional law untouched."

Let us be quite clear about this. In his early ministry Jesus protested against certain external actions of religious Jews. These were not enjoined by the tradition, and were condemned by the more thoughtful leaders of the legalising party themselves. The Pharisaic conscience was already vaguely feeling for definition of precisely those vices which he, graciously blowing upon its smoking flax, made vividly clear. They had already feebly protested against the taking of oaths; they had said something in favour of secret alms; they had spoken of those among them who made a public nuisance of their piety as the plague of their sect, and it goes without saying that both priests and Rabbis knew the illegality of the traffic in the temple from which the former reaped so rich an income. Now, as to the extremists, "the plague of their sect," it may be remarked that there are in every section of the Church at all times men who, under the influence of the religious idea, perform deeds which to better balanced minds appear obviously wrong. Such men usually make stock-in-trade of some sort out

of their sensationalism, and yet would shrink in penitence from their selfish motives if they were capable of self-analysis. In truest kindness to the fanatics themselves, our Lord held such motives up to the light; such actions in tenderness for their groping conscience he denounced. It is also very noteworthy that the most objectionable usages were condemned, not for what they were outwardly, nor for the doctrines they involved but because of their motive. Thus the only criticism which, until the close of his ministry, our Lord made of religious customs fell under the second division of Jewish doctrine; it was Haggadic; in which province even the most rigid sect of the Jews allowed large option of theory. This criticism is prefaced with most earnest exhortations not to break with the existing law but to add to its holiest motive, and it is ended with commands not to judge others, to beware whom we accept as religious reformers, making a good life the test, to be more careful to clear our own vision than that of our neighbour, to treat others as we would wish to be treated, and not to be blatant concerning our sacred things.

Thus this early polemic of Jesus displays three characteristics. First, he upbraids only in harmony with the conscience of the party he criticises; secondly, his criticism refers to motive, so that it contradicts as little as may be the sacredness of their code; and thirdly, he upholds the authority both of code and codifier, conserving the very law that he knows his teaching must eventually supplant. We shall see that these same features characterise his Protestantism to the end.

Jesus makes little further criticism of the existing state of religious usage until the last week of his public ministry. What comes between is extorted from him by the efforts of the Rabbinical party to involve him in discussion. At the end, knowing that his word cannot then save Judaism from dying in its sin, he again lifts up his voice against their customs. But again he begins by the command to practise and lay to heart all that the existing authorities teach, and again shows that their teaching is not to be scorned but to be improved upon

in motive and in heartfelt performance; and when he laments the woes that will certainly befall the devotees of a mistaken religious zeal, and points out the faults which will be the causes of these calamities, it is evident that the accusations brought against the leaders of the stricter party in the Jewish Church are such as would have tended, if heeded, to purify that party rather than to break it up. He again accuses them of being artificial; and to this is added the charge of spiritual pride and the zeal that springs from it, the exaltation of small distinctions and duties to the loss of the great principles of goodness, care for the external life where the springs of motives are false, and, last and worst, the devotion to dead teachers while those who are inspired with the living truth which makes for growth are stoned. These warnings can be launched effectively against many workers in any section of the Church; they are, in fact, taken severally and each set forth in its different aspects, the burden of warning breathed by every faithful Christian shepherd to his flock. The first grouping of them all together with consummate skill displays, perhaps more clearly than any other of his sermons, what we call the religious genius of Jesus; and the fact that he was manifested at the moment when the faults of the Church had donned their most concrete dress proves, if we believe in a divine plan for the religious development of the race, that it was of first importance that true religion should be exhibited as at enmity with the most natural faults of the religious. But it is impossible for any one conversant with the state of Jewish thought at the time to suppose that our Lord intended to dispute the authority of the Scribes and Pharisees for that generation. Against the supposed righteousness of the Rabbinic Halakoth—the worst and most degrading mistake as to what constituted obedience to the God of life and love which has ever been found in the history of the earthly Church since the individual conscience developed—concerning that Jesus says very little. Edersheim says, "The worst blow he dealt it was that of neglect."

When all polemic was over, when Jesus admitted that

his message to Judaism as a Church had been rejected, what did he do? Did he oppose himself openly to it, and in his last hours with his followers commission them to break with it? We have no indication of such a spirit on his part, and clear evidence to the contrary. There is no record that the infant Church, even when under the fullest inspiration of the descending Spirit, conceived of itself as standing upon the ruins of Judaism. We may perhaps learn from this short but specially inspired period of Church history the doctrines of Christian Socialism, of mystic guidance, and the need of common and continued prayer, but of iconoclasm, of the spirit that strikes at traditional authority, there is not the slightest trace. Even the leader of the apostles, the orator of Pentecost, had no conception that he was at liberty to neglect Judaic restrictions, or welcome to Christian fellowship those who remained in the environment of other customs. It needed vision and voice from heaven repeated three times to introduce these ideas; and when introduced, long and painful controversies only developed them slowly.

Such, then, was the character of the Protestant teaching of Jesus; and this protest was the pushing of the large divine goodness against the narrowness of man's religion. The existing Church said, "Obey the letter." He replied, by precept and life, "The letter killeth"; and this phrase really sums up the whole of his opposition. But the Protestantism of Jesus was only a small, though essential, part of his message. The larger share of his time was given to preaching that "the Spirit giveth life," and the effect of his Protestantism can only be fully understood when considered as a part of the total effect of his whole teaching, as in the case of any other reformer. Two things only as regards this completer view can here be noted—that the extreme temperance of his Protestantism left the more room for his constructive work, and that the substance of that constructive work consisted in truths which, although they must eventually break up a dead letter, were on such a different level that they did not obviously clash with

it. He hid in the heart of Judaism a life principle which must ultimately break the shell not only of its formulæ but of all successive formulæ as they are outgrown.

The result of the temperate Protestantism of Jesus as applied to the very unfavourable condition of the existing Church was that the schism, when it came, did actually divide between the wheat and the chaff, the fruit-bearing and the dead trees, the sheep and the goats. This cannot be said of any reformation since.

The form of Christianity resembled the form of Judaism very closely at first, and changed from it very gradually. The new was added to the old; that was all, to begin with. The very apostle who was fighting to gain for the Gentiles this same freedom (to exercise their Christian faith with as little change of external custom as might be) took upon himself a Pharisaic vow in the precincts of the daily sacrifice. And may we not say that when God saw that the temple-worship had ceased to nourish faith—and mark how quickly under the immediate influence of Christ's method faith was weaned from its accustomed form—the external conditions that made the sacrifices possible were removed? Had the spirit of the Church remained true in all its progress to the example of the divine reformer, we believe that all such forms of Judaism and heathenism as were not desirable would have slowly and gently folded themselves back from the opening bud and fallen as the sere calix falls when the flower expands. Instead of this, how has the spirit of Judaism, as in this matter it contrasts with the spirit of Christianity, triumphed! It is of the very essence of human religion to believe that it is possible to translate God's truth so literally into human forms or formulæ that their converse must be false, and therefore that God is to be served by the sword of controversy.

Let us consider, by way of example and contrast, the Reformation of Luther. If he upon his awakening had said, "Calamity will certainly come upon you, ye saints of the Church, who knock down the forgiveness of sins under the

hammer of the auctioneer," we believe that he would have carried with him the great body of the sober religious of that time. They did not, of course, approve of Tetzel's brutal auctioneering any more than did Luther, and the closest analogy may be observed between them and the pious adherents of Judaism in the time of Christ. It was that which mediæval saints did soberly believe concerning the rights vested in a visible authority which made Tetzel possible; and without their genuine goodness, their tears of true contrition, their true self-denials and holy motives, the abuse of Tetzel, and indeed every other abuse that the great Church harboured, would have been harmless, for men are too literally made in the image of truth to lie long in the toils of an unmixed wrong. Had Luther gone on to take every abuse toward which the conscience of the saints of the Church was pointing, were it ever so feebly, and to charge it upon the whole Church with bitter cries of woe, his protest would gradually have carried all true souls with him. They would have been the last to disclaim their responsibility. Rising in the might of true goodness that depends upon God, they would have responded to his call, and so he would have purged the temple. Intestine war there would probably have been; the chaff separated from the grain by the winnowing fan would have eddied and darkened the air; the dross would not have been consumed until the crucible had been made very hot; between the carnally minded and spiritually minded there would undoubtedly have been, not peace but a sword; but our point is that the fan in that case would actually have divided between those who chose the grace of God and those who preferred the disgrace of the carnal mind. Anything that might have been left when a true reformation had been accomplished, would have been as dead spiritually as was Judaism when Christianity had finally emerged and separated from it—an ashen crust to show where fire had been, a shell from which wings had taken flight, a sloughed-off skin. This remaining thing might or might not have called itself "the Church," but the true Church would have gone on in its

continuous life to fresh conquests of new truths. That victory, once won, would have been won for ever.

Is it not clear that Luther's attempt to define what he supposed to be the converse of the spiritual truth which God had given him, and his determination to impose this definition upon the Church, resulted in this, that when Christendom was split by the wedge against which he was heaving such heroic blows, the line of cleavage ran not between good and evil, saint and sinner, but divided the army of the saints pretty equally into two halves? And thus the truth, which is always first concrete, a life—a word only in so far as word can be lived—was divided also; and God could not be God and give the moral victory to either party; the wound could not "heal with the first intention," nay, could be nothing but a running sore of battle.

Error! God save the right! What could be the error of calling the motherly element in the divine nature by the name of Mary as compared with conceiving the Almighty as wholly material, as himself performing ablutions and wearing phylacteries, as causing the counsels of Heaven to wait on the decisions of an earthly Sanhedrim? Or again, if it be error to conceive of God's wrath as being appeased by horrid austerities or pious deeds, we can at least conceive such penance as being an expression, if a mistaken one, of true contrition; whereas we should be indeed lost to Christian sentiment if we could find the expression of any God-given emotion in the rule for the highest degree of Pharisaic punctiliousness. If it was a crime of the Church to essay the persuasion of heretics by fire and sword, how much worse and more material was the—to us—fiendish desire of the pious Jew to sweep the nations before him from the face of earth and hope of heaven, and feast for ever in celebration of their doom! If monastic vows made division between nature and holiness, the ideal of life and worship which underlay them was at once more pure and charitable than any conception of holiness in the Jewish Halakah. Among those born of human parentage there is perhaps none

much greater than Luther, yet we cannot suppose that Jesus, who left the whole false fabric of Judaic thought and practice to perish by its own natural decay, would under any provocation have struck, as at last did Luther, at the authority to which all Christendom then bowed, subjecting to a to-morrow of anarchy millions of sheep who could not as yet comprehend the call of a new shepherd. Jesus would surely have denounced, as did Luther, the corruptions of the Papal Court, which every honest Papist bitterly deplored; would have spoken out more strongly than did Luther or Erasmus, of enforced vows and the utter shame of selling, not only spiritual gifts, but mere legal justice, to the highest bidder; but he could not have been less tolerant of the ecclesiastical authority of that day than he was of the Scribes and Pharisees of his own time.

Passing from this suggestion of the contrast between the Protestantism of Christ and that of Luther, let us again illustrate our point by comparing the divine example with the latest developments of the religious life of our own nation. That reformatory impulse commonly called "The Oxford Movement" evinced both true and false Protestantism. It was, of course, Protestant in so far as it upheld the Anglican difference with Rome, but its freshest and most active protest was directed against the party historically known as "Evangelical," a name at that time covering three schools—that of dead formalism, a legacy from the eighteenth century that still remained in both the English and Scottish Established Churches; that of an Evangelical revival within the Anglican Church associated with the name of Simeon of Cambridge; and, thirdly, that type of eager religion of the same sort among the Nonconformists which had its rise with Methodism.

The High Churchman cried: "Woe unto you who glory in the overturning of those things still sacred to the conscience of Christian multitudes, who reverence the inspiration of a few and fail to perceive the larger inspiration of the continuous and corporate Church; who prate of a spiritual religion and damn the souls of those who come to know the spiritual as it clothes

itself in some material beauty; who regard words as the only medium of spiritual influence, and fail to grasp the sacredness of other material symbols through which we feel toward the divine affinity of all things."

In thus charging the religious of the nation with their faults, the Protestantism of this modern party resembles the Protestantism of Jesus; but here, we are obliged to observe, the resemblance ends. The distinguishing feature of our Lord's ministry, as we have seen, was not only that its Protestantism was almost wholly aimed against the separatist, *i.e.*, Pharisaic, position, but that his positive teaching is absolutely without that separatist principle to which humanity is so prone. Let us see, by its practical result, how the Oxford movement deviated from this spirit.

Analyse the training of any child brought up in the principles bequeathed by this movement. Such a child is taught a ceremonial separatism in kind and intensity very like that which Pharisaism inculcated; and this separatism, like that of Pharisaism, is not on the ground of any moral or spiritual worth on the one side and lack of worth on the other, for it is from many who are living most holy lives of devotion to Christ that he is to keep himself apart. This aloofness necessarily engenders in him more or less of the judgment of distrust and contempt. This attitude towards his brother will be enough to prevent him from having any true estimate of the motive for which Jesus, according to his own teaching, lived and died; while, further, the conception which he must infer of God's fatherhood is niggardly and inadequate, because a system so ineffectual in promoting good feeling not only tells against the fatherhood of God, but against his mere justice and faithfulness as a creator. Having thus produced in the child warped conceptions of those weightiest matters of justice and mercy by throwing the whole burden of salvation upon an inadequate system, these "Churchmen" next teach him in the reading of history and surrounding fact to pervert what should be the highest effort of mind after clear insight and true proportion,

for all things must be made to fit the doctrine of one visible and indivisible Church. Just so was the young Jew trained by the Scribes of the Christian era.

But if this unlikeness to the methods of Jesus be found in the protest of "Anglican Catholics," against what is specifically termed the "Protestantism" of Christendom, what must be said of the wide divergence of the most modern "Protestant" agitators from their divine prototype? It is difficult to see the resemblance between things so different, to conceive of the Great First Protestant as "Anti-Papist" or "Anti-Ritualist," for there often appears to be little positive illumination in the ministry of such as these. They are not even successors of Luther. The positive illumination which Luther and his followers brought to the Church was very great. However mistaken they may have been in their negations and destructive policy, their word concerning God's immediate fatherhood for the individual soul, his personal inspiration in it, his fostering care of its truth, was a most true echo of our Lord's essential doctrine, an application of it so necessary to the spiritual growth of the race that, resounding through the history of that time, we hear the music of the promise, "Greater things than these shall ye do."

The true heirs of Luther's gospel are those who look to the future rather than to the past for the perfect creed; who are able to work intensely, by prayer and by such form of expression as is given to them, to show forth the inexorable quality of love which will have nothing less, as the final word from any man, than holiness. Such men are, indeed, the true successors of the Jewish prophets, of every true reformer within the Church of Rome or in the ranks of historic Protestantism. They approach the example of Jesus. That example would seem to have little place in the hearts of men who make contradiction an abiding element in their religious zeal, and direct their chief efforts against things external which cannot defile.

THE AUTHOR OF "PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA."

RECENTLY DISCOVERED GREEK MASTERPIECES

THE remarkable discovery of ancient Greek statues in the sea off the Island of Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, has added several more masterpieces to the rich store of ancient art treasures with which the last few years has furnished us. In these latter days, the excavator and the diver have presented us with a greater number of specimens of ancient statuary, especially bronzes, that are fully representative of the spirit of Greek art, than all the centuries since, in the Italian renaissance, works of art were sought for and treasured. It is to four of these recently discovered statues, each of them unique and typical of the several periods of Greek sculpture to which they belong, that I wish in this short article to draw especial attention. I have thus singled out the finest of the works discovered in the sea, the "Bronze Hermes," which is worthy of our closest attention, and to which the bulk of my remarks will be devoted; to this I have added one specimen of marble sculpture out of the same find, the "Crouching Warrior." I then wish to consider the "Bronze Athlete," discovered a few months ago at Pompeii; and, finally, I wish to complete the series with the "Bronze Charioteer," so happily discovered by the French in their excavations at Delphi. I venture to maintain that the first and the last of these four statues are as perfect representatives of Greek sculpture as any that have come down to us—perhaps they are the most perfect.

For in support of what I have just said with regard to the discoveries of recent years compared with those of former centuries, it is important for us to remember that the works we are here discussing are originals and not ancient copies. The specimens of ancient art upon which previous generations formed their estimate of Hellenic art—an estimate as sincere and lofty as it bore fruits in a refined enthusiasm for things beautiful—were, with but few exceptions, ancient marble copies of a late Greco-Roman period. More than nine-tenths of the much admired statues that fill the museums of Italy and the rest of the continent are not works of original Greek sculpture, but are such Greco-Roman copies.

The Elgin marbles, coming to us at the beginning of this century, were a revelation, and marked the turning-point in archæological study and in artistic taste. Indeed, so much were they a revelation that the connoisseurs and dilettanti, the canons of whose taste were based upon the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus dei Medici, entirely failed to recognise their supreme beauty, and that it required the militant support of a few isolated sculptors of the day to win a reluctant recognition of their supreme value.

But the Elgin marbles as well as the Æginetan statues now at Munich, the Phigalean frieze in the British Museum, the sculptures from the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, from the Temple of Nike Apteros at Athens, &c. &c., are works of decorative or architectural sculpture, not of pure statuary—they were not the masterpieces from the hands of the great sculptors upon which these based their fame. High as we may place these architectural sculptures among all the extant works of art—and nothing can surpass the Parthenon marbles as specimens of sculpture—it is important for us to remember that they were works of decorative art, and that in so far they do not fully represent the supreme qualities of a Pheidias, a Scopas, a Praxiteles or a Lysippus, which these artists put into their famous works of pure sculpture.

The question naturally suggests itself why these hundreds,

nay thousands, of marble copies from ancient times which fill our museums should have remained extant and not the originals? The answer to this is a simple one. In the highest period of Greek art, during the fifth century B.C., marble and stone were not the materials in which the great sculptors put their highest artistic ideas. The material used for the great works of sculpture (having in the earliest times been chiefly wood) was gold and ivory or bronze—gold and ivory for the chief temple statues, and bronze for out-of-door monuments, especially the statues representing athletes. Marble, which was used for architectural and decorative sculpture, was in the fourth century more and more introduced as material for works of pure sculpture, until with Scopas and Praxiteles it became a favourite material; while, towards the close of the century with Lysippus, bronze, at all times holding its own, again predominates. But even with Scopas and Praxiteles the marble statue was not the same as it is in our days. For, exquisite as the modelling undoubtedly was (this the Hermes alone shows us), the colouring and tinting formed an integral part of the artistic elaboration: it was a technique so highly developed and so refined in its application that even the trained archæologist can hardly form an adequate conception of its effect. Still, these great marble statues of Scopas and Praxiteles were not numerous. Exposed as they were in their central position of the shrine, they readily fell into the hands of the iconoclast. When we remember that the architectural sculpture which has come down to us owed its preservation to the fact that the buildings to which it belonged became converted into churches and mosques, and that even so the proportion of extant works is infinitesimally small, we cannot expect many of the great marble statues to be preserved to us. The Heræum of Argos, for instance, in the metopes and pediments, must have contained over one hundred figures. We considered ourselves fortunate in discovering seven complete heads and two torsi, besides numerous smaller fragments.

We must thus never forget that the chief works were

of gold and ivory and bronze; and it can readily be realised that the barbarous hordes sweeping over classic lands melted down and utilised all the metal wherever they could find it. While we must therefore be grateful to the Greco-Roman copyist for having with his inferior handicraft preserved for us some record of the masterpieces of ancient art, we must be all the more elated when kind fortune brings us face to face with a Greek original. These at once manifest their superiority so strikingly that every original work, even though it be by a less famous artist and of a more degenerate period of ancient art, is naturally supposed to be by one of the great artists and of the highest period. So, for instance, the glorious Venus of Melos in the Louvre Museum, though I believe it to be a work of the Hellenistic period (drawing, it is true, its inspiration from the great art of the fifth century B.C.), has been attributed to every great sculptor from Pheidias to Praxiteles; and it is hard for us to realise that the equally glorious Victory of Samothrace, in the same museum, was probably by an artist of the second flight, and is not earlier than the close of the fourth century B.C.

When we realise these facts regarding Greek sculpture we are better prepared to appreciate the important discovery of an undoubted Greek original. Since the Germans excavated the Hermes with the Infant Dionysus at Olympia in 1877, which presented us with an undoubted original work (though not one of his famous ones) by the master Praxiteles, nearly every year has yielded up some new treasure from Greek soil; and now we have presented to us a number of original statues, among them life-size bronzes, one of which is undoubtedly of the same school, if not by the same hand, as the Olympian Hermes, and can claim to equal if not to surpass it in the peculiar noble grace and charm of the art of the Praxitelean period.

The discoveries off Cerigo have not been completed; they have only been begun. Who knows what the depths of the sea may yet have in store for us? The lucky accident which led the sponge-diver to discover this treasure is now replaced

by the designed skill of capable archæologists. The work is in the hands of the Director-General of Antiquities, Mr. Cavvadias, whose researches hitherto have been as thorough as they have been successful. With him and M. Stäis as the Minister of Public Instruction, we can feel sure that the work is in good hands.

Besides the two statues here figured from this find, there are two other interesting bronze statuettes, six marble statuettes, and the torso of a large marble centaur, much corroded by the salt water. It appears that the statues here figured have been comparatively free from the corrosive effects of the salt water, in spite of their immersion for about 2000 years, because they had sunk into the sandy bottom, where they lay embedded. We may hope that at a greater depth other works will be found in equally good preservation.

Some difference of opinion exists as to how these works came to be there, and as to what the ship was that contained them. As we take the one or the other view we come to a difference of nearly 2000 years. For it has been maintained by some that it must be the English yacht *Mentor* which in 1802 conveyed a part of the marbles carried off by Lord Elgin and which foundered off Cerigo. But apart from the fact that the chief works hitherto found off Cerigo are bronzes and not marbles, and that we have no record of Lord Elgin's procuring such, we have the well-authenticated assurance of Lord Elgin himself that the cargo had subsequently been recovered from the sea and had been brought to England. On the other hand, Lucian, commenting on the great paintings by the famous painter Zeuxis, had to content himself with a copy when describing the famous picture of a centaur family by that artist, for he tells us that the original picture which Sulla carried off from Greece (no doubt with many other works of art) was lost in a shipwreck off Cape Malea. Furthermore, we have recently heard that the anchor and some of the timbers of an ancient vessel have been brought to light with the statues. It is thus highly probable that the statues now recovered from

the sea were those which Sulla once attempted to carry off to Rome. But for this shipwreck it is not likely that the bronzes would ever have been preserved to us.

I. We begin with the most beautiful of these finds. It is a life-size bronze figure of a youth of whom we can here only give the upper half. But what is here presented, including the head, arms and hands, is in excellent preservation. We are glad to hear that both legs have been found, and enough of the remainder of the body to make a complete restoration possible. The correspondent of the *Times* tells us that "the figure is poised on the left foot, the right being thrown backward; the right arm is extended, the hand apparently grasping a wreath or sacrificial phial."

With this description we are enabled to reconstruct the composition, at least in imagination. But even with what we have now before us we are justified in considering this the finest ancient bronze in existence, perhaps even the finest Greek statue. It at once challenges comparison with the famous marble Hermes of Praxiteles from Olympia. Yet I venture to consider this in some respects a nobler work: for not only the type of the youth himself, but also the conception and execution of the artist, are more virile, less sentimental; and I feel sure that the effect of this statue will grow upon the spectator, whereas that of the beautiful Hermes, striking and bewitching though it may be, is apt to wane, if not to pall. I may at once say that the similarity in the head to the rough, blocked-out character in the modelling of the hair are strikingly similar in this bronze and in the marble Hermes by Praxiteles. And this is so in spite of the difference between the material, which leads to a difference in the style of modelling. The similarity in general character and in all details is such that I venture to ascribe them both, at least to the same school, if not to the same master. But I should not be inclined to ascribe it to the generation of Praxitelean artists immediately succeeding the great Praxiteles. For the son of Praxiteles, Cephisodotus the Younger, is noted for the extreme softness

and sensuousness (morbidezza) of his modelling of the nude; while in this bronze I recognise, in spite of the delicacy of modelling, a certain moderateness and firmness of texture in the nude which is even more marked than in the marble Hermes, and may be due to the more athletic conception which the artist has here held of such a youthful figure. We have also heard that some archæologists (among them my eminent colleague of the French School at Athens, M. Perdrizet) have seen in this work characteristics of the sculptor Lysippus. I am bound to say that I can see no trace of this in the work. The mere outline of the head, comparatively large, broader at the top, and tapering towards the chin, is so different from the small, almost circular, heads of Lysippean statues that one might almost contrast this bronze head, corresponding exactly to that of the Hermes, with the Lysippean type. There is thus every reason in favour of, and no valid reason against, the attribution of this work to Praxiteles or the Praxitelean School. This will become more evident as we note the characteristics of the work in detail.

The same may be said with regard to the subject represented in the statue; for though I may at once say that the name Hermes is provisionally as good as any, yet the true meaning of the statue can only become clear when we analyse carefully the composition and execution of the work before us.

To begin with the beautiful pose and composition of the figure, we are of course hampered inasmuch as we must not only supply in imagination the lower part of the figure, but we are confined to one aspect and cannot study the statue from all sides. It must never be forgotten that, as a true work of sculpture in the round ought to be perfect and convincingly expressive of action and character from every side from which the spectator views it, so a complete recognition of its meaning ought to be preceded by such an "all-round" examination. In so far what I shall have to say must be received with limitations.

We are told that the figure is resting on the left leg, the

right leg being drawn back. On the other hand the right shoulder is pushed forward, the arm and hand upraised and extended, while the left arm and shoulder are drawn back. This at once gives that cross rhythm (*chiasmos*) to the figure which adds an inner life to the whole composition, and, with this life, repose. The two sides of the figure, as it were, move transversely—right foot back, right arm forward; left foot forward, left arm back. Try by experiment this delicate difference in attitude and composition and you will see how different the feeling of movement and the character of the composition are. If the same arm and leg were extended and drawn back on the same plane, there would not be that play and delicate tension of all the intervening muscles, and the general appearance of vitality would not be as great. At the same time a figure stepping forward with the left leg, the left arm upraised and extended, and the right leg and arm correspondingly drawn back, would give the general impression of an advance which would be strikingly momentary and passing, and would counteract the sense of repose which the "cross rhythm" here gives.

And added to this movement of the body we have the slight bend forward and downward of the head, the eyes looking intently forward, and the head so beautifully posed on the exquisitely modelled neck. If we add this pose of the head to the general movement and rhythm of the body and the action of the hand, the whole harmonises with the expression of the face, to which it gives clear yet moderate emphasis. This expression of the face is thoughtful, eager, and yet not sensationally emotional; the half parted lips as if about to speak, the sensitive nostrils that may at any moment quiver with emotion, the eyes directed clearly and attentively towards the people or the things to which the body is turned and the hand is upraised—all bear this out fully. And with all this vividness there is a certain dignity, almost sadness of rhythm and expression, which tones the momentary strain and keenness down to a noble repose.

Nothing expresses this complex and still clear mood and situation more than the outline of the arm and hand. An arm upraised is of itself a marked and momentary movement; it demands strain of muscles especially at the shoulder, and it might easily become too momentary for sculpture, merging into the sensational and theatrical with the total absence of simplicity and sculpturesque repose. This would be the case if an arm were *stretched* out firmly in one straight line, either horizontally or upwards or downwards, instead of having the varied softer curves in outline from the wrists to the shoulder given with such exquisite modulation and delicacy in the outline of this arm of Hermes. I must ask the reader to try these simple attitudes himself in order to appreciate their import, such "experiments" being the safest guides to the understanding of composition in sculpture.

In this upraised arm we have a bend at the elbow which counteracts the strained, cramped, more violently energetic extension as suggested in the action of muscles at the shoulder. But most of all is this complex, delicate impression conveyed by the wrist. If the wrist were a direct continuation and muscular extension of the movement of the arm, the momentary energy in the action of such a figure would be thoroughly conveyed. But in this statue there is just here a stop of the current, a wave and curve downwards, which to a marked degree adds to the reposeful movement of the gesture; and the character of this gesture is finally expressed by the hand.

In an energetic, sensational movement (such as I remember M. Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie Française, habitually to favour), we should have the hand either uplifted from the wrist on, or extended horizontally, or pointed downwards. We might say that the hand extended straight with a continuation of the horizontal stretch of the arm would signify positive command; the hand as a whole pointed upwards would signify a forbidding command and interdict; the hand pointed downwards would mark the announcement of a decision and an appeal to submission. The hand of the Hermes is gently

PLATE I.—Bronze Hermes recovered off Cerigo.

persuasive—half a command, half an appeal for silence ; we can almost imagine Marc Antony beginning his speech with this gesture. This hand has neither of the three attitudes enumerated above. The first effect it conveys in outline is that of a gentle curve with no straight angular line, and such a curve of itself tends to soften down the movement, as was the case in the outline of the arm. We cannot perceive much of the inside of the hand, which I feel sure is modelled with the greatest care. Even in this view we can note the delicate indication of the skin between the thumb and the first finger as affected by this position of the hand.

Let us pursue this wonderful work of a great sculptor literally "to the finger-tips." The fingers are spread out in a curved manner. They are exquisitely modelled, long, thin fingers. The thumb is seen in the front view ; the two middle fingers are delicately bent together, while the third finger is drooping outwards, and the little finger downwards. It is not "precious" exaggeration to say that the two middle fingers express more energy, while the drooping of the others counteracts this. If they were all bent equally close together or at equal intervals, they would express a clutch or a grasp.

It has been maintained that the hand has either held some spherical object, such as a ball, or has just thrown it. The Hermes would thus be in the attitude of an athlete about to throw, or who has just thrown, a ball. This is impossible as regards the attitude of the whole figure, as well as the action of the hand. He is not clutching or holding anything, nor is there any indication that he had just held a round object. Try to hold a cricket ball or a larger ball, and you will see how all fingers are equally curved, the thumb included. Throw a ball and watch your hand after the ball has left, and you will again see an equal extension and curve of all the fingers. The gesture conveyed by this hand is a delicate and reposeful movement, calming and persuasive, blessing or praising, or appealing for attention, as clearly as this situation is expressed in the whole composition.

But an ancient statue with an extended hand which does not contain some attribute may be considered so exceptional as not readily to be admitted in this case. Still, if we look about us among works of ancient sculpture, we shall find so many instances presenting similar gestures, that our conjecture may be said to attain the points of certainty. Whoever has studied Greek sepulchral slabs and Greek vase-paintings must realise how highly developed was the gesture-language in real life, and how freely it was adopted in the works of sculptors and painters. The numerous statues of Roman emperors, beginning with the splendid bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol, the Augustus at Turin, the Marc Antony at Wilton House, the Trajan in Lansdowne House, and many others, though some may have had the hands restored, still point to this gesture. But, leaving later Roman works, we find similar gestures without the holding of attributes in Greek reliefs of the same, and even of earlier, periods to which the bronze Hermes belongs. The youth from an Attic sepulchral slab of the fourth century B.C., here given, though the sculptor could not carry out the difficult task of so complex and graceful a pose in relief, is extending his hand in simple gesture to bid farewell or to greet or to bless, while a boy is crouching below. The thumb of the hand has been broken away and reveals the imperfectly modelled inside of the hand, which was never meant to be seen with that clearness.

The arm of the goddess Athene on a relief heading an inscription of the fourth century B.C. is extended in a similar manner; while a small hand of Athene upon which an owl is fluttering shows how a hand holding nothing was dealt with, and is all that remains of a similar heading to an Attic inscription.

Another interesting inscription contained names of youths who had distinguished themselves in the gymnasium of the Palæstra. The heading to this inscription is ornamented with a sculptured relief upon which a male figure, probably a divinity, is crowning the athlete. Beside the male divinity a female figure extends her arm and hand in gesture similar to, though not identical with, that of the Hermes. Above her is the inscription "Eutaxia," which shows her to be the personification of good behaviour and distinction in the Palæstra. As she thus personifies the praise recorded on the inscription, the gesture of her arm and hand as well are meant to express and to convey these.

Finally, I would point to one of the beautiful reliefs that was discovered on the Acropolis of Athens in 1877, at the Temple of Æsculapius. Æsculapius is here seated, and before him stands Hygieia. An altar is placed between her and a small adorant who is advancing towards the god and goddess. The goddess, by the gesture of her right hand, is either addressing the worshippers as they advance or is blessing them, and

the action of this arm and hand are to my mind as close an analogy to that of the bronze Hermes as we require, at least to realise that it was customary for ancient sculptors to introduce such gestures into their work, and that the attitude of such an arm and hand does not presuppose the "holding of a spherical object."

The left arm of the statue is extended downwards. Where the bronze has not been too much corroded, especially from the biceps down to the elbow, one can mark on the right arm the beautiful modelling of the surface, on which the veins are delicately suggested but not coarsely indicated. The hand holds nothing. It is the natural position when a hand is closed and not crampedly balled into a fist. The arm is slightly bent at the elbow and is drawn back at the shoulder, an action which tends to balance the figure stepping forward with the left foot and uplifting the right arm. This increases the effect of equipoise in the "cross rhythm" to which I referred above.

It would be futile at this juncture to attempt to identify this statue with any works by Praxiteles or a member of his school mentioned in ancient authors. We must not forget that but an exceedingly small proportion of the works of ancient Greek artists have been mentioned by the authors that have come down to us. We know that Praxiteles was the sculptor of one Hermes, and it is likely that he made several other statues of that god. The *class* of works to which I should incline to ascribe this bronze is indicated to us by a group of statues which Pausanias[1] saw in the Temple of Aphrodite at

[1] I. Chap. 43–6.

Megara. He there saw the images of Persuasion and another goddess whom they named Comforter, which are works of Praxiteles. But Scopas made the images of Love and Longing and Yearning (if indeed their functions are, like their names, distinct). Near the Temple of Aphrodite is the Sanctuary of Fortune. The image of Fortune is also a work of Praxiteles. The works of Scopas and Praxiteles here mentioned are what might be called allegorical: they are personifications of ideas or emotions. Now, if we could imagine the Persuasion and the Comforter in a male form, it would just be the type which the artist has given to this bronze statue. Moreover, it has been noted before, as regards such more human ideas when personified in a male figure, that the personification of good luck (kairos) by the sculptor Lysippus was probably put in the form of a Hermes, as this, the most human of divinities, was readily the bearer for the different shadings of human life. It is thus that one might, quite conjecturally, define this bronze Hermes by some such attribute as that of Orator or Comforter, *Logios* or *Paregoros*.

II. The fragment of a marble group representing a half-crouching figure, of which the interpretation seems doubtful, was also found off Cerigo. M. Perdrizet considers the statue to be a part of a wrestling group similar to the well-known statues in the Uffizi at Florence. Another view is that the crouching youth is a bowman who has just sent off the arrow. I think we can safely say that the figure in question represents neither of these actions. The youth is crouching down, the body bent forward, the head eagerly upturned; while the left arm is raised upwards, and the right arm, the hand holding some rounded object, is stretched downwards. The action is so clearly that of combined defence and attack from below upwards towards an adversary who fights from above, that it would not require the corroboration of the ancient monuments which I can adduce to show this. The crouching youth held an upraised shield on his left arm, while the sword or spear, more probably the former, was evidently held in his down-

stretched right arm; his action being that, at the next moment, he will plunge his sword into the belly of the horse or centaur advancing towards him. It is an attitude which we have in several representations of ancient warriors, of which the beautiful small bronze from the Blacas collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, formerly called the Deïphobos, is a representative type. But the nearest illustration is afforded us in one of the metopes from the Parthenon, no longer extant, but preserved for us in the drawing which Jacques Carrey, who accompanied the Marquis De Nointel, the ambassador of Louis XIV. to the Porte, made in 1674. This drawing I reproduce here. It will be seen that, though the lapith who is struggling with the rearing centaur is turned the other way round, his action with the upraised shield in the left arm and the sword-thrust of his right hand from below are the same; and I venture to think that this illustration will make the evidence complete. But I would not have it believed that the marble from Cerigo is in its origin *directly* related to the Parthenon sculptures. The modelling of the body and the head, as well as the attitude, are full of life and vigour, and point to a tendency of art not earlier than the sculptor Lysippus in the second half of the fourth century B.C. The numerous battle-scenes presented by Lysippus and Leochares established a tradition which, with the pupils of Lysippus, was engrafted upon the schools of Asia Minor, notably those of Pergamon and Rhodes. As far as I can judge from the photograph, I should be inclined to ascribe the workmanship of this statue and group to one of these Hellenistic schools, though I must confess that in the bronzelike treatment of the

hair as well as in the type of the face I seem to recognise Lysippean elements.

III. When last November the daily papers announced the discovery at Pompeii of the "Bronze Statue of an Idol by Polycrates," I ventured to conjecture that in the telegram the name Polycrates had been substituted for that of the sculptor Polycleitos of Argos, the younger contemporary and rival of Pheidias; and I further conjectured that, as a famous bronze statue in the Uffizi at Florence goes under the name of Idolino, and is undoubtedly of Polycleitan type, the correspondent or telegraph clerk had confused matters and so produced the garbled message we received. My conjecture was a happy one, for the well-preserved bronze statue of a youth recently excavated at Pompeii is supposed by its discoverers to be closely related to the Idolino; and though in Roman times it may have been used as a lamp-holder, they consider it an original Greek work dating back to a period even some years before Pheidias. Now, interesting and valuable as this discovery is, I do not believe that the statue dates from the fifth century B.C., but that in reality it belongs to that revival of earlier Greek art in the imperial age of Rome which is associated chiefly with the artist Pasiteles. Pasiteles flourished about the first half of the first century B.C., and originally came from the south of Italy. He was the founder of a school which we can pursue for three generations in extant works, a school, moreover, which marked a reaction against the sensational anatomical vigour of the schools of Pergamon and Rhodes, and which allowed itself to be inspired by the more reposeful and simple types of the great art of Greece in the fifth century B.C. There are several extant statues which can be identified with this school of Graeco-Roman "pre-Raphaelites." The most important of these is the statue of a youth in the Villa Albani, upon which the artist, Stephanos, has inscribed his name, calling himself a pupil of Pasiteles. The chief characteristics of these statues are the straight, broad shoulders, coupled with extreme thinness of the flanks and

hips, and a general slimness of the rest of the figure. It almost looks as if these artists attempted to combine the heavier proportions in the canon of Polycleitos with the greatest slimness of the canon of Lysippus. In the statue by Stephanos the Lysippean influence has even affected the head, which is comparatively very small. In this recently-found bronze, on the other hand, the head as well as the shoulders still retain the Polycleitan characteristics, while the rest of the body is affected by this exaggerated slimness. We might thus conjecture that this Pompeian bronze is a precursor of the statue by Stephanos, and may give us some idea of what the figures of Pasiteles were like. At all events it is to this period and school that I should ascribe this interesting bronze.

IV. Of far greater artistic value—in fact, of such excellence that, in its way, it can completely hold its own in comparison with the beautiful bronze Hermes from Cerigo—is the life-size, well-preserved bronze Charioteer, the most important find made by the French in their recent excavation of Delphi. With this statue were found, besides an inscription giving us the name of the dedicator (though, unfortunately, not of the artist), fragments of the chariot, of the horses, of one figure which stood beside the charioteer in the chariot, as well as of a youthful figure standing before the horses. We thus have here a splendid dedication commemorating a victory in the chariot-race made by Polyzelos, the younger brother of Gelon and of Hieron of Syracuse. M. Homolle conjectures that the group was dedicated between 482 and 472 B.C. by Polyzelos, in memory of a victory by Gelon, the tyrant of Syracuse, erected after his death.

The peculiar dress of this figure, with the belt placed high up and the upper part of the tunic fastened by bands over the shoulder, which are crossed on the back to prevent the undue flapping of drapery in the wind, is that customary with charioteers. Its long, straight folds add to the appearance of a certain archaism and severity, which is accentuated by the simplicity of the pose in this erect figure. So, too, the firm,

Plate IV.—Bronze Charioteer recently excavated at Delphi.

simple lines in the modelling of the brow and the nose, the crisp engraving to indicate the hair on the top of the head, point to the earlier, severer period before Greek sculpture had attained its full freedom. On the other hand, the masterly naturalistic modelling of the feet, one of which has the toes firmly pressed downwards to keep a firm position in the chariot; the exquisite modelling of the extended right arm and hand, in which the reins were held; the perfect freedom of the modelling of the hair beneath the band on the sides and of the incipient beard—all these show that the artist has passed the stage of archaism and conventionalism, that the restraint is that of dignity, and not of incompetence. This statue has all the charm of those interesting works which stand on the very border-line of complete freedom and naturalism in all periods of art. In this it is like the work of a Mantegna or a Bellini, a Van Eyck, or a Donatello. It is undoubtedly a work by the very hand of a great master belonging to the period immediately preceding the art of Pheidias. Three schools of artists have been mentioned in connection with this statue: the school of Aegina, of which Onatas was the head; the school of Rhegium, with Pythagoras as its head; and the Attic school, as represented by Calamis. These were all famous artists of that period, who had created votive offerings to commemorate chariot races for Sicilian tyrants. It is not possible at this moment to claim certainty for its attribution to one of these three artists and schools; but I am myself inclined towards its attribution to the Attic artist, Calamis.

Though I have only been able to touch upon a few points in connection with the rich discoveries of recent years, I believe enough has been said to show their great importance. At all events, I am confident that I am not exaggerating when I say that the Delphic Charioteer and the Hermes from Cerigo are the finest ancient Greek bronzes in existence.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

P.S.—My friend M. Cavvadias, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to learn as much as possible about the lower portion of the Hermes from Cerigo, has, with great kindness, sent me a photograph of all these fragments, which I have just received. It will be seen that both the legs, exquisitely modelled, are well preserved, and numerous fragments of the remainder of the figure. I am assured that, though the cleaning and piecing together will occupy months, the statue will ultimately be complete.

C. W.

PLATE V.—Fragments of Bronze Hermes (Plate I.) recovered off Cerigo.

THE WRONG TOLSTOI

THE authorities of the Russian Church have at last put on record a fact which had been patent to the civilised world for half a generation—the discrepancy between their theological tenets and Tolstoi's. The Holy Synod has excommunicated the Count, who has been busy these many years in excommunicating the Holy Synod. The Synod's long delay in issuing this *accusé de réception* of Tolstoi's thunderbolts can only be explained by supposing that the watchfulness of the Censor has hitherto prevented their librarian from securing a copy of Tolstoi's religious works, or that Mr. Pobedonostsev has not been at leisure to read them.

Seeing that Tolstoi and his disciples reject the "senseless and immoral dogma of the redemption,"[1] together with the doctrines of a personal deity, the divinity of Christ, a future conscious life, and other things by which the Church stands—together with all its ritual and ceremonies—it might be supposed that they would bear the blow with equanimity: that the disciples would not be indignant with the Church for denying to their leader the consolations which he had spent so many years in denouncing as frauds and impositions. But, on the contrary, they are inviting the civilised world to join them in bitter outcry against this latest instance of priestly tyranny.

In face of such strange inconsistency, it is worth while to

[1] Tolstoi, "Harmony of the Gospels."

devote a little time to studying the psychology of this strange band of enthusiasts by the light of the social and religious creed which they profess.

The spread of earnestness among the half-educated classes has given rise, in these last generations, to a new public, full of noble but untutored aspirations, which wants the Millennium in cash down or it will know the reason why. These people ask for drastic measures; and as they cannot get them from the professors they go to the prophets. When a prophet comes preaching that doctors know nothing of medicine, nor philosophers of metaphysics, that priests and politicians practise their crafts only for their own personal advantage, they receive him with enthusiasm—it is what they more than half suspected themselves—and they become Christian Scientists, Theosophists, Tolstoyites, and the like. In their jubilee of elation at making sure that doctors cannot avert death, that priests cannot ensure immortality, that statesmen have not solved "the social problem," and that philosophers are not definitively agreed upon the relations of mind and matter, they assume that because the men who have the gifts and the knowledge necessary for dealing with those difficult subjects have failed, therefore success must surely fall to those who are hampered with none of their gifts and none of their knowledge; at once they yield their allegiance to the destructive critics whose revelations seem to have invested them with authority in all these matters by right of conquest.

It seems a hard saying that this is the public in which Tolstoi has found his following, for Tolstoi is endowed with genius and piety—two attributes which are not necessary in appealing to that multitude. But so it is. There was no other public open to his teaching. He taught that doctors, lawyers, clergymen, statesmen, scientists, and philosophers were all blockheads or humbugs; that the world must give up its civilisation, knowledge, arts, crafts, creeds, food-stuffs, liquors, laws, armies, navies, and social order. This was too much for the educated men of the world: if for no other reason than that

they were all doctors, lawyers, clergymen, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, scientists, landowners, licensed victuallers, or the like.

There was a graver reason why Tolstoi's gospel should not thrive among the well-informed: and that was, that in almost every particular it was at variance, not only with reason and experience, but also with itself; and inconsistency, though the mark of an honest man, is out of place in philosophy. For honesty has its moods, but truth is always constant to itself.

Inconsistency weighs for nothing with the enthusiasts. The faculty of believing contrary things at the same time, of believing that which they cannot understand, or that which they know to be false, is the most characteristic feature of that large and growing class. Yet their opinion is by no means to be neglected; for they are the makers of reputations; they are the light-kindling stuff which sets the solider world on fire.

In the matter of Tolstoi they have done a great wrong, putting the wrong Tolstoi into the museum of fame, and leaving the right Tolstoi out in the cold. I am not speaking of Tolstoi the novelist, who has a separate reputation of his own, founded on the opinion of judicious men; I am speaking of the two Tolstois of later years: the right Tolstoi, who leads his kindly, weak, lovable life at Yasnaya Polyana, and the wrong Tolstoi, who writes the books and pamphlets decrying all the best that mankind has achieved.

This duality has been a sore trial both to Tolstoi himself and to his disciples. The wrong Tolstoi has written a big book to show that he is really the same as the right Tolstoi: he has raised the contradiction of his Hyde and Jekyll existence into a religious dogma, which we may conveniently call the Parallelogram of Moral Forces. His disciples lay it down as a canon of taste for his critics, that they must not make the inconsistency of his words and his acts a reproach to either.

The wrong Tolstoi writes pamphlets to show that a man should have no truck with property, wives or children, while

the right Tolstoi lives with his family on a comfortable property in the Province of Tula.

> He wished to act in complete consistency with the view he had expressed [says Mr. Aylmer Maude, one of his apologists], but he could not do this—could not, for instance, give away all his property—without making his wife and some of his children angry, and without the risk of their even appealing to the authorities to restrain him. This perplexed him very much; but he felt that he could not do good by doing harm. No external rule, such as that people should give all they had to the poor, would justify him in creating anger and bitterness in the hearts of those nearest to him. So eventually he handed over the remains of his property to his wife and his family, and continued to live in a good house with servants as before, meekly bearing the reproach that he was "inconsistent," and contented himself with doing, in addition to his literary work, what manual labour he could, and living as simply and frugally as possible.

That little difficulty of not being able to "do good" without doing harm, of creating anger and bitterness in the hearts of those nearest to him, is one that is very likely to crop up when a man—especially a married man—tries to practise a scheme of life which involves poverty and celibacy. In fact, that difficulty always does crop up; and there is a touch of personal feeling in the indignation of the Tolstoyites when the reproach of inconsistency is brought against their master: for though Tolstoi has thousands of disciples in every part of the world, I think I may safely say that not one of them has ever practised the Tolstoi scheme of life for twenty-four hours together, any more than their teacher. And this feature is all the more curious and interesting in a religion of the militant sort, which declares all other religions mere "frauds," invented to justify the criminal lives of their adherents.

There are, of course, difficulties in the way. It is a hard thing for a man, who scorns the protection of the law, to live on his own freehold estate—Tolstoyism presupposes a comfortable freehold for each disciple—and feed himself, without exchange or barter, by the labour of his hands, while there are hungry Christians prowling about on every side. I have heard of only one community of true Tolstoyites, the inhabitants of

the Nicobar Islands, and they have never heard of Tolstoi. There is an account of them in the Proceedings of the Anglo Russian Literary Society for the last quarter of 1900, borrowed from a Calcutta magazine, called *Stray Feathers*. The account is headed "Tolstoi's Ideals realised in India."

> There are no persons whatsoever [says the account] possessing any authority among the Nicobarese. Entire absence of subordination is the one salient feature of their social polity. There are no headmen of villages . . . Husbands have no authority over their wives, parents over their children; everybody . . . stands on an altogether independent footing. . . . No man has any need to work. They have everything they want at their doors. Cocoa-nut trees bearing ten times as much fruit as they can consume, the surplus of which when bartered yields them rum and tobacco, silver spoons, and black top-hats (luxuries they greatly affect), and any other clothes they may fancy. . . . There is absolutely no struggle for existence; a child five or six years of age can provide for its own sustenance. . . . The idea of paying any tribute, or in fact of doing anything except follow his own devices without let or hindrance, so far as this in no way interferes with each or all of his neighbours doing the same, never enters the mind of a Nicobarese. They are not at all bad people on the whole; very honest among themselves, good-natured, lazy creatures. . . . They don't care a straw about money, will always take a two- or four-anna piece in preference to a rupee, the former being used for earring beads, the latter being useless.

That about the two- or four-anna pieces recalls Tolstoi singularly. "As soon as the Fools," that is to say, the Tolstoyites, "had got their gold," says Tolstoi, "they gave it away to the women for necklaces; all the girls put it in their hair, and the children played with it in the streets."[1] But the reader will see that the Nicobar islanders are not perfect Tolstoyites: the rum and tobacco and the black top-hats have no place in Tolstoyism. Even the Nicobarese are not angels; we must not look for perfection. In all the rest, how true to Tolstoi's teaching! They are not at all bad people on the whole; very honest among themselves; entire absence of subordination is the salient feature of their social polity. It is not only that they have a courage in their convictions which

[1] "Ivan the Fool."

Tolstoi and his disciples lack; they also enjoy the only conditions in which Tolstoi's political economy can be realised. "There is absolutely no struggle for existence." "They have everything they want at their doors. Cocoanut-trees bearing ten times as much fruit as they can consume." Tolstoi himself demands no more. He is convinced that the poverty of the "working-classes" arises only from the fact that the rich draw away the poor from the land, which cries out to them to harvest the corn that burdens its bosom—a political economy which will not work anywhere in Europe except on that strip of South Russia which goes by the name of the Black Soil, and there only in favourable years. If the world were to go mad one day and accept Tolstoyism as a working theory of government, the population would have to be withdrawn from the greater part of England, France, Germany, Scandinavia and Russia, and settled on the Black Soil, the Nicobar Islands, and one or two other favoured spots, on freehold estates of about nine square yards each. When the crops failed in the Black Soil, as they do from time to time, we should have to fly to the Nicobar Islands for help. This would be hard on the Nicobarese, for Tolstoi forbids payment for goods received. However, the Nicobarese would not have so many mouths to feed as it might be supposed; for Tolstoi having abolished railways and steamships, only a few of the very longest stayers would survive the journey.

"Slavery began with the land," says Tolstoi in one of his latest pamphlets,[1] "because the land was taken from the workers." It is a gross perversion of history, for the workers never had the shadow of a claim to the land. Since the days of Eden tribe has fought with tribe for the corn-land and the hunting-grounds. While the braves were tomahawking trespassers, their squaws were scratching the cornfields with mattocks; when the braves made prisoners, they set them hoeing with the squaws. But did that give the captives and the squaws an exclusive right to the soil and its produce?

[1] "The Way Out." 1900.

If any of the squaws were so misguided as to regard the braves in the light of a "parasite class," they were soon disabused of their mistake when the trespassers got the best of the tomahawking. Civilisation has not changed the case essentially. The European peasant holds the same position as the slave-captive of the savage warriors, and that too in most cases by right of descent. The peasants would not be left to the peaceful pursuit of their toil for a moment if the lines of soldiery and warships that hedge them round to keep out the alien trespasser were withdrawn. It is a fair division of labour that some should work and others watch.

However, all this is of small moment. The wisest of philosophers may be mistaken. But the wrong Tolstoi has claimed the authority of Jesus Christ for the philosophy which he teaches, an authority which convinces where mere reason fails. He could not have gained all these disciples without the name of the Gospel; he could not have escaped criticism as he has if he had not taken refuge in these biblical entrenchments. It is only fair to see whether his biblical basis is sound, and to see whether, in patching up his edifice of philosophy into the semblance of consistency, he has been able to leave the evangelical substructure intact.

The right Tolstoi believes in a God as Christians do.

> I was thinking [he says in a letter of September 1900] that it is impossible to say God is Love, or God is Logos, Understanding. By Love and Understanding we know God; but the ideas of God not only are not covered by those ideas, they are as different from God as the ideas of eye or sight are different from light.

But the wrong Tolstoi, in the great scheme of philosophy which has so captivated the enthusiasts, makes God no more than this same bare Logos or Understanding; while God, as mere God, is one of the "frauds" of the parasite classes.

"The beginning of all things was Understanding (Logos), and Understanding was equivalent to God and replaced God, and Understanding (Logos) was God." That is the wrong

Tolstoi's translation of John i. 1.[1] "It appeared," says Tolstoi's translation, "in separate people (ἦλθε εἰς τὰ ἴδια: John i. 2), and the separate people (οἱ ἴδιοι) would not receive it into them." "He came unto his own [property], and his own [people] received him not" is the literal translation of the Greek. But Tolstoi, who taught himself Greek at the age of forty-one, is quite reckless of genders. "Τὰ ἴδια," he says, "means that which is separate, individual, evidently used in opposition to the world in general. The light was in the whole world, and in separate people; and therefore to the word ἴδιος, 'separate' . . . I add the word 'people'"; though the addition of masculine substantives to neuter adjectives is a process wholly unknown to the humdrum grammarians of our schools and universities.

Now this discrepancy between the views of the right Tolstoi and the wrong Tolstoi is something more than matter for a Trissotin and Vadius dispute: it is a matter which goes to the very root of Tolstoyism.

The real Tolstoi, the kindly old man of Yasnaya Polyana, knows that we are imperfect creatures, kindly for the most part like himself, working out the problems of social life as best we may, guided by an overshadowing Providence from which we hope for some ultimate reward in a simpler and easier world.

> I am more and more convinced [he says in a letter of October 1900[2]] of the unreality of this world in which we live. Not that it is a dream, but that it is only one of the countless manifestations of life. . . . One must feel, like Emerson, "I can get along without it."

But the philosophy of the wrong Tolstoi rejects the consolations of another life. For the wrong Tolstoi the world is not overshadowed by a kindly Providence, but by a malevolent Destiny, in alliance with the parasite classes. Life is a struggle between Evil and Reason. God is not the ruler of the universe,

[1] Tolstoi, "Harmony of the Gospels," vol. i. pp. 19 and 23 in the Russian edition.

[2] Many of his letters are published by Chertkov in his *Listki Svobodnago Slova.*

but mere Common Sense, the weak helpmate of man against the mastery of Evil. It is a kind of dreary Buddhism, leavened with Emerson. The future life is another invention of the parasites, a mere sop to the working classes, on a par with Old Age Pensions.

The wrong Tolstoi, bound to the Gospel for authority, avoids the promise of a future life by tactics of the strangest kind.

In St. Matthew xix. 28, Jesus says: "Ye who have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." "This verse I omit," says Tolstoi,[1] "as not having any definite meaning. . . . It either means nothing, or it is raillery, irony."

In Mark x. 30, Jesus says: "He shall receive a hundredfold now in this time . . . and in the world to come (ἐν τῷ αἰῶνι τῷ ἐρχομένῳ) eternal life." "Ἔρχομαι means 'to go,' 'to pass,'" says Tolstoi[2]—quite untruly, of course—and ἐν τῷ αἰῶνι τῷ ἐρχομένῳ therefore means "in the æon now passing," that is, in *this* life, in spite of the absurdity of "eternal life" in an æon which is passing.

It would be unprofitable work to go through the Harmony and Commentary of the Gospels verse by verse. Those who are curious in such matters may easily estimate Tolstoi's qualifications as a commentator for themselves by referring to the work. Let them see, for instance, his translation of John i. 14,[3] his commentary on Luke ii. 49,[4] or his ludicrous note on ἀποδοκιμασθῆναι.[5]

The system once made, good or bad, it behoved Tolstoi to live by it, if he believed in it. He had declared governments, law and property bad, and it was his duty to eschew the advantages of them. Incidentally he had rejected also tobacco, alcohol and meat. But life was hard with him. His brother-in-law says that, so far from being happy when he had evolved

[1] "Harmony," vol. ii. p. 225. [2] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 224.
[3] *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 33. [4] *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 47. [5] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 248.

this scheme for the only possible happiness, he became depressed in his spirits. His wife and children had no idea of giving up the property at Yasnaya Polyana and working in the fields for their daily bread. Then, again, he was troubled by visitors. Déroulède came and tried to enlist his sympathies on behalf of the Revanche; romantic ladies came—a sort that he could not abide—and wanted to "learn life"; practical ladies came and threatened to blow out their brains if they could not have a thousand roubles on the spot. The wrong Tolstoi says that if people ask for money it is not charitable, but only polite to give it to them; he also says that if people steal things it is because they need them, and therefore have a right to them; but history relates that when these ladies came the right Tolstoi lost his temper and the Countess sent them away. Then Tolstoi made a pair of boots—which is apparently a good thing to do—and was disgusted when he found that one of his admirers kept them at home in a glass case. The Government was very kind and forbearing to him; but business is business, and Tolstoi was summoned as a witness in a law-case to the local court. Fräulein Seuron, who was governess at Yasnaya Polyana, avers that Tolstoi appeared in his sheep-skin, laid a roll of roubles on the table, said, "You cannot force me to swear; there is my fine for non-appearance," and fled.

The same lady says that it was pitiful to see the poor prophet trying to give up his tobacco.

> He walked from room to room as if he could find no place for himself. He would sometimes begin a cigarette and throw it away again at once, or greedily inhale the fumes when other people were smoking. In the end he could not altogether break off this habit . . . it soothed his nerves. People are mistaken in thinking the Count an ascetic in the strict sense of the word.

Then, again, the wrong Tolstoi says that literature is a vice: but the right Tolstoi has the *cacoethes scribendi* in him and cannot keep away from the writing-table. One of Repin's drawings shows him in a modest attic of the great country house, with his scythes and rakes about him, sitting uncomfortably at work

on a little stool in his sheepskin, with an incongruous pair of silver candlesticks before him. In the afternoon he wanders about, says Fräulein Seuron, with a hatchet in the woods. There is something charmingly ingenuous in the picture she gives of Tolstoi, the amateur Tolstoyite, coming back from the fields with a conscious smile of achievement and the smell of manure about him: "I roared with laughter," she says. Then, in spite of his convictions, he has his bicycle for exercise, and even joins the young people in the despised and immoral game of lawn-tennis.

Altogether it is a delightfully human picture, that of Tolstoi, the Squire of Yasnaya Polyana, living in the great house with his Countess, in his sheepskin-overcoat, playing at being a Tolstoyite.

But the wrong Tolstoi, the man who writes the books, seems altogether to have missed the charm of the right Tolstoi's whimsicality and weakness, which have in them something of the appeal of a child's helplessness. In "The Kingdom of God is within You" he puts forward that curious theorem, the "Parallelogram of Moral Forces," to show that the making and breaking of impracticable rules of life is the very essence of philosophic Christianity.

> Those who call my system impracticable [says Tolstoi] are quite right if we regard the counsels of perfection afforded by the doctrine of Christ as rules which must be fulfilled by each of us, just as in the code of society the rules of paying taxes, &c., must be fulfilled by each. . . . The perfection held up before the eyes of Christians is infinite and can never be attained, and Christ has this in view: but he knows that the striving upwards to full and infinite perfection will always increase the happiness of man. . . . Christ is not teaching angels, but men who live an animal life; and to the animal force of motion Christ, as it were, applies another force, namely, the consciousness of divine perfection, and so *directs the movement of humanity along the resultant of the two forces.*[1] . . . The animal force remains always the same and lies beyond the control of man. . . . Divine perfection is the asymptote of human life, to which it is always approximating, but which it can attain only in infinity.

The doctrine is easy enough to apply to the individual life.

[1] "Kingdom of God," i. 139.

To renounce property and family and live with one's wife and children in a comfortable country house is the part of a consistent philosophic Christian. To forswear tobacco and smoke cigarettes is not a sign of weakness, but mere obedience to Parallelogram Christianity.

But the doctrine seems hard to apply to public life. What resultant will the Parallelogram give us in the matter of fighting? Shall we forswear war and settle our quarrels with pitchforks? Or what compromise will the Parallelogram make between the abolition of law-courts and our depraved inclination for justice? Is Lynch-law the resultant?

There was one great difficulty which puzzled many until the Parallelogram explained it. If all men abstained from the making of children, as Tolstoi directed, what would become of the human race?

The apparent contradiction of Tolstoi—it is only apparent—may be clearly seen if we set side by side two passages in which he lays down the duty of women. In the epilogue to the "Kreutzer Sonata" they are clearly condemned to perpetual virginity.

> The Christian cannot look upon carnal connection otherwise than as a sin, as is said in Matt. v. 25 . . . and he will therefore always avoid marriage.[1]

The other passage is to be found in "What must we do?"[2]

> As it is said in the Bible, to man and to woman, to each is given a law: to man the law of labour, to woman the law of childbearing. . . . Each law is unchangeable . . . and disobedience is punished inevitably with death. . . . If you are true mothers, you will not say after two children, nor after twenty children, that you have brought forth children enough. . . . You will not make over the care of suckling them and nursing them to another mother . . . for you regard that labour as your life, and therefore the more you have of that labour the fuller and happier will your life be.

Tolstoi means us, of course, to trust to the Parallelogram of Forces for the continuation of the species.

Tolstoi's doctrines fill many books and pamphlets: it is not therefore to be expected that all his inconsistencies should be

[1] Epilogue, p. 15. [2] "Works," 1891, vol. xiii. pp. 234, 239, 240.

touched upon within the limits of a single article. But though I cannot here set forth the whole bulk of the contradictions which his disciples have swallowed, these specimens may serve to illustrate the quality of their digestion; and the reader may be able the better to appreciate the mental condition of those who, at one and the same time, declare the doctrines of the Church an impious fraud, and complain of the cruelty of the Holy Synod in dissociating Tolstoi from any participation in them.

Tolstoi is a hesitating prophet, who never rests in any affirmation or negation, but says: "This is true . . . at least, it may be true . . . but no, on the whole I am sure that it is untrue." While his disciples take down his words and proclaim as their creed: "We are sure that this is true, that it may be true, and that on the whole it is not true."

Tolstoi is not a Tolstoyite: he is an amiable character who has somehow strayed out into real life from the pages of "Tristram Shandy" or "The Caxtons." And perhaps we who are also not Tolstoyites may consistently be sorry that the Church of his native country—which, no doubt, he loves in his heart of hearts—should have declared war on him. For, separated from his "system"—and the separation is easy—he is not more unorthodox than thousands in and out of his own country who live and die at peace with their Established Churches, to the comfort of their friends and relatives.

G. L. CALDERON.

THE LOST ART OF CATCHING

TO enter upon a season comprising one hundred and sixty-six fixtures with the prospect of finishing 58 per cent. of the games begun, as in 1900, is scarcely conducive to intensifying or even holding the public interest in the greatest of summer pastimes, which interest is chiefly centred upon the aforementioned one hundred and sixty-six inter-county meetings. Cricket is not the only pastime in which one is obliged to recognise that *bête noir* of the sportsman, the drawn game; even a football season will disclose the fact that 20 per cent. of the fixtures end in drawn games, but the great difference which exists between the perfect equality of the opponents in the football draw and the sometimes very exasperating inequality of the players, or rather of their respective scores, in a drawn game of cricket, renders any comparison between the two impossible. As far as football is concerned the drawn game is bearable, with regard to cricket it is—well, highly undesirable.

If we compare the number of drawn games in the county championship matches, which in the aggregate amount to nearly 48 per cent. of the matches entered upon, with the drawn games played in inter-county fixtures twenty-two years ago, we find that there are practically twice as many drawn games played to-day as there were then, when out of fifty county matches begun only eleven remained unfinished.

Into the respective merits of the bowlers and batsmen of to-day and yesterday we do not intend to enter here; there are

some uncommonly good bowlers to-day, and there were some uncommonly good bats at the end of the seventies—of the quality of the bowling at the end of the seventies and the batting at the end of the century there is no question: we also prefer to leave to others the question respecting the desirability of encouraging groundsmen to subject their wickets to a species of enamelling process—an undoubted source of high scoring and consequently of drawn games; and the Clerk of the Weather will not here be taken to task because he has of late years been good enough to provide us with better cricketing weather than we are altogether accustomed to: fine, dry weather and enamelled wickets are undoubtedly conducive to drawn games, but bad fielding and deplorable catching have much more to answer for, and it is with them that we shall deal.

"I admit," said recently one of the finest cricketers that ever stepped into the field, a man of vast experience in the cricket of both to-day and yesterday, Mr. A. N. Hornby, "that the large number of drawn matches played now is a bad feature of the game, but that is not the fault of the rules. It is simply due to shocking bad fielding. The fielders should hold catches, and then there would be more finished games. For instance, take Noble's innings in the test match at Old Trafford last year (1899). He was missed before scoring, and then stayed in for two days. The fielding is not so good as it used to be, and it is this alone that is responsible for drawn games."

The President of the Lancashire County Club, had he so desired, instead of referring to an incident of the season of 1899, could have found illustrations in plenty in last season's play; he might have quoted the expensive mistake that resulted in Ranjitsinhji's adding 122 runs to his total against Kent at the end of last August: he might have recalled the seven chances missed in the course of Surrey's first innings against Middlesex at Lord's, whereby five batsmen, who might have been out for 33 runs, scored between them no fewer than 244—as Surrey lost, notwithstanding the generosity of their opponents,

perhaps this illustration would hardly have been apposite; he might, however, have mentioned the dropped catch given by Brown in the course of his famous innings of 168, the highest ever hit for Players against Gentlemen at Lord's, a mistake that probably lost the match to the Gentlemen; and, as a curiosity, he might have alluded to the extraordinary fortune attending Mr. T. H. Page when playing for Hants against Essex in July, this gentleman being missed no less than four times in rapid succession!

That bad fielding is solely and wholly the cause of drawn games we should not like to say, but it is an undoubted fact that it is the principal agent in their production, for slackness in the field is provocative of a rapidly rising score, and heavy scoring is in four cases out of five the apparent origin of the drawn game; as for missed opportunities in the way of catches, every chance lost is equivalent to giving the batting side an extra batsman and one who enters upon his innings with his eye in; no wonder that drawn games are so frequent when it is not unusual to find that practically from fifteen to seventeen individual innings have been played ere a complete side has been dismissed for the first time.

The British public, reading its morning paper, observes that Abel was missed with his score at 0, and was at fault on more than one occasion, and promptly forgets the incident; if missed opportunities of getting rid of an opponent were entered in the score—although to read that Abel was "m.c. (missed from a catch) by Jones 0, m. run out (missed run out) Brown, 42, m.c. Robinson, 76, m.st. Jones 152, not out 215," might create confusion—the public would eventually realise the vast number of mistakes that are made in first-class cricket each day of the season and would in time, perhaps, regard good fielding as just as important a factor in the game as good batting and good bowling, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To discover the exact number of catches missed in first-class cricket in the course of a season would necessitate enlisting the services of an up-to-date Argus whose many eyes would also

have to be fitted with the latest improvements in telephoto lenses; in the absence of this friendly help, for the purpose of this article, we collated one month's (August) cricket reports in an absolutely unbiased contemporary, with the result (keeping in mind the fact that a good proportion of the chances given, even when observed from the Press-box, are not alluded to in print) that we were anything but reassured as to the fielding displayed by our best elevens. In the following table we show how the 166 catches missed in August, which we succeeded in tracing, were distributed among the fifteen first-class counties; we also give the number of wickets taken by each team during that month, whilst in the third column, in order to reduce all the teams to the same common denominator, we append the percentages of chances missed to wickets captured:

County.	Chances Missed.	Wickets Captured.	Percentage of Chances Missed to Wickets Captured.
1. Warwick	11	45	24
2. Derby	11	61	18
3. Gloucester	23	140	16·4
4. Sussex	19	126	15
5. Notts	10	68	14·7
6. Somerset	11	86	12·8
7. Worcester	14	117	12
8. Middlesex	19	163	11·6
9 Essex	9	88	10·2
10. Hants	9	90	10
11. Kent	11	138	7·9
12. Surrey	7	140	5
13. Lancashire	5	119	4·2
14. Leicestershire	4	96	4·1
15. Yorkshire	3	127	2·3

Warwick owes her position at the head of the list to an epidemic that, as Tom Emmett would say, was "certainly not 'catching.'" It broke out with exceeding virulence in the match against Worcester, when not only was Bowley missed in the slips, but Arnold, who was thrice missed at the same

figure and twice later on, gave five unaccepted chances in an innings of 118, an exhibition of fielding that was only redeemed by the exceedingly brilliant running catch with which Walter Quaife dismissed Wilson. Later in the month Mr. Percy Perrin enjoyed, at the expense of Warwick, some of that remarkable luck that pursued him through August. Derby's worst fielding *débâcle* took place in their match with Notts, which they undoubtedly lost through their bad fielding. Goodacre, who was twice missed, scored 67; Carlin was missed once, and scored 63; J. Gunn, missed at 0, scored 54; and Iremonger, missed at 31, scored 65. Although Mr. F. Townsend brilliantly caught J. T. Hearne in the Middlesex match, the Gloucestershire fielding was frequently at fault; and in the Surrey match Hayes, Abel, Mr. Crawford, and Stedman had an extra innings each, whilst Lees was presented with a couple. When Mr. Bromley Davenport scored 69 for Worcester, he was missed at 30, 36 and 56. Mr. Blaker was missed thrice in scoring 57 not out for Kent; and Mr. Perrin, when he ran up 134 not out—Oh! the irony of these "not outs"—for Essex, enjoyed a fair slice of fortune, for he was missed by four different men at 39, 56, 118 and 129 respectively! Although Mr. Fry and Relf made some more than ordinarily good catches in the Gloucestershire match, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji dismissed Tunnicliffe on one occasion, and Barton on another, with catches adjudged by eye-witnesses to be above the average even for him, the Sussex eleven, excepting Tate, in the match *v.* Yorkshire, were frequently at fault. Mr. C. E. de Trafford, before he scored his 62 runs for Leicester (in eighteen hits), was missed in the slips at 8, and eventually gave four unaccepted chances in his brief but lively innings. Lord Hawke, in scoring 26, was missed thrice. Mr. Lowe, in scoring 74 for Worcester, enjoyed three innings; and Sussex practically lost all chance of scoring a win over Hants by missing Barton at 1 and 30 in his first innings, which augmented the score of his side by 51, and in his second at 19 (he only scored 22 however), and by

letting off Webb at 15, whereupon he increased his score to 70.

The chief mistake made by Notts last August consisted in letting off Mr. P. F. Warner at 72, whereupon he scored 184, and in not holding catches given by Mr. W. P. Robertson, who augmented the score against them by 62. At a later date they also had the misfortune to miss the opportunity of dismissing Mr. McLaren at 28, whereupon he scored 77. On the other hand, it must not be overlooked that Mr. Oscroft superbly caught Mr. Marriot in the Leicester match, and that the catch with which Mr. G. J. Groves dismissed Tyldesley must, notwithstanding the fact that it was the cause of the downfall of a great Lancashire batsman, have been the source of much pleasure to Mr. A. N. Hornby.

To comment upon all the missed opportunities afforded in the month of August would entail the printing of a Supplement, but it may be mentioned that when Hayes scored 175 against Hants, and Mr. Mason 187 against the same county, the former was missed three times and the latter twice; that Kent probably lost an opportunity of beating Lancashire through missing Mr. Hartley in the first innings at 11 and 88, and that they had to pay 122 runs (net; if we take into consideration the number of runs accruing to his various partners the gross score would probably be much higher) for the luxury of missing K. S. Ranjitsinhji; that Lancashire paid dearly for missing Mr. Jephson at 28, that gentleman eventually scoring 188; that Middlesex fielded execrably against Yorkshire and, as we have already pointed out, against Surrey, though in the former match Mr. J. Douglas greatly distinguished himself by a magnificent running catch which dismissed Rhodes. If the chance given by Mr. Dixon at 21, when he compiled his not-out score of 126 against Leicester, had been accepted, there is every probability that the Notts score would have been reduced to one-half the proportions it attained, in which case at the end of an innings apiece both counties would have found themselves very evenly matched;

whilst Surrey, in her return match with Middlesex, would have pressed the home county much harder than she did had Mr. Wells, who scored 62, returned to the Pavilion caught in the slips at 24, and had not Mr. Warner, who amassed a century, enjoyed a respite at 47. The wonderful fielding displayed by Holland in the Lancashire match and by Hayes and Clode in the match with Notts, went far to redeeming the mistakes made by Surrey during August, but these mistakes cost her dear in some cases, especially when Mr. Palairet, in the match which Somerset won by 26 runs, was missed at 7 and eventually totalled 83.

To the best of our ability we show in the following table the net cost of the various mistakes we have traced in county matches during August, and also the names of those counties which benefited by the mistakes of their opponents and the extent to which they benefited: it is, of course, impossible to account for every run thrown away, but the aggregate of 4258 given through missed catches may be accepted as the minimum, for we have taken into consideration neither the runs accruing to the respited players' partners—runs that would not have been obtained had he not kept up the opposite wicket—nor additional extras also accruing from the innings being lengthened:

County.	Runs given to Opponents by missing Catches.	Runs received from Opponents.
Middlesex . . .	438 ...	390
Kent	411 ...	298
Gloucestershire . .	405 ...	139
Derby	384 ...	105
Worcester . . .	359 ...	316
Notts	306 ...	318
Somerset . . .	302 ...	270
Hants	289 ...	248
Sussex	289 ...	261
Essex	243 ...	207
Surrey	231 ...	331
Warwick . . .	212 ...	117
Lancashire . . .	195 ...	159
Leicester . . .	154 ...	161
Yorkshire . . .	40 ...	438
	4258	4258

The huge bonus of runs given to Surrey batsmen owes its magnitude chiefly to the fact that Hayes, who scored 515 runs during the month, was actually presented with 224, or over 40 per cent., by his opponents; Abel, Hayward and Mr. Jephson also benefited by the mistakes of their opponents to the amount of considerably over 100 runs apiece, one mistake enriching the captain's aggregate by 115 runs and another Abel's aggregate by 111. The Yorkshireman most favoured by his opponents was Mr. Taylor, whose aggregate for the month, 412 runs, would have been reduced by 48 per cent. had all the catches he gave been accepted; in a more modest way the popular captain of the Yorkshire eleven was also the recipient of several extra innings augmenting his aggregate for the month, which totalled 278 runs, to the extent of 88. To Mr. Perrin's good fortune in August we have already alluded; it only remains for us to add that, if his opponents had taken advantage of all the opportunities afforded them, instead of his aggregate for the nine completed innings played by him in that month, amounting to 852 runs, his total would not have exceeded the second century by more than a couple of runs. Other recipients of over 100 runs during the month under analysis were Barton (Hants), Mr. J. A. Dixon (Notts), Mr. C. J. B. Wood (Leicester), W. Quaife (Warwick), Mr. J. Douglas and Mr. P. F. Warner (Middlesex), Mr. Mason (Kent), K. S. Ranjitsinhji (Sussex) and Mr. L. Palairet (Somerset).

If in the course of twenty-seven days county cricket over 4000 runs are, together with the time they take to compile, wasted, we may infer that in the course of the whole county season, in which a grand total of 128,018 runs were scored last year, some 18,000 unnecessary runs are given away through bad catching. If this is the *net* result of missing catches, what must be the *aggregate* cost, taking into consideration the runs accruing through the lengthened partnerships and through slovenly fielding—surely sufficient if they could be eliminated, or nearly eliminated, for accidents will happen, by smartness

in the field—to greatly reduce the present proportion of over 40 per cent. of games drawn?

The result of the meeting of the county captains has been to discountenance any project of altering the law of l.b.w. in favour of the bowler and to initiate a crusade against doubtful bowling; the prospect the approaching season holds forth as regards drawn games is therefore very promising, and great scores will thrive more than ever unless there is a revival of the good fielding that was current in the days of the Walkers, Parr, and many other captains of the past, who kept up their teams to so high a standard of fielding that to miss a chance was regarded by the offender in much the same light as if he had committed a crime. This standard, we are afraid, is hardly likely to be again attained as long as so much first-class cricket takes place under present conditions. If it is absolutely necessary to play day after day, day after day, county committees should pay more attention to the fielding form displayed by the members of the eleven; at present, if a batsman plays a succession of single-figure innings, the chances are that he loses nis place in the eleven; if, on the other hand, his fielding, say at mid-on, results in his opponents amassing many runs through his slovenliness in the field and through dropped catches on his part, not the slightest notice is taken of the fact, so far as leaving him out of the eleven is concerned, as long as his batting average is on the right side of thirty, though in many cases a net gain would accrue to the team if the batsman were left out in favour of a safe field and less brilliant performance with the willow. It was very noticeable during the course of last summer how those wicket-keepers who had been temporarily incapacitated, when they at length resumed their positions behind the stumps, displayed more than ordinarily brilliant form as the result of their enforced idleness; if, instead of waiting until they were prevented by accident or illness from playing, the selection committees of our county clubs were to rest their fieldsmen at the first sign of staleness in the field, we feel sure that the gain in having smart fielding and safe catching would

more than compensate for the temporary absence of even a really great batsman.

Failing a great improvement in fielding, and especially in catching, or some extraordinary weather that will have the effect of destroying the plumbness of the prepared wicket and yet allow sufficient time to play matches out, we do not see what is to save us from an increase in the percentage of drawn games during the ensuing season, and from the customary columns of suggestions showing how the game could be improved by playing it in slabs, the sides taking it in turn to occupy the wickets for periods varying from ten minutes to two hours, or from those extremely original notions for the elimination of the drawn game, namely, the plan of adding an inch to the height of the wicket or introducing an extra stump. If the art of catching has really fallen into desuetude and the missing of catches is not occasioned, as we believe it is, by staleness brought about by too much cricket, and by want of fielding practice, we would suggest that the situation would be most easily met by altering the wording of Law 22 so that it read: "Or, if the ball, from a stroke of the bat or hand, but not of the wrist, *ought, in the opinion of the Umpire, to have been held before it touched the ground*—'caught.'" We are certainly not ripe for such a drastic alteration in the laws at present, but——

HAROLD MACFARLANE.

LADY HESKETH AND "JOHNNY OF NORFOLK"

A CENTURY has passed away since Cowper died, and the centenary year has brought a revival of interest in both himself and his work. Very little fresh material concerning him has come to light, and the poet's letters still remain his best biography—those delightful letters in which he engages our sympathy and affection not only for himself, but also for the correspondents, who by their faithful service and unswerving devotion did all that was humanly possible to enlighten the heavy burden of his later years. Among these the two cousins, Lady Hesketh and the Rev. John Johnson, commonly called "Johnny of Norfolk," played a leading part. It will be remembered that during the three years that Cowper was articled to a London solicitor, he spent much of his leisure at the house of his uncle, Mr. Ashley Cowper, and became a great favourite with his cousins Harriet and Theodora. With Theodora he fell in love, but an engagement was forbidden on account of the near relationship of the pair. Harriet, however, kept up a correspondence with her sister's lover until the change in his religious opinions temporarily alienated her sympathies from him, and the friendship was suspended for a period of twenty years. Meanwhile Harriet had become the wife of Sir Thomas Hesketh, and spent the greater part of her married life abroad. After her husband's death in 1778,

she returned to England, and settled down at Bath, where she became a familiar figure in the social life of the period.

Her cousin, William Cowper, was now famous, and after reading his "John Gilpin," published in 1785, Lady Hesketh felt a strong desire to renew the old ties of affection that had once existed between them. A letter from her called forth a warm response from the poet, and thenceforward until his death in 1800, a regular correspondence was kept up between them. When her own infirmities and his unhappy state prevented her from visiting him, she wrote every week to "Johnny of Norfolk," then curate of East Dereham, who took charge of his cousin during these later years, and tended him with a filial devotion. A number of letters addressed by Lady Hesketh to Mr. Johnson have recently come to light, and though they add nothing to Cowper's fame, yet they contain many little intimate touches which will not be without interest to lovers of the poet, as well as several curious allusions to the life and manners of the period. Lady Hesketh is revealed in these letters as a kind-hearted but somewhat fussy old lady, inordinately proud of her relationship to Cowper, reigning like a little queen at Bath, and made much of by everybody wherever she went, from the Royal Family downwards.

In 1794, Mrs. Unwin had become so enfeebled, both mentally and physically, through a paralytic stroke, that her companionship once all-sufficing, only aggravated the poet's melancholy. Lady Hesketh's knowledge of this fact, and perhaps some touch of natural jealousy, led her to write of the poor lady with an asperity, not to say spitefulness, which was hardly worthy of so innately kind-hearted a woman. In the summer of 1794 she is staying at Weston, and sends the following curious communication from thence to "Johnny of Norfolk," on the subject of an old tea-pot of Mrs. Unwin's, which he had apparently received permission to exchange for a new one:

Rare indeed, my good Sir John, and valuable as rare! Why what a costly pacquet did you send us last night! . . . I have the satisfaction to inform

you that it arrived very safely, and we were all delighted to see the rare and beauteous Phœnix which seemed to have arisen so miraculously from the ashes of the old one. When I had developed the pacquet I called out, "Oh, what a beautiful tea-pot! Well, Johnny has indeed done the thing handsomely! I think I never in my life saw a handsomer or more elegant thing of its kind." Mrs. Unwin instantly roared out, "Is it solid silver? Are you sure it is real solid silver? Mine was silver."—"Indeed, madam, I do not know; plated things look sometimes very handsome, and 'tis so large, one might *almost* suppose it was not, only Johnny is the last man in the world to take a silver tea-pot, and return a plated, unless *you* had ordered him to do so." Our dear cousin then said, "No, no, it is silver very plainly; besides here is the hall-mark," to which she with a *grunt*, "Oh you're sure 'tis silver, very well." I then proceeded in my admirations and explanations of this dear, delightful tea-pot, and spoke with great admiration of the manner in which the *arms* were engraved—how well they were executed—"and here," says I, "is your crest, my cousin, on the other side." She immediately called out with great vociferation, "What is the crest?"—"Oh," says I, "the bear's paw and cherry-branch." She then screamed louder, "Oh, that's not right, that's not right."—"Yes, yes," said our cousin, "it is quite right;" to which she rejoined, "No, that is not the Unwin crest—the other tea-pot was mine."—"Oh," says I, "our friend Johnny never thought of that I daresay," and Mr. Cowper added, "Pho, pho, what does that signify between you and me?" She hemmed and grunted again, and at last said, "Well, I'm very glad Mr. Johnson has sent it to you, my man, very glad." And as she repeated this at different intervals thro' the whole evening, I gathered that she was *not glad at all.*

This little scene certainly does not present Lady Hesketh in a very engaging light, but it is obvious throughout the correspondence that she was inclined to grudge the rest of the world any share in her beloved cousin's affections, the same feeling being expressed, though in a milder form, in the following letter to Mr. Johnson, written in the winter of 1790:

How much I love and honour your enthusiastic zeal in the service of your friends, my good Sir John Croydon [one of Johnny's nicknames], let this quick return to your letter of yesterday assure you. Nothing delights me more than to see people active in the cause they have undertaken—that passive spirit which is often honoured by the name of good nature, but which is contented with sending good wishes to those they love from a comfortable sofa, or an easy chair, is not the sort of goodness which suits my taste. I like the impetuosity of your spirit which inclines you to do and think of everything by which you

may essentially serve those you profess to love and esteem. Judge then how much and more particularly it pleases me to see that happy talent of yours exerted in every possible way in favour of our good and valuable cousin, whom (par parenthese) I love as much better than you, as I have known him longer, as well at least as any sister can love a brother, your sister Kate not excepted. This being the case, cousin Johnny, as it certainly is, let me proceed to tell you how much both I myself, and Mrs. Unwin, and this dear cousin of ours, approve and admire all the good you have already done us, and all that you design to do in our service. . . . I know that by this time you hate me cordially for asserting that my affection to the Translator of Homer is stronger than yours, and you will ask me, perhaps, whether it requires half a century to create a sincere friendship and esteem for a deserving object, and to this I answer, "No—not exactly that, yet you must allow, cousin Johnny, that the Tree which has taken the firmest root is the least liable to accidents or injury, and when you have allowed me this, I will honestly own to you that it is in the term of its duration only that I believe my attachment to excel yours, so allow me the melancholy privilege that *age* gives me, and let us part friends. Oh, but we must not part yet. I have several things yet to say; one is about the Mr. Cowper and the Miss Madan whom your friend Mr. Reeves saw at Evesham House. They are both cousins of mine, and Mr. Cowper's Miss Madan is the daughter of the late Mr. Madan, of Epsom, the clergyman who has written so well and so abominably,[1] but no more of him. The Mr. Cowper who was there is the eldest son of the late Major Cowper, of the Park House, in Staffordshire, and is nephew to General Cowper. Take notice, I should have spared myself and you this account, but I love to treat people with their favourite dish when I can, and considering you in the light of Rouge Dragon, or Norroy King-at-Arms, I give you this faint shadow of a ghost of a pedigree, which may prove perhaps, as a little dainty, or kickshaw, to stay your stomach, till something more satisfactory falls in your way."

Mr. Johnson at this time was putting together Cowper's pedigree, hence the allusions to his heraldic tendency. Later on Lady Hesketh furnished him with some further information on this subject, which begins in quaint fashion:

A Tale for the benefit of Superannuated Heralds, Humbly Inscribed to "Johnny of Norfolk," *once* the formidable Rival of Rouge Dragon, Norroy King-at-Arms, and even of the Norfolk Herald! but now alas!— Sir William Cowper, Bart., of the Mote in Kent, and of Hertford Castle, in the County of Herts, had two sons—William, Lord High Chancellor of England; and Spencer, Lord Chief Justice of Chester, and ditto of the Common Pleas. The above-

[1] The author of "Thelyphthora," a treatise in favour of polygamy.

mentioned Spencer married in due time a fair and virtuous damsel named Judith [daughter of Sir Robert Booth], a woman beloved and esteemed by her own and her husband's family, and justly considered as the paragon of her day, for every grace and accomplishment, and every domestic and social virtue. Above all, she stood unrivalled in the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition, of which I have heard many of her descendants, and indeed all who knew her, speak with delight and amazement. To the above-mentioned Spencer Cowper this peerless lady bore four children—viz., three sons and one daughter, the latter the counterpart of herself in all her virtues and graces, but excelling her in respect of genius, which early showed itself in an elegant taste for poetry, many proofs of which are now extant, though she never would allow of their being printed. The three sons which the above-mentioned admirable and virtuous lady bore to Spencer Cowper, were named William, John and Ashley. The eldest, William, possessed an estate in Hertfordshire near Cole Green, the seat of Earl Cowper. John, the second, went into the Church, and was for a long series of years Rector of Berkhampstead. He was the father of the poet. Ashley, the youngest brother, was intended for the law, but quitted the profession, and became Clerk to the Parliaments after the decease of his eldest brother who enjoyed it during his life, it having been a grant from the Crown to his father. Ashley left behind him only three daughters with small portions and few talents!—one of whom, having not yet quite lost her memory, has written the above account for the benefit of those who may want hereafter to be instructed in the history, or rather to have a sketch of the House of Cowper.

In 1795 Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were removed to Norfolk, in order that they might be under the immediate care of Mr. Johnson. Mrs. Unwin died in 1796, but for a time the poet seems to have improved in bodily health and mental activity. In the summer of 1798, Johnny was thinking of taking his cousin to the east coast for change of air. Lady Hesketh, like most other people at that period, was full of apprehension of the long-threatened French invasion, and writes in June 1798:

I understand from his [Cowper's] letter that you meant to take him to the seaside—is not that a hazardous step at this critical time, when the Toulon fleet has certainly sayl'd, and no one knows its destination? Your Eastern Coast has always been considered to be in danger, though on what side they are to attack us, or whether they are to attack us at all, is, I believe, known only to themselves; but sure enough I should be grieved at heart should any of these wretches land in your neighbourhood. I hope our dear Cousin does not see the newspapers, and does not know either the dangers we are in, or the

Horrors that are going forward in Ireland, where they are doing their best to imitate their dear friends the French.

In April of the same year she had urged her correspondent to

draw for one hundred pound at three-days sight, and the sooner the better, for you don't know what might happen, or how soon a few guineas may be necessary to carry you out of the way of the French devils, who I really believe will land in as many parts of the kingdom as they can, to create the greater degree of confusion; and though I trust we shall finally be preserved from their machinations, yet as no money will be to be had for some time should any disturbance really happen, it will be proper for every one to keep a few guineas by them. They are very difficult things to get, I know, and I don't think that even here at Bath I have been able to get more than ten or twelve for about three months, all notes being changed by other notes, and as *those notes* will be perfectly useless in case of anything happening at the bank, gold will be your only resource. I beg, therefore, when you get your money, you will by gentle degrees, turn as much of it into gold as you can. You must do it in a careless manner, and not with any earnestness, but pay *all* with paper, and never give a guinea to a tradesman while you have a note in the world—by that means you will pick up as I do, two guineas here, three there, and so on. I advise you also to take care to pay all your debts, unless they should be very large, and then I don't know what to say. I believe I do not owe a shilling in the world, except what I shall pay to-morrow morning in my weekly book, and tho' by this means one cannot possess much money, one has the comfort of knowing it is all one's own; which otherwise it could not be you know.

Lady Hesketh was as patriotic as she was loyal, and she was delighted with the Anglophile writings of the Swiss, Mallet du Pan.

When you get the *Anti-Jacobin Magazine* [she says in a letter dated December 1798] you will find there extracts in English from a French work of "Mallet du Pan," which comes out twice a month I think. When you read what he says about *us* you must be proud of being an *Englishman*, if you never were so before. I will treat you here with a little short extract, which I think will make you hold up your head, and strut about like *Ancient Pistol!* After saying that he left the Continent under the idea that England was on the brink of Ruin, and that France with her gunboats was going to complete her destruction, he writes in these words, "How was I surprised on landing in England to find that a war, the most terrible that any Empire was ever exposed to, produced a thousand times less risk, trouble, sadness and fear than the charms of Peace, in which all the competitors for concord with the French

Republick, rock themselves—and tremble. It is with 800 ships of war, 150,000 seamen, 300,000 men under arms, £50,000,000 sterling annually poured by public patriotism, opulence and liberality into the scale of resources, it is with periodical victories, the brilliancy of which has never been equalled in the Marine Annals of any nation; it is in securing all the anchors of an admirable constitution the more, the more the enemy tries to remove them, that England waits without fear and without impatience, the issue of her dangers." I could write a great deal more from this charming work, and had I a frank I would, because I am sure you would be pleased with it. I shall only add on this subject that it is so *just* and pleasing a picture of our situation that I fancy our dear Cousin would like to hear it, were you to read it to him with "*good Emphasis* and *Distinction*," as Sir Gregory Gazelle says in the Farce. *Mallet du Pan* is a native of Geneva, and writes with more spirit than any one whom I have met with a great while. He is generally admired and esteemed.

Although Lady Hesketh entertained her young cousin with her observations about the people and events of the day, the main object of her frequent letters was to ask the latest tidings of Cowper; and when now and then the poet was well enough to send her a line himself, her delight knew no bounds.

I find myself [she writes in this same year, 1798] under the necessity of telling you, my good young friend, of the very great pleasure it gave me to receive a few lines from our beloved cousin a few days ago! They were melancholy lines, 'tis true, and there were but few of them, but such as they were, they were unspeakably welcome to me as coming from his dear hand; just, too, at a time when I thought of writing to him myself, and had him on my mind very particularly for some days. I hope the dear soul has received my answer, which I wrote *immediately;* it will give me great pleasure if I can hear that he read it with composure—or at least that he did not consider the friendship and affection which I expressed for him as insults. I well remember he was too apt to think so of every kind thing that was said to, or of him, dear soul! Yet how is it possible to write but from *one's Heart*, and I am sure if I write from *mine*, my letters can contain nothing but tenderness and friendship to this dear Being, whose restoration to health is the first wish of my heart, and my daily prayer.

When "Johnny" is able to report improvement, she declares,

There is no describing the pleasure it gives me to think that our inestimable cousin begins to take an interest in anything, and above all do I rejoice

that he begins to interest himself in what interests all the world—his own *delightful works!* That he will suffer you to read them to him, did, indeed, make me shed tears of joy—but do not be angry if I say that I do envy you the delightful task of reading those heavenly poems. Had I a *voice*, depend upon it, I should set out directly to take this occupation from you, or at least to share it with you. What indeed would I not give to read that divine performance to the dear author of it, and it is so gratifying to me to think that he will consent to listen to them, that I can only hope you will not wait till you have laboured through the sixteen volumes [of Shakespeare] you talk of, before you enter upon this most pleasing of all tasks.

In the summer of 1799 Lady Hesketh was at Weymouth at the same time as George III. and his family. While there her whole time, she says, was taken up in looking at the Royal Family, who were parading under her windows half a dozen times a day.

You who are well acquainted with my *intense loyalty* [she continues] will readily imagine the pleasure it gave me to see the dear king so *well* and so *happy* as he always appeared to be. It is indeed a heart-cheering sight to behold this good and gracious monarch surrounded by his charming family (the females of it I mean) who all seem delighted in his company, and with whom he appears as easy and as happy as any private gentleman in his dominions. Indeed I must say that I never beheld so charming a picture of domestic comfort and felicity as these good people exhibit.

Lady Hesketh's loyalty naturally suffered no diminution when, on the occasion of another visit to Weymouth, she was admitted into the intimacy of the Royal Family.

I have enjoyed [she says] some most amusing and delightful days in their society on the "Royal Sovereign" [the royal barge] which is by much the most magnificent, and at the same time the most elegant thing I ever saw, and in the truest taste. A fine band of music on board adds greatly to the entertainment, the best part of which, however, consists in the easy gayety and affability of the whole Royal Family, who seem to endeavour to out-doo each other in kindness and graciousness to all who approach them. We dine at two o'clock, and the hours from ten in the morning to five or six in the evening when we come on shore pass only with too much rapidity. Of all the women I ever met with the Queen has the most superior talents for conversation, and it is indeed delightful to be with her Majesty, either in public or private, in both which situations I have frequently been admitted, and the princesses could not be kinder to me if I was their sister, and this to a woman of my age is certainly a strong proof

of their goodness. The king is certainly to all appearance younger by ten years than he was a year ago—strangers would suppose him not more than fifty years old, and from my heart I wish he were no more. He is so good, so rationally pious, and so kind and benevolent to everybody, that I cannot look at him without wishing that he might live for ever.

So enthusiastic a loyalist was naturally deeply agitated by the attempt made on the king's life by Hadfield in May 1800. It will be remembered that George III., when entering his box at Drury Lane, was shot at by Hadfield from his seat in the pit. The king, who was unharmed, prevented a panic by quietly sitting out the play.

God grant [writes Lady Hesketh] this wretched Hadfield may not escape the punishment he merits on the pretence of insanity. Nothing was so plain to me as that Sir W. Addington's stupid questions and the information he so kindly gave him, that that plea would lessen his offence, made the wretch take that ground, for at the beginning he was certainly as much in his senses as I am. I was quite amazed and shocked at Addington's behaviour before I had a key to it. It now turns out that he was *drunk*, and is therefore very properly set aside, for tho' justice may sometimes be blind, she never should be drunk! I hope all you good folks in Norfolk are delighted with the fortitude and extreme magnanimity of the King's behaviour on that occasion. Had he retired, the house would have been pulled to pieces in a moment—the Riot would have become general, and thousands of lives might have been lost! I believe I should have dyed had I been that night at the playhouse, but could I have survived, I should have thought it a most affecting and charming sight to see such a Monarch surrounded by such a family. I am assured that when the King came out of the box, all his sons pressed round him. The Prince of Wales knelt and kissed his hand, and said something in a low voice which affected the King extremely, who embraced him tenderly. It seems that Townsend, one of the Bow Street officers, took notice that when the house was filling, this Hadfield came in with four or five ill-looking fellows who took great pains to place him where he could have the best aim at the Royal Box, and having done this they went away themselves. How plain it is that the plot was laid and that the wretched man is only mad when he is drunk.

It need scarcely be said that Lady Hesketh was strictly conservative in all her tastes and habits. She loved the old school of manners and dress, and could not away with certain modern laxities which were gradually creeping into fashion. In one letter, after having commended the appearance of a

common friend, who, in spite of his poverty, always looked "neat and nice, clean as a silver penny, and well-powdered," she suddenly breaks off:

By the way, my good friend, as I have mentioned *dress*, let me *intreat* of you not to give way to the *blackguardism of the Times*, nor to suffer your pupils to do so. For heaven's sake, if not for mine, do not go without powder! nor wear checked shirts! nor a coloured handkerchief about your neck like a sailor out of employ, nor your hair dirty and ill combed, as if you had just come out of a dungeon. Many of the young men I see affect this abomination, and look like so many hang-dogs. One called the other day upon me just in this trim, and with the additional ornament of a beard, a week old I believe! As I knew him pretty well, I ventured to ask him what prison he had escaped from. Sure I am that he richly deserved to have been instantly committed to another, and certainly would, had I to judge him, for I should certainly have taken him for a pickpocket on the strength of his appearance; for nothing except Filch in the "Beggar's Opera" ever looked like him, and he was not half so dirty I am sure—if he had, he would have been hissed off the stage, as too ill-dressed even for the character.

The good lady was accustomed to speak her mind on most subjects, and she expected to have all her commands obeyed, as well as her letters promptly answered, so woe betide Johnny if by any chance he neglected his correspondent. On one such occasion she writes in half-whimsical displeasure:

Oh, thou vile Johnny! had I not long ago been fully convinced that you were dead and buried, I should certainly have had you assassinated. How could you—strange and unaccountable as you are—suffer so many weeks to elapse without sending one line in answer to a letter about which you must think that I was so anxious, and concerning which it was really necessary that I should receive information? Oh, you are a wicked little Levite! and I believe I must renounce all correspondence with you, that you may never have it in your power to serve me such a trick again! Day after day, and week after week have I expected to hear, but not a word! Certain it is, therefore, that I should, as I before said, have assassinated you, and set East Dereham on fire, had I not concluded that your doom was sealed without my assistance, and indeed that you had dyed before my letter reached East Dereham, because supposing you alive at the time, nothing could excuse your not saddling your Heirs, Exors and Assigns with a full and copious answer to all my queries.

The faithful Johnny's labours of love were gradually drawing to a close. The letters take a sadder tone as the poet's

melancholy increases and his bodily health declines. Johnny is very patient with his correspondent, and keeps her informed of every change during the last few week of Cowper's life. There is heartfelt feeling in the letter written by Lady Hesketh on April 28, 1800, when she was hourly expecting to hear that the end had come.

I must write a few lines, my dear good friend, [it begins] to acknowledge the receipt of your meloncholy packet just received, which I feel but *too* sensibly comes to prepare me for the last heart-rending intelligence! which (coward that I am) I wish to delay at the expense of this beloved creature's happiness —for will he not be happy! Eternally happy; oh yes, I know he will! he must! All my wish and hope and prayer is that he may have some hours or moments of comfort and assurance that he is about to exchange his cruel state of misery and wretchedness for one of endless peace and bliss! I am myself very unwell, and hardly know what I write, for indeed I do most cruelly dread your next letter, which is alas! I fear already on the road. Such a state as you represent our dearest cousin to be in cannot continue long, and who should wish it could—dear amiable excellent cousin! whom I have loved with the tenderest affection through life, and for whom I have always felt the love of a sister, how shall I part with you! How acknowledge to myself that I shall never more be cheered by your lively playful wit, never instructed and improved by your delightful conversation! Oh, my dear Mr. Johnson, among the many friends which it has pleased God to bless me with there is no one I ever *loved* and esteemed as I have always invariably done this dear cousin, who has been to me as a highly-valued brother—O, how I dread the next decisive letter—how it will wound the half-broken heart of

Your affect. and obliged
H. Hesketh.

Cowper's long sufferings were ended on April 25, 1800. Lady Hesketh survived him long enough to contribute a good deal of valuable material to Hayley's "Life," and also to impose certain shackles on the unfortunate biographer which considerably handicapped him in the performance of his task. She died at Clifton on January 15, 1807, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

Catharine B. Johnson.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XVIII

CONSPIRATORS AND A CRUX

LORD SOUTHEND was devoted to his wife—a state of feeling natural often, creditable always. Yet the reason people gave for it—and gave with something like an explicit sanction from him—was not a very exalted one. Susanna made him so exceedingly comfortable. She was born to manage an hotel and cause it to pay fifteen per cent. Being a person—not of social importance, nothing could make her that—but of social rank, she was forced to restrict her genius to a couple of private houses. The result was like the light of the lamps in the heroine's boudoir, a soft brilliancy: in whose glamour Susanna's plain face and limited intellectual interests were lost to view. She was also a particularly good woman; but her husband knew better than to talk about that.

Behold him after the most perfect of lunches, his armchair in exactly the right spot, his papers by him, his cigars to his hand (even these Susanna understood), a sense of peace in his heart, and in his head a mild wonder that anybody was discontented with the world. In this condition he intended to

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spend at least a couple of hours; after which Susanna would drive him gently once round the park, take him to the House of Lords, wait twenty minutes, and then land him at the Imperium. He lit a cigar and took up the *Economist;* it was not the moment for anything exciting.

"A lady to see you, my lord—on important business."

Excessive comfort is enervating. After a brief and futile resistance he found Mina Zabriska in the room, and himself regarding her with mingled consternation and amusement. Relics of excitement hung about the Imp, but they were converted to business purposes. She came as an agent. The name of her principal awoke Southend's immediate interest.

"She's come up to London?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, both of us. We're at their old home."

Southend discovered his *pince-nez* and studied her thin mobile little face.

"And what have you come up for?" he asked after a pause.

Mina shrugged her shoulders. "Just to see what's going on," she said. "I daresay you wonder what I've got to do with it?" His manner seemed to assent, and she indicated her position briefly.

"Oh, that's it, is it? You knew the late Lady Tristram. And you knew——" Again he regarded her thoughtfully. "I hope Lady Tristram—the new one—is well?"

There was the sound of a whispered consultation outside the door; it drew Mina's eyes in that direction.

"That's all right," he smiled. "It's only my wife scolding the butler for having let you in. This is my time for rest."

"Rest!" exclaimed Mina rather scornfully. "You wrote to Cecily as if you could do something."

"That was rash of me. What do you want done? I've heard about you from Iver, you know."

"Oh, the Ivers have nothing to do with this. It's just between Cecily and Mr. Tristram."

"And you and me, apparently."

"What was your idea when you wrote? I made Cecily let me come and see you because it sounded as if you had an idea." If he had no idea, it was clear that contempt awaited him.

"I wanted to be friendly. But as for doing anything—well, that hardly depends on me."

"But things can't go on as they are, you know," she said brusquely.

"Unhappily, as I understand the law——"

"Oh, I understand the law too—and very silly it is. I suppose it can't be changed?"

"Good gracious, my dear Madame Zabriska! Changed!" And on this point too! *Nolumus leges Angliae.* He just stopped himself from the quotation.

"What are Acts of Parliament for?" Mina demanded.

"Absolutely out of the question," he laughed. "Even if everybody consented, absolutely."

"And Harry Tristram wouldn't consent, you mean?"

"Well, could any man?"

Mina looked round the room with a discontented air, there is such a lamentable gulf between feeling that something must be done and discovering what it is.

"I don't say positively that nothing can be done," he resumed after a moment, dangling his glass and looking at her covertly. "Are you at leisure this afternoon?"

"If you've got anything to suggest." Mina had grown distrustful of his intelligence, and her tone showed it.

"I thought you might like to come and see a friend of mine, who is kind enough to be interested in Harry Tristram." He added, with the consciousness of naming an important person, "I mean Lady Evenswood."

"Who's she?" asked the Imp curtly.

To do them justice, Englishmen seldom forget that allowances must be made for foreigners. Lord Southend explained gravely and patiently.

"Well, let's go," said Mina indifferently. "Not that it seems much use," her manner added.

"Excuse me a moment," said he, and he went out to soothe his wife's alarm and assure her that he was not tired.

As they drove, Mina heard more of Lady Evenswood—among other things, that she had known Addie Tristram as a child; this fact impressed the Imp beyond all the rest. But Lady Evenswood herself made a greater impression still. An unusual timidity assaulted and conquered Mina when she found herself with the white-haired old lady who never seemed to do more than gently suggest and yet exercised command. Southend watched them together with keen amusement, while Lady Evenswood drew out of Mina some account of Cecily's feelings and of the scene at Blent.

"Well, that's Tristram all over," sighed Lady Evenswood at the end.

"Yes, isn't it?" cried Mina, emboldened by a sympathy that spoke her own thought. "She hates to feel she's taken everything away from him. But Lord Southend says he can't have it back."

"Oh, no, no, my dear. Still——" She glanced at Southend, doubtful whether to mention their scheme.

He shook his head slightly.

"I daresay Lady Tristram was momentarily excited," he remarked to Mina, "and I think too that she exaggerates what Harry feels. As far as I've seen him, he's by no means miserable."

"Well, she is anyhow," said Mina. "And you won't convince her that he isn't." She turned to Lady Evenswood. "Is there nothing to be done? You see it's all being wasted."

"All being wasted?"

"Yes, Blent and all of it. He can't have it; and as things are now she can't enjoy it."

"Very perverse, very perverse, certainly," murmured Southend, frowning—although he was rather amused too.

"With an obvious solution," said Lady Evenswood, "if only we lived in the realms of romance."

"I have suggested a magician," put in Southend. "Though he doesn't look much like one," he added with a laugh.

Mina did not understand his remark, but she caught Lady Evenswood's meaning.

"Yes," she said, "but Harry wouldn't do that either.'

"He doesn't like his cousin?'

"Yes, I think so." She smiled as she added, "And even if he didn't that mightn't matter."

The other two exchanged glances as they listened. Mina, inspired by a subject that never failed to rouse her, gained courage.

"Any more than it mattered with Miss Iver," she pursued. "And he might just as likely have given Blent to Cecily in that way as in the way he actually did—if she'd wanted it very much and—and it had been a splendid thing for him to do."

Lady Evenswood nodded gently. Southend raised his brows in a sort of protest against this relentless analysis.

"Because that sort of thing would have appealed to him. But he'd never take it from her; he wouldn't even if he was in love with her." She addressed Lady Evenswood especially. "You understand that?" she asked. "He wouldn't be indebted to her. He'd hate her for that."

"Not very amiable," commented Southend.

"Amiable? No!" Amiability seemed at a discount with the Imp.

"You know him very well, my dear?'

"Yes, I—I came to." Mina paused, and suddenly blushed at the remembrance of an idea that had once been suggested to her by Major Duplay. "And I'm very fond of her," she added.

"In the dead-lock," said Southend, "I think you'll have to try my prescription, Lady Evenswood."

"You think that would be of use?"

"It would pacify this pride of Master Harry's perhaps."

Mina looked from one to the other.

"Do you mean there's anything possible?" she asked.

"My dear, you're a very good friend."

"I'm not very happy. I don't know what in the world Cecily will do. And yet——" Mina struggled with her rival impulses of kindness and curiosity. "It's all awfully interesting," she concluded, breaking into a smile she could not resist.

"That's the only excuse for all of us, I suppose," sighed Lady Evenswood.

"Not that I like the boy particularly," added Southend.

"Is there anything?" asked Mina. The appeal was to the lady, not to Southend. But he answered chaffingly:

"Possibly—just possibly—the resources of the Constitution——"

The bell of the front door sounded audibly in the morning-room in which they were.

"I daresay that's Robert," remarked Lady Evenswood. "He said he might call."

"Oh, by Jove!" exclaimed Southend, with a laugh that sounded a trifle uneasy.

The door opened, and a man came in unannounced. He was of middle height, with large features, thick coarse hair, and a rather ragged beard; his arms were long and his hands large.

"How are you, Cousin Sylvia?" he said, crossing to Lady Evenswood, who gave him her hand without rising. "How are you, Southend?" He turned back to Lady Evenswood. "I thought you were alone."

He spoke in brusque tones, and he looked at Mina as if he did not know what she might be doing there. His appearance seemed vaguely familiar to her.

"We are holding a little conference, Robert. This young lady is very interested in Harry Tristram and his affair. Come now, you remember about it! Madame Zabriska, this is Mr. Disney."

"Mr. Disney!" The Imp gasped. "You mean——?"

The other two smiled. Mr. Disney scowled a little. Obviously he had hoped to find his relative alone.

"Madame Zabriska met Addie Tristram years ago at Heidelberg, Robert; and she's been staying down at Blent—at Merrion Lodge, didn't you say, my dear?"

Mr. Disney had sat down.

"Well, what's the young fellow like?" he asked.

"Oh, I—I—don't know," murmured the Imp in forlorn shyness. This man was—was actually—the—the Prime Minister! Matters would have been rather better if he had consented to look just a little like it. As it was, her head was in a whirl. Lady Evenswood called him "Robert" too! Nothing about Lady Evenswood had impressed her as much as that, not even the early acquaintance with Addie Tristram.

"Well then, what's the girl like?" asked Disney.

"Robert, don't frighten Madame Zabriska."

"Frighten her? What do you mean?"

"Oh, tell him what I mean, George," laughed Lady Evenswood, turning to Southend. Mr. Disney seemed genuinely resentful at the idea that he might have frightened anybody.

"Are you a member of the conference too, Southend?"

"Well, yes, I—I'm interested in the family." He telegraphed a glance of caution to the old lady; he meant to convey that the present was not a happy moment to broach the matter that was in their minds.

"I'm sorry I interrupted. Can you give me five minutes in another room, Cousin Sylvia?" He rose and waited for her.

"Oh, but can't you do anything?" blurted out the Imp suddenly.

"Eh?" His eyes under their heavy brows were fixed on her now. There was a deep-lying twinkle in them, although he still frowned ferociously. "Do what?"

"Why, something for—for Harry Tristram?"

He looked round at each of them. The twinkle was gone; the frown was not.

"Oh, was that the conference?" he asked slowly. "Well, what has the conference decided?" It was Mina whom he questioned, for which Southend at least was profoundly thankful. "He'd have bitten my head off, if the women hadn't been there," he confided to Iver afterwards.

Mr. Disney slowly sat down again. Mina did not perceive the significance of this action, but Lady Evenswood did.

"It's such an extraordinary case, Robert. So very exceptional! Poor Addie Tristram! You remember her?"

"Yes, I remember Addie Tristram," he muttered—"growled," Mina described it afterwards. "Well, what do you want?" he asked.

Lady Evenswood was a woman of tact.

"Really," she said, "it can't be done in this way, of course. If anything is to come before you, it must come before you regularly. I know that, Robert."

The Imp had no tact.

"Oh, no," she cried. "Do listen now, Mr. Disney. Do promise to help us now!"

Tact is not always the best thing in the world.

"If you'll tell me in two words, I'll listen," said Mr. Disney.

"I—I can't do that. In two words? Oh, but, please——"

He had turned away from her to Southend.

"Now then, Southend?"

Lord Southend felt that he must be courageous. After all the women were there.

"In two words? Literally?"

Disney nodded, smiling grimly at Mina's clasped hands and imploring face.

"Literally—if you can. There was a gratuitous implication that Southend and the rest of the world were apt to be loquacious.

"Well, then," said Southend, "I will. What we want is——" After one glance at Lady Evenswood, he got it out. "What we want is—a viscounty."

For a moment Mr. Disney sat still. Then again he rose slowly.

"Have I tumbled into Bedlam?" he asked.

"It was done in the Bearsdale Case," suggested Lady Evenswood. "Of course there was a doubt there——"

"Anyhow a barony—but a viscounty would be more convenient," murmured Southend.

Mina was puzzled. These mysteries were beyond her. She had never heard of the Bearsdale Case, and she did not understand why—in certain circumstances—a viscounty would be more convenient. But she knew that something was being urged which might meet the difficulty, and she kept eager eyes on Mr. Disney. Perhaps she would have done that anyhow; men who rule heads and hearts can surely draw eyes also. Yet at the moment he was not inspiring. He listened with a smile (was it not rather a grin?) of sardonic ridicule.

"You made me speak, you know," said Southend. "I'd rather have waited till we got the thing into shape."

"And I should like you to see the boy, Robert."

"Bedlam!" said Mr. Disney with savage conviction. "I'll talk to you about what I came to say another day, Cousin Sylvia. Really to-day——!" With a vague awkward wave of his arm he started for the door.

"You will try?" cried the Imp, darting at him.

She heard him say, half under his breath, "Damned persistent little woman!" before he vanished through the door. She turned to her companions, her face aghast, her lips quivering, her eyes dim. The magician had come and gone and worked no spell; her disappointment was very bitter.

To her amazement Southend was radiant and Lady Evenswood wore an air of gratified contentment. She stared at them.

"It went off better than I expected," said he.

"It must be one of Robert's good days," said she.

"But—but—" gasped the Imp.

"He was very civil for him. He must mean to think about

it, about something of the sort anyhow," Southend explained. "I shouldn't wonder if it had been in his mind," he added to Lady Evenswood.

"Neither should I. At any rate he took it splendidly. I almost wish we'd spoken of the marriage."

"Couldn't you write to him?"

"He wouldn't read it, George."

"Telegraph then!"

"It would really be worth trying—considering how he took it." Lady Evenswood did not seem able to get over the Prime Minister's extraordinary affability.

"Well, if he treats you like that—great people like you—and you're pleased, thank goodness I never met him alone!" Mina was not shy with them any more; she had suffered worse.

They glanced at one another.

"It was you, my dear. He'd have been more difficult with us," said Lady Evenswood.

"You interested him," Southend assured her.

"Yes, if anything's been done, you've done it."

They seemed quite sincere. That feeling of being on her head instead of her heels came over Mina again.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he sent for Harry."

"No, nor if he arranged to meet Cecily Gainsborough—Cecily Tristram, I mean."

"I thought he looked—well, as if he was hit—when you mentioned Addie."

"Oh, there's really no telling with Robert. It went off very well indeed. What a lucky thing he came!"

Still bewildered, Mina began, all the same, to assimilate this atmosphere of contentment and congratulation.

"Do you really think I—I had anything to do with it?" she asked, a new pride swelling in her heart.

"Yes, yes, you attracted his attention."

"He was amused at you, my dear."

"Then I'm glad." She meant that her sufferings would perhaps not go unrecompensed.

"You must bring Lady Tristram to see me," said Lady Evenswood.

"Cecily? Oh—well, I'll try."

Lady Evenswood smiled and Southend laughed outright. It was not quite the way in which Lady Evenswood's invitations were generally received. But neither of them liked Mina less.

It was something to go back to the tiny house between the King's and Fulham Roads with the record of such adventures as these. Cecily was there, languid and weary; she had spent the whole day in that hammock in the strip of garden in which Sloyd had found her once. Despondency had succeeded to her excitement—this was all quite in the Tristram way—and she had expected no fruit from Mina's expedition. But Mina came home, not indeed with anything very definite, yet laden with a whole pack of possibilities. She put that point about the viscounty, which puzzled her, first of all. It alone was enough to fire Cecily to animation. Then she led up, through Lady Evenswood, to Mr. Disney himself, confessing however that she took the encouragement which that great man had given on faith from those who knew him better than she did. Her own impression would have been that he meant to dismiss the whole thing as impossible nonsense.

"Still I can't help thinking we've done something," she ended in triumph.

"Mina, are you working for him or for me?"

This question faced Mina with a latent problem which she had hitherto avoided. And now she could not solve it. For some time back she had been familiarised with the fact that her life was dull when Harry Tristram passed out of it. The accepted explanation of that state of feeling was simple enough. But then it would involve Cecily in her turn passing out of view, or at least becoming entirely insignificant. And Mina was not prepared for that. She tried hard to read the answer, regarding Cecily earnestly the while.

"Mayn't I work for both of you?" she asked at last.

"Well, I can't see why you should do that," said Cecily, rolling out of the hammock and fretfully smoothing her hair.

"I'm a busybody. That's it," said Mina.

"You know what'll happen if he finds it out? Harry, I mean. He'll be furious with both of us."

Mina reflected. "Yes, I suppose he will," she admitted. But the spirit of self-sacrifice was on her, perhaps also that of adventure. "I don't care," she said, "as long as I can help."

There was a loud knock at the door. Mina rushed into the front room and saw a man in uniform delivering a letter. The next moment the maid brought it to her—a long envelope with "First Lord of the Treasury" stamped on the lower left-hand corner. She noticed that it was addressed to Lady Evenswood's house, and must have been sent on post-haste. She tore it open. It was headed "Private and Confidential."

MADAME,—I am directed by Mr. Disney to request you to state in writing, for his consideration, any facts which may be within your knowledge as to the circumstances attendant on the marriage of the late Lady Tristram of Blent, and the birth of her son, Mr. Henry Austen Fitzhubert Tristram. I am to add that your communication will be considered confidential.

I am, Madame, yours faithfully,

MADAME ZABRISKA. BROADSTAIRS.

"Cecily, Cecily, Cecily!" Mina darted back and thrust this wonderful document into Cecily's hands. "He does mean something, you see, he will do something!" she cried. "Oh, who's Broadstairs, I wonder."

Cecily took the letter and read. The Imp reappeared with a red volume in her hand.

"Viscount Broadstairs—eldest son of the Earl of Ramsgate!" she read with wide-open eyes. "And he says he's directed to write, doesn't he? Well, you are funny in England! But I don't wonder I was afraid of Mr. Disney."

"Oh, Mr. Disney's secretary, I suppose. But, Mina—" Cecily was alive again now, but her awakening did not seem to be a pleasant one. She turned suddenly from her friend and,

walking as far off as the little room would let her, flung herself into a chair.

"What's the matter?" asked Mina, checked in her excited gaiety.

"What will Harry care about anything they can give him without Blent?"

Mina flushed. The conspiracy was put before her—not by one of the conspirators, but by her who was the object of it. She remembered Lady Evenswood's question and Southend's. She had answered that it might not much matter whether Harry liked his cousin or not. He had not loved Janie Iver. Where was the difference?

"He won't want anything if he can't have Blent. Mina, did they say anything about me to Mr. Disney?"

"No," cried Mina eagerly.

"But they will, they mean to?" Cecily was leaning forward eagerly now.

Mina had no denial ready. She seemed rather to hang on Cecily's words than to feel any need of speaking herself. She was trying to follow Cecily's thoughts and to trace the cause of the apprehension, the terror almost, that had come on the girl's face.

"He'll see it—just as I see it!" Cecily went on. "And, Mina——"

She paused again. Still Mina had no words, and no comfort for her. This sight of the other side of the question was too sudden. It was Harry then, and Harry only, who had really been in her thoughts; and Cecily, her friend, was to be used as a tool. There might be little ground for blaming Southend who had never seen her, or Lady Evenswood who had been brought in purely in Harry's interest. But how stood Mina, who was Cecily's friend? Yet at last a thought flashed into her mind and gave her a weapon.

"Well, what did you come to London for?" she cried defiantly. "Why did you come, unless you meant that too?"

Cecily started a little and lay back in her chair.

"Oh, I don't know," she murmured despondently. "He hates me, but if he's offered Blent and me he'll—he'll take us both, Mina, you know he will." An indignant rush of colour came on her cheeks. "Oh, it's very easy for you!"

In a difficulty of that sort it did not seem that even Mr. Disney could be of much avail.

"Oh, you Tristrams!" cried Mina in despair.

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE MATTER OF BLINKHAMPTON

PITY for the commander who, while engaging the enemy on his front with valour and success, breaking his line and driving him from his position, finds himself assailed in the rear by an unexpected or despised foe and the prize of victory suddenly wrenched from him! His fate is more bitter than if he had failed in his main encounter, his self-reproaches more keen.

Major Duplay was awakening to the fact that this was his situation. Triumph was not his although Harry Tristram had fled from the battle. Iver's carefully guarded friendliness and the touch of motherly compassion in his wife's manner, Mrs. Trumbler's tacit request (conveyed by a meek and Christian sympathy) that he should bow to the will of Providence, Miss S.'s malicious questions as to where he meant to spend the winter after leaving Merrion, told him the opinion of the world. Janie Iver had begun to think flirtation wrong; and there was an altogether new and remarkable self-assertion about Bob Broadley. The last thing annoyed Duplay most. It is indeed absurd that a young man, formerly of a commendable humility, should think a change of demeanour justified merely because one young woman, herself insignificant, chooses for reasons good or bad to favour him. Duplay assumed to despise Bob; it is often better policy to despise people than to enter into competition with them, and it is always rash to do

both. These and other truths—as, for example, that for some purposes it is better not to be forty-four—the Major was learning. Was there any grain of comfort? It lay in the fact that he was forty-four. A hypothetical, now impossible, yet subtly soothing Major of thirty routed Bob Broadley and carried all before him. In other words Duplay was driven back to the Last Ditch of Consolation. What we could have done is the latest-tried plaster for the wound of what we cannot do; it would be wise to try it sometimes a little earlier.

From the orthodox sentimentalist he could claim no compassion. He had lost, not his heart's love, but a very comfortable settlement; he was wounded more in his vanity than in his affections; he had wasted, not his life, only one of his few remaining effective summers. But the more lax, more base their views on what men generally are, may spare him one of those less bitter tears which they appropriate to the misfortunes of others. If the tear as it falls meets a smile—why not? Such encounters are hardly unexpected and may well prove agreeable.

There was another disconsolate person in the valley of the Blent—little Mr. Gainsborough, left alone in the big house with a note from his daughter commanding him to stay there and to say nothing to anybody. He was lonely and nervous with the servants; the curios gave him small pleasure since he had not bought them, and, if he had, they would not have been cheap. For reasons before indicated, Blentmouth and the curiosity-shop there had become too dangerous. Besides, he had no money; Cecily had forgotten that detail in her hurried flight. A man cannot spend more than a portion of his waking hours in a library or over pedigrees. Gainsborough found himself regretting London and the little house. If we divide humanity into those who do things and those who have to get out of the way while they are being done (just as reasonable a division as many adopted by statisticians) Gainsborough belonged to the latter class; like most of us, perhaps,

but in a particularly unmistakable degree. And he knew he did—not, perhaps, like most of us in that. He never thought even of appealing to posterity.

Meanwhile Janie Iver was behaving as a pattern daughter, cherishing her mother and father and making home sweet, exercising, in fact, that prudent economy of wilfulness which preserves it for one great decisive struggle, and scorns to fritter it away on the details of daily life. Girls have adopted these tactics from the earliest days (so it is recorded or may be presumed) and wary are the parents who are not hoodwinked by them, or, even if they perceive, are altogether unsoftened. Janie was very saintly at Fairholme; the only sins which she could have found to confess (not that Mr. Trumbler favoured confession—quite the contrary) were certain suppressions of truth touching the direction in which she drove her dog-cart—and even these were calculated to avoid the giving of pain. As for the Tristrams—where were they? They seemed to have dropped out of Janie's story.

Iver needed comfort. There is no disguising it, however much the admission may damage him in the eyes of that same orthodox sentimentalist. He had once expounded his views to Mr. Jenkinson Neeld (or rather one of his expositions of them has been recorded, there having been more than one)—and the present situation did not satisfy them. Among other rehabilitations and whitewashings, that of the cruel father might well be undertaken by an ingenious writer; if Nero had had a grown-up daughter there would have been the chance! Anyhow the attempt would have met with some sympathy from Iver. Of course a man desires his daughter's happiness (the remark is a platitude), but he may be allowed to feel annoyance at the precise form in which it realises—or thinks it will realise—itself, a shape that may disappoint the aim of his career. If he is provided with a son, he has the chance of a more unselfish benevolence; but Iver was not. Let all be said that could be said—Bob Broadley was a disappointment. Iver would, if put to it, have preferred Duplay. There was at

least a cosmopolitan polish about the Major; drawing-rooms would not appal him, nor the thought of going to Court throw him into a perspiration. Iver had been keen to find out the truth about Harry Tristram, as keen as Major Duplay. At this moment both of them were wishing that the truth had never been discovered by them, nor flung in the face of the world by Harry himself.

"But darling Janie will be happy," Mrs. Iver used to say. She had surrendered very easily.

He was not really an unnatural parent because he growled once or twice, "Darling Janie be hanged!" It was rather his wife's attitude of mind that he meant to condemn.

Bob himself was hopeless from a parent's point of view. He was actually a little touched by Mrs. Trumbler's way of looking at the world; he did think—and confessed it to Janie—that there was something very remarkable in the way Harry Tristram had been cleared from his path. He was in no sense an advanced thinker, and people in love are apt to believe in what are called interpositions. Further he was primitive in his ideas; he had won the lady, and that seemed to him enough. It was enough, if he could keep her; and in these days that really depends on herself. Moreover he had no doubt of keeping her; his primitiveness appears again; with the first kiss he seemed to pass from slave to master. Many girls would have taught him better. Janie was not one. She seemed rather to acquiesce, being, it must be presumed, also of a somewhat primitive cast of mind. It was terribly clear to Iver that the pair would stand to one another and settle down in inglorious contentment together for their lives. Yes, it was worse than Duplay; something might have been made of him. As for Harry—Iver used to end by thinking how sensible a man old Mr. Neeld was; for Mr. Neeld had determined to hold his tongue.

There was another vexation, of a different kind indeed, but also a check in his success. Blinkhampton was not going quite right. Blinkhampton was a predestined sea-side resort on the

South Coast, and Iver, with certain associates, meant to develop it. They had bought it up, and laid it out for building, and arranged for a big hotel with Birch and Company, the famous furnishers. But all along in front of it—between where the street now was and the esplanade was soon to be—ran a long narrow strip, forming the estate of an elderly gentleman named Masters. Of course Masters had to be bought out, the whole scheme hanging on that. Iver, keen at a bargain, hard in business hours (had not Mina Zabriska discovered that?), confident that nobody would care to incur his enmity—he was powerful—by forestalling him, had refused Masters his price; the old gentleman would have to come down. But some young men stepped in, with the rashness of their youth, and acquired an option of purchase from Masters. Iver smiled in a vexed fashion, but was not dismayed. He let it be known that anybody who advanced money to the young men—Sloyd, Sloyd and Gurney was the firm—would be his enemies; then he waited for the young men to approach him. They did not come. At last, pride protesting, prudence insisting, he wrote and suggested that they might probably be glad to make an arrangement with him. Mr. Sloyd—our Mr. Sloyd—wrote back that they had found a capitalist—no less than that—and proposed to develop their estate themselves, to put up their own hotel, also a row of boarding-houses, a club, a winter garden, and possibly an aquarium. Youth and a sense of elation caused Sloyd to add that they would always be glad to co-operate with other gentlemen interested in Blinkhampton.

Iver had many irons in the fire; he could no more devote himself exclusively and personally to Blinkhampton than Napoleon could spend all his time in the Peninsula. The transaction was important, yet hardly vital; besides Iver himself could keep his ear to the telephone. It was an opportunity for Bob to win his spurs; Iver proposed to him to go to town and act as his representative.

"I'm afraid you'll lose the game if I play it for you, Mr.

Iver," responded Bob, with a shake of his head and a good-humoured smile. "I'm not accustomed to that sort of job, you know."

"It would be a good chance for you to begin to learn something of business."

"Well, you see, farming's my business. And I don't think I'm a fool at that. But building speculations and so on—" Bob shook his head again.

The progressive man gazed in wonder at the stationary. (We divide Humanity again.)

"You've no desire for—for a broader sphere?" he asked.

"Well, I like a quiet life, you see—with my horses, and my crops, and so on. Don't believe I could stand the racket." So far as physique was concerned, Bob could have stood penal servitude and a London Season combined.

"But it's an opening," Iver persisted, by now actually more puzzled than angry. "If you found yourself at home in the work, it might lead to anything." He resisted the temptation to add, "Look at me!" Did not Fairholme, its lawns and green-houses, say as much for him?

"But I don't know that I want anything," smiled Bob. "Of course I'll have a shot if it'll oblige you," he added. "But—— Well, I'd rather not risk it, you know."

Janie was there. Iver turned to her in despair. She was smiling at Bob in an approving understanding way.

"It really isn't what would suit Bob, father," said she. "Besides, if he went into your business, we should have to be so much in town and hardly ever be at home at Mingham."

At home at Mingham! What a destiny. Certainly Blent was in the same valley, but—— Well, a "seat" is one thing, and a farm's another; the world is to blame again, no doubt. And with men who want nothing, for whom the word "opening" has no magic, what is to be done? Abstractly they are seen to be a necessary element in the community; but they do not make good sons or sons-in-law for ambitious men. Janie,

when she had seen Bob, an unrepentant cheerful Bob, on his way, came back to find her father sitting sorrowful.

"Dearest father, I'm so sorry," she said, putting her arms round his neck.

He squared his shoulders to meet facts; he could always do that. Moreover he looked ahead—that power was also among his gifts—and saw how presently this thing, like other things, would become a matter of course.

"That's settled, Janie," said he. "I've made my last suggestion."

She went off in distress to her mother, but was told to "let him alone." The wisdom of woman and of years spoke. Presently Iver went out to play golf. But his heart was still bitter within him; he could not resist the sight of a possible sympathiser; he mentioned to the Major, who was his antagonist in the game, that it was not often that a young fellow refused such a chance as he had just offered in vain to Bob Broadley. His prospective relationship to Bob had reached the stage of being assumed between Duplay and him, although it had not yet been explicitly mentioned.

"I wish somebody would try me!" laughed the Major. "I'm kicking my heels all day down here."

Iver made no reply and played the round in silence. He lost, perhaps because he was thinking of something else. He liked Duplay, he thought him clever, and, looking back on the history of the Tristram affair, he felt somehow that he would like to do the Major a good turn. Were they not in a sense companions in misfortune?

Two days later, Duplay sat in the offices of Sloyd, Sloyd and Gurney, as Iver's representative; his mission was to represent to the youthful firm the exceeding folly of their conduct in regard to Blinkhampton. His ready brain had assimilated all the facts and they lost nothing by his ready tongue. He even made an impression on the enemy.

"It doesn't do to look at one transaction only, Mr. Sloyd," he reminded the spruce but rather nervous young man. "It'll

pay you to treat us reasonably. Mr. Iver's a good friend to have and a bad enemy.'

"I'm quite alive to all that; but we have obtained a legitimate advantage and——" Sloyd was evidently a little puzzled, and he glanced at the clock.

"We recognise that; we offer you two thousand pounds, We take over your option and give you two thousand." This was the figure that Iver and he had decided would tempt the young firm; their fear of the great Mr. Iver would make them content with that.

Sloyd was half inclined to be content; the firm would make a thousand; the balance would be good interest on the capitalist's ten thousand pounds; and there would still be enough of a victory to soothe the feelings of everybody concerned.

"I'm expecting the gentleman who is associated with us. If you'll excuse me, I'll step out and see if he's arrived."

Duplay saw through the suggestion, but he had no objection to permitting a consultation. He lit his cigar and waited while Sloyd was away. The Major was in greater contentment with himself than he had been since he recognised his defeat. Next to succeeding, it is perhaps the pleasantest thing to make people regret that you have not succeeded. If he proved his capacity Iver would regret what had happened more; possibly even Janie would come to regret it. And he was glad to be using his brains again. If they took the two thousand, if Iver got the Masters estate and entire control of Blinkhampton for twenty-two thousand, Duplay would have had a hand in a good bargain. He thought the Sloyds would yield. "Be strong about it," Iver had said. "These young fellows have plenty of enterprise, plenty of shrewdness, but they haven't got the grit to take big chances. They'll catch at a certainty." Sloyd's manner had gone far to bear out this opinion.

Sloyd returned, but, instead of coming in directly, he held the door and allowed another to pass in front of him. Duplay jumped up with a muttered exclamation. What the deuce was

Harry Tristram doing there? Harry advanced, holding out his hand.

"We neither of us thought we should meet in this way, Major Duplay? The world's full of surprises. I've learnt that anyhow, and I daresay you've known it a long while."

"You're in this business?" cried the Major, too astonished for any preamble.

Harry nodded. "Let's get through it," he said. "Because it's very simple. Sloyd and I have made up our minds exactly what we ought to have."

It was the same manner that the Major remembered seeing by the Pool—perhaps a trifle less aggressive, but making up for that by an even increased self-confidence. Duplay had thought of his former successful rival as a broken man. He was not that. He had never thought of him as a speculator in building land. Seemingly that was what he had become.

Harry sat down by the table, Sloyd standing by him and spreading out before him a plan of Blinkhampton and the elevation of a row of buildings.

"You ask us," Harry went on resentfully, almost accusingly, "to throw up this thing just when we're ready to go ahead. Everything's in train; we could begin work to-morrow."

"Come, come, where are you going to get the money?" interrupted Duplay. He felt that he must assert himself.

"Never mind, we can get it; or we can wait till we do. We shut you out just as badly whether we leave the old buildings or put up new. However, we shall get it. I'm satisfied as to that."

"You've heard my offer?"

"Yes," smiled Harry. "The reward for getting ahead of Mr. Iver is, it seems, two thousand pounds. It must be done pretty often if it's as cheap as that! I hope he's well?"

"Quite well, Mr. Tristram, thank you. But when you talk of getting ahead of him——"

"Well, I put it plainly; that's all. I'm new to this and I

daresay Sloyd here would put it better. But my money's in it, so I like to have my say."

Both the dislike and the reluctant respect of old days were present in the Major's mind. He felt that the quality on whose absence Iver had based his calculations had been supplied. Harry might be ignorant. Sloyd could supply the knowledge. Harry had that grit which hitherto the firm had lacked. Harry seemed to guess something of what was passing through his adversary's mind.

"I don't want to be anything but friendly. Neither Sloyd nor I want that—especially towards Mr. Iver—or towards you, Major. We've been neighbours." He smiled and went on, smiling still. "Oddly enough I've said what I'm going to say to you once before—on a different occasion. You seem to have been trying to frighten us. I am not to be frightened, that's all."

Sloyd whispered in his ear; Duplay guessed that he counselled more urbanity; Harry turned from him with a rather contemptuous little laugh. "Oh, I've got my living to earn now," Duplay heard him whisper—and reflected that he had never wasted much time on politeness, even before that necessity came upon him.

It was strange that Sloyd did not try to take any part in the discussion. He wore an air of deference, partly due no doubt to Harry's ability, yet having unmistakably a social flavour about it. Harry's lordlinesses clung to him still, and had their effect on his business partner. Duplay lodged an angry inward protest to the effect that they had none whatever on him.

"Perhaps I'd better just say what we want," Harry pursued. "We've paid Masters twenty thousand. We may be five hundred more out of pocket. Never mind that." He pushed away the plans and elevations. "You're empowered to treat, I suppose?" he asked. Sloyd had whispered to him again.

"No," said Duplay. "But as a final offer, I think I can pledge Mr. Iver to go so far as five thousand (over and above

the twenty thousand of course)—to cover absolutely everything, you know."

"Multiply your twenty-five by two, and we're your men," said Harry.

"Multiply it by two? Fifty thousand? Oh, nonsense!"

"Twenty out of pocket—thirty profit. I call it very reasonable."

Major Duplay rose with a decisive air.

"I'm afraid I'm wasting your time," he said, "and my own too. I must say good-afternoon."

"Pray, Major Duplay, don't be so abrupt, sir. We've——" It was Sloyd who spoke, with an eager gesture as though he would detain the visitor. Harry turned on him with his ugliest, haughtiest scowl.

"I thought you'd left this to me, Sloyd?" he said.

Sloyd subsided, apologetic, but evidently terrified. Alas, that the grit had been supplied! But for that a triumph must have awaited the Major. Harry turned to Duplay.

"I asked you before if you'd authority to treat. I ask you now if you've authority to refuse to treat."

"I've authority to refuse to discuss absurdities."

"Doubtless. And to settle what are absurdities? Look here. I don't ask you to accept that proposal without referring to Mr. Iver. I merely say that is the proposal and that we give Mr. Iver three days to consider it. After that our offer is withdrawn."

Sloyd was biting his nails—aye, those nails that he got trimmed in Regent Street twice a week; critical transactions must bring grist to those skilled in manicure. Duplay glanced from his troubled face to Harry's solid, composed, even amused mask.

"And you might add," Harry went on, "that it would be a very good thing if Mr. Iver saw his way to run up and have a talk with me. I think I could make him see the thing from our point of view." Something seemed to occur to him. "You must tell him that in ordinary circumstances I should

propose to call on him and to come wherever he was, but—well, he'll understand that I don't want to go to Blentmouth just now."

The implied apology relieved what Duplay had begun to feel an intolerable arrogance, but it was a concession of form only and did not touch the substance. The substance was and remained an ultimatum. The Major felt aggrieved; he had been very anxious to carry his first commission through triumphantly and with *éclat*. For the second time Harry Tristram was in his path.

Harry rose. "That's all we can do to-day," he said. "We shall wait to hear from Mr. Iver."

"I really don't feel justified in putting such a proposition before him."

"Oh, that's for you to consider," shrugged Harry. "I think I would though, if I were you. At the worst it will justify you in refusing to do business with us. Do you happen to be walking down towards Pall Mall?" Sloyd's offices were in Mount Street. "Good-day, Sloyd. I'll drop in to-morrow."

With an idea that some concession might still be forthcoming, not from any expectation of enjoying his walk, the Major consented to accompany Harry.

"It was a great surprise to see you appear," he said as they started. "So odd a coincidence!"

"Not at all," smiled Harry. "You guess why I went into it? No? Well, of course, I know nothing about such things really. But Sloyd happened to mention that Iver wanted to buy, so I thought the thing must be worth buying, and I looked into it." He laughed a little. "That's one of the penalties of a reputation like Iver's, isn't it?"

"But I didn't know you'd taken to business at all."

"Oh, one must do something. I can't sit down on four hundred a year, you know. Besides this is hardly business. By-the-bye, though, I ought to be as much surprised to see you. We've both lost our situation, is that it, Major?"

Insensibly the Major began to find him rather pleasanter, not a man he would ever like really, but, all the same, more tolerable than he had been at Blent; so Harry's somewhat audacious reference was received with a grim smile.

"I knocked you out, you know," Harry pursued. "Left to himself, I don't believe old Bob Broadley would ever have moved. But I put him up to it."

"What?" Duplay had not expected this.

"Well, you tried to put me out, you see. Besides Janie Iver liked him, and she didn't care about you—or me either, for that matter. So just before I—well, disappeared—I told Bob that he'd win if he went ahead. And I gather he has won, hasn't he?"

A brief nod from Duplay answered him; he was still revolving the news about Bob Broadley.

"I'm afraid I haven't made you like me any better," said Harry, with a laugh. "And I don't go out of my way to get myself disliked. Do you see why I mentioned that little fact about Bob Broadley just now?"

"I confess I don't, unless you wished to annoy me. Or—pardon—perhaps you thought it fair that I should know?"

"Neither the one nor the other. I didn't do it from the personal point of view at all. You see, Bob had a strong position—and didn't know it."

Duplay glanced at him. "Well," he said, "what you did didn't help you, though it hurt me perhaps."

"I told him he had a strong position. Then he took it. Hullo, here we are in Pall Mall. Now you see, don't you, Major?"

"No, I don't." Duplay was short in manner again.

"You don't see any parallel between Bob's position and our friend's up there in Mount Street?" Harry laughed again as he held out his hand. "Well, you tell the story to Iver and see if he does," he suggested.

"Oh, that's what you mean?" growled Duplay.

"Yes," assented Harry, almost gleefully. "That's what I mean; only this time it won't hurt you, and I think it will help me. You've done all you could, you know."

The touch of patronage came again. Duplay had hard work to keep his temper under. Yet now it was rather annoyance that he felt than the black dislike that he used to harbour. Harry's misfortune had lessened that. If only Harry had been more chastened by his misfortune the annoyance might have gone too. Unfortunately the young man seemed almost exultant.

"Well, good-bye. Write to Sloyd—unless Iver decides to come up. And don't forget that little story about Bob Broadley! Because you'll find it useful, if you think of frightening Sloyd. He can't move without me—and I don't move without my price."

"You moved from Blent," Duplay reminded him, stung to a sudden malice.

"Yes," said Harry thoughtfully. "Yes, so I did. Well I suppose I had my price. Good-bye." He turned away and walked quickly down the street.

"What was his price?" asked the Major, puzzled. He was not aware that Harry had got anything out of his surrender; and even Harry himself seemed rather to conclude that, since he had moved, he must have got his price than to say that he had got it or to be able to tell what it was.

But all that was not the question now. Duplay sought the telegraph office and informed Iver of the uncompromising attitude of the enemy. He added that Harry Tristram was in the business and that Harry suggested an interview. It was perhaps the most significant tribute that Harry had yet received when, after a few minutes of surprise and a few more of consideration, Iver telegraphed back that he would come up to town and wished an appointment to be made for him with Mr. Tristram. It was something to force Napoleon to come to the Peninsula.

In fact the only thing that could upset Iver's plans was blank defiance. Reviewing his memories of Harry Tristram, he knew that defiance was just what he had to fear. It was in the blood of the Tristrams, and prudence made no better a resistance than propriety.

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

THE PYRAMID OF STUDIES — Page 1

ON THE LINE — 15

SIR JOHN C. R. COLOMB, K.C.M.G., M.P.——THE WAR OFFICE, THE ADMIRALTY, AND THE COALING STATIONS — 27

H. C. THOMSON——THE POLICY OF THE POWERS IN CHINA — 41

BASIL WILLIAMS——VOLUNTEER EFFICIENCY — 53

HAROLD BINDLOSS——NIGERIA AND ITS TRADE — 67

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY——AN ART IN ITS INFANCY — 79

J. HORACE ROUND——COMPANIONS OF THE CONQUEROR — 91

ROGER E. FRY——FLORENTINE PAINTING OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY (*Illustrated*) — 112

HENRY NEWBOLT——THE ROMANCE OF A SONG-BOOK — 135

THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD——GRAY AND DANTE — 147

ANTHONY HOPE——TRISTRAM OF BLENT, XX-XXI — 165

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THE PYRAMID OF STUDIES

THE chief reason for the apparently irreconcilable conflict of opinions as to the relative values of subjects of school instruction lies in the ambiguity of the term *value* itself. No two persons who write letters to the *Times* about education seem to be agreed to use this very troublesome word in the same sense. The like difficulty was perceived by political economists long ago, and they have striven, more or less successfully, at all events to "mask" the battery in their operations; but controversy over educational economy is still thrown into almost hopeless confusion by it. This, no doubt, arises largely from the greater relative instability of the facts with which education deals; the economics of education lend themselves even less than the economics of industry to anything like abstract treatment. The subject is almost as much immersed in matter as life itself.

We all agree that education is a *preparation;* and most people would say that it is a preparation for *life.* It follows, then, that an inquiry into educational values appraises the pursuits which profess to prepare men and women to make life most effective, to get most out of it. It would seem to be proved, then, that the value of such pursuits ("studies" amongst the number, but not "studies" exclusively) is relative to the largest area of human activity. Those gymnastics and acquirements which affect most favourably the largest number of the things that men *do,* these are the pursuits of highest "value" in education.

So stated, the problem seems easy enough. And so it, perhaps, would be, if our aims were simple, and if we were sincere in our endeavours to attain them; for we have merely to ascertain what things practised in *statu pupillari* have the most momentous consequences as life proceeds to its consummation, and to adopt those which seem to lead to the best. But we are brought face to face with a two-headed difficulty at the outset. First of all, complete living seems to call for a background of substantial physical comfort, or, at all events, freedom from discomfort. A good man on the rack cannot be said to live completely, much less be happy (unless the rack, as was once suggested by a puzzled Oxford undergraduate, is a singularly bad one), and both St. Francis of Assisi and St. Simeon of the Pillar failed on similar grounds, though for very different reasons, to help average man to the largest use of life. This background of *bien être* is so indispensable and is so primitive a need, that men have always been apt to identify it with life itself, and in extreme cases to set themselves so ardently to establish it that they have, as misers over their gold, transferred to the means by which they hope to achieve it the love which was originally inspired by the thing itself.

And even if this object does not actually fill the whole of the field of our desires, we are inclined to narrow our vision and to aim at its fruits earlier than we ought. Our education, too, often seems to have nothing at all in view but a gross material prosperity, and we often set our children to bread-and-butter studies and tasks before they are fit for them. We look too early for "results" that can be measured and paid for in the market. For education is concerned with everything that men do with the whole field of action. What the man can produce for sale is only a small part of the product of his personality; it is by no means the true measure of his worth, but is rather a by-product of his full spiritual activity. Every good schoolmaster knows this well enough, and is a good schoolmaster just in so far as he acts upon it.

But our difficulty has another head. A man's goodness, or

morality, or worth, bears a necessary relation to society; he can grow good only by contact and communion with his fellows, and when his account comes to be reckoned up, we can hardly doubt that it is by his relations to his fellows that a good deal of the reckoning will be determined. Man is φύσει πολιτικόν. His "nature" is not fully developed except in association with others; he does not get the most out of life except by social attrition and communion. Here, again, we seem to have a very simple problem to solve. It ought to be easy, we may think, to determine what qualities best fit men for the performance of their duties in society, and to promote the growth of those qualities by all the means we can contrive. But a little consideration will show us that there is a dangerous uncertainty, in practice at all events, about the meaning to be attached to the word "Society." Do we mean the Kingdom of this world or the Kingdom of God? The πόλις, the Kingdom of Plato and Aristotle, was a much more definite and stable thing than our "society," and both Aristotle and Plato show little hesitation in defining a man's duties and functions in relation to it. And, in practice, the same line is generally taken by ourselves. We weigh a man's worth by what we can see of the things he makes, and we show every inclination to believe that Providence takes the same view. The German Emperor, for instance, an illustrious and conspicuous example, has clearly no sort of doubt that the German Empire is the πόλις with relation to which the ultimate value of the German citizen is to be measured, and that the House of Hohenzollern is its Palladium. "Let us go on building ships, and trust in the German God," says a German newspaper. A more general, and perhaps a more philosophical, view regards a man's worth as determined by his fitness for commerce, and national worth as measured by national commercial success. "Every nation," as Lord Rosebery says, "wishes to be a nation of shopkeepers." This, indeed, is the commonest modern conception of the highest destiny of man, φύσει πολιτευομένου, as a citizen performing citizen's duties.

There are, of course, many variations on the theme, arising from the ever-increasing complexity of civilisation and growing social heterogeneity. Sometimes we are inclined to apply the standard of military fitness, sometimes the capacity to contribute to the progress of laboratorial science, sometimes the ability to speak foreign languages, all such measures taking account, not of a man's fullest capacity, but of what are, after all, only technical and special functions. Every one of these reacts on education. Yet the best work is done by ignoring them.

The double-headed difficulty has thus one neck: a desire for measurable material results. It has on its side all the conservative forces, noble as well as ignoble, which prevent men both from despising existing institutions and from using them to evolve institutions of higher morality. It embodies an opinion as unsound as the belief, universal before Adam Smith, which is expressed in Bacon's round assertion that the "increase," that is, prosperity, of every State must be at the expense of other States. It contradicts the great generalisations, explicit in the ancient formula that "all things move," and the great modern discovery that all things move from lower forms to higher. It is in flat antagonism to the teaching of Christ, who declared God's kingdom to be not of this world. For, as Renan says of him:

> Républicain austère, patriote zélé, il n'eût pas arrêté le grand courant des affaires de son siècle [if he had conspired against Tiberius at Rome, &c.] tandis, qu'en déclarant la politique insignifiante, il a révelé au monde cette vérité que la patrie n'est pas tout, et que l'homme est antérieur et supérieur au citoyen.

We must make up our minds that education is concerned only incidentally with the narrow field of production, and keeps its eye not so much on fitting men into existing institutions as on fitting men to make existing institutions better, and getting the best out of them.

That is, education must concern itself chiefly with the *largest* number of things that men do, with the area of action

and conduct. These are the things that matter most. If we look merely to a man's specific and technical functions, we are looking at life and its duties in a mean way, in a superficial way, perhaps even a vicious way. When, for instance, a modern publicist writes that "the State should spend money on education that may prove when acquired practically useful," and subsequently shows that what he means is that nothing should be taught under State patronage by which it or the individual does not "benefit in the fight for material welfare," he would have us strive for an ignoble end by ignoble means. The view of life as a scrambling "fight" for bread and shelter is both false in perspective and sordid in circumstance. "We are a busy people," said a Yankee captain to Martin Chuzzlewit, "and have no time for reading mere notions. We don't mind 'em if they come to us in newspapers along with almighty strong stuff of another sort, but darn your books." Nobler philosophers than the Yankee captain have failed to distinguish between the permanent and the temporary, between the greater and the less, between action and production, between the real whole of life and the means by which we gain a livelihood; and yet the distinction is absolutely indispensable as a guide in education. It is character that affects the largest area of our life. The good and intelligent schoolmaster habitually subordinates the minor standards when they conflict with this, using as means what other and less disinterested people use as ends. He acts as if he knew that his chief business is to set up a *disposition;* that this is the true Kingdom of God; and if not the goal to which man tends, at all events the high road leading to the goal.

What are the studies or gymnastics that most affect our "dispositions," our conduct and characters? Surely, since man is over and above all other things a social animal, there will be, in the first place, those studies or gymnastics which give him the liveliest sympathies with humanity, with his fellows, alive and dead—these will be the most truly human. The studies which cover the most general ground affecting our relations

with each other, our power of sympathising, are the "humanities," comprised under the main heads Literature and History. Literature is so all-pervading that its operation begins with the nursery, and its power increases with every day we live. It is exactly commensurate with life. It *is* life. It is life as seen and represented by others, different from us or greater than we are. It deals, in its very highest form, with primitive and unchanging facts of feeling and experience that are true for all of us. Even when we shall be able to go from London to Mantua in an air-car within half a day, the Aeneid will still be supremely true and significant; though we know that Bohemia has no sea-coast, and that there are no serpents or tigers in the forest of Arden, we find in Shakespeare "a higher truth and higher seriousness" than in our geographies and zoologies.

And after the "humanities," technically so called, we must have another line of our basis in first-hand experience of physical nature; that is, in that part of the world which is not in intelligent communion with us. We must know by personal contact the earth, the wind, and the rain, and the sunlight, the animals and the flowers and the trees about us. These two great themes, in fact, have actually always been the staple of education. Speaking roughly, up to Bacon's time there was no other conception of education beyond instruction in the humane arts; the discipline derived from physical nature was inevitable, unrecognised, unorganised, and unconscious, though infinitely true and more effective than it is with a city-cramped and sophisticated population like so much of ours.

The situation will, therefore, be clearer to us if we note briefly the revolution in education of which the herald, if not the pioneer, was Bacon. In pre-Baconian days school education was almost exclusively confined to the "Arts." The distinction between "Arts" and "Sciences," based on bad logic and imperfect knowledge, survives to our own day, and still darkens the counsels of those who use words as coins instead of counters. When the distinction was first drawn,

"Artes" meant the things you could *do* and "Scientiæ" the things you knew. So on the side of mental education, by virtue of your knowledge of the Arts of Logic, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Law, Languages, and so forth, you could solve problems and engage in disputations and, your degree in "Arts" certified that you had gone through such a course of study as would enable you to do these things. But the "Scientiæ" were learnt from books or by the interrogation of tradition, and led to nothing "practical," to new discovery least of all.

To most of us, with our modern notions, it is the "Sciences" that suggest the most strenuous work, the patient investigator, his test-tubes, his balances, his microscope, his costly laboratory, and the rest. "Science" would seem to be far more "practical" than what we call, at all events academically, "Arts," both in procedure and in product; nay, some critics would have us believe that all the activity has passed to the "Sciences," and that the academical "Arts" merely potter about in a welter of antiquarian or insignificant rubbish.

Now, first of all, the old distinction between Arts and Sciences is thoroughly obsolete; it has become a distinction without a difference. Every subject that can be investigated may be quite fairly called a Science, and any scheme of action which tends to a recognised end may be called an Art. But there are some sciences that lend themselves better than others to laboratorial investigation, to dexterous and complex sensuous manipulation, and that are still adding to man's dominion over unintelligent matter. The science of philology, though as "heuristic" as you like (and it has been conspicuously so since the recognition of the importance of Sanskrit), does not lend itself so easily to this kind of treatment, and certainly does not add to our dominion over matter, as does (say) chemistry. While, therefore, it is admirable as a discipline, it has not the attractiveness, and does not offer such prize-potentialities, as the sciences of the laboratory. Again, the discoveries of the laboratory have been in later generations so stupendous that they have become part of the mental and even spiritual

furniture of the race, so that they cannot be ignored in a scheme of education that is to make life significant to us in its widest aspects. Metaphysics itself has renewed its youth by appropriating the lessons and adopting the formulæ of great physical discovery.

Therefore the physical or (rather) the laboratorial sciences have a claim on us which they had not when "scientia" was deductive. We must recognise the immense meaning of these great physical discoveries; the "educated" man must know them, if only on human grounds, to bring him into intelligent sympathy with his fellows. But there is nothing new in the so-called "heuristic" method; what is new is its tardy school application to phenomena other than those found in books or tradition. The new "scientist" uses no logical method unfamiliar to the old scholar, but he applies his method to more refractory material and with coarser and more cumbersome instruments. "Science" teaching begins to show signs of a conscience, and to recognise that it must fully justify itself as a gymnastic. It has no right, all the same, to claim a monopoly of "method."

But, in truth, it is time to drop unprofitable distinctions. We must not try to split straws between Arts and Sciences, or Humanities and Sciences, or studies Speculative and Applied. We must try to construct an educational pyramid of sciences, the more general gradually contracting to the specific and technical. And we must guard against two possible errors: we must not forget that in many details our pyramid is to be provisional from generation to generation, in order to make allowances for new orientations of organised knowledge; and we must be careful not to propound as the first stage in education the last results of our analysis of the field of knowledge. "General" here must mean that which covers, and always must cover, the largest area of human interest.

We have no right to split up our investigation of nature, the study of the world and of man, into regions, and to say that this region is more important than that. We have no

more right to divide the Kingdom of Knowledge into mutually exclusive "subjects" than we have to divide the mind into faculties. The objective organic unity of the world is co-relative to the organic unity of the mind.

Every act of knowledge, or "apperception," as it is sometimes called, is an act setting up a connection between an organised world and an organised mind. Every part of the world is concerned with every part of the mind in every intellectual act, and the more completely the mind is thereby put into organic connection with the world the more complete the state of knowledge resulting.

The common trick of giving legal or formal recognition in our school curricula first to one "subject" and then to another, and treating them as unrelated, for impartial distribution in the school, results in mere patchwork and muddle. The effect is that produced by the famous African monarch to whom an English admiral had presented a suit of dress clothes as a compendium of civilisation. His Majesty, we are told, did not don the whole suit himself, but, keeping the coat, gave the waistcoat to his Prime Minister, and divided the remaining garment between the head of the War Office and the Minister of Public Instruction!

We must build our pyramid of studies with special reference to three main considerations: first, the ultimate aim of Life; secondly, the growth of the individual Mind; thirdly, the urgency of Social Pressure. The first calls upon us to settle what things matter most in life, and to subordinate smaller things to them; the second requires that we should ascertain the progressive capacity of the mind for profitable cultivation to practical ends at various stages, which will probably be found to be from the general to the technical; and the third will compel us to consider individual needs in relation to existing institutions.

What things matter most? Obviously, in accordance with what we have already admitted, such things as affect the largest practical area. Nothing is so important as that we

should *deal magnanimously with life.* In the sphere of morals or religion this requires that we should act as we wish all other people to act. Our little act then becomes, though we know it not, part of the great pivot of righteousness on which the world turns. In the sphere of what we call literature, by the help of great men—artists who "lend their minds out" to us—we see life, the world, in a great way; see more significance in it than if we were left to interpret it for ourselves. Thus we actually get life into truer perspective, see more of it, when we learn to see it as Shakespeare and Milton saw it. Literature, then, "sacred" and "profane" (though we may not like the distinction) must be the basis of our educational pyramid, for literature records human experience and stimulates human sympathy to conduct over the largest area of life. Under this great main head, of course, come other subsidiary studies. Thus, whereas "pure" literature, as *belles lettres*, enables us to see and to live individual experience in a great way, on a big scale, so history, as a pageant, dealing with the life of nations, puts us into relation with the life of societies on a big scale. *Belles lettres* gives us sympathy and power of interpretation as between man and man: history gives us atmosphere and perspective, as between man and successive generations, as between societies and societies.

Another necessary base-line of our pyramid must come, as we have said, from first-hand familiarity with the simple phenomena of "outer" or unintelligent "nature," the external forces to which we are exposed, and the things with minds unlike our own—the soil, the wind, the rain, the birds, the animals. For most of us live many removes away from the primitive realities on which our life depends; and, as we develop a more complex and abstract civilisation, it becomes more and more necessary that our organised education should do what it can to re-establish the broken connections. Hebrew boys, Greek and Roman boys, went about with their fathers, meeting the soil and sky at first hand, as Hans Clodhopper does to-day, sharing in the actual life lived and seeing its

simplest springs. Our social and intellectual habits do a great deal deliberately to conceal these primitive facts; and even when, in the artificial atmosphere of our schools, we address ourselves to "teach" literature and history and earth-knowledge, we at once make them abstract by philology, by discussions on such things as the constitution and the tax-gatherer, by an excessive use of the scale and test-tube and microscope. We rarely get to real business.

The third great side of our pyramid-base is the group of studies comprised under the term Mathematics, which conditions and fixes so many of the details of life from the very beginnings, and is so necessary a discipline of the capacity to draw inferences. Here, too, our common procedure leads us to the artificial divorce and conventional separation of different aspects of the same subject, making us treat arithmetic, geometry, and algebra as if they were mutually exclusive and were not best treated, wherever possible, to strengthen one another. Here, too, our procedure is excessively analytical.

The first stage of all the studies here enumerated is necessarily more general and less definite than succeeding stages. At first we desire to enlarge capacity, to give our pupils a certain general acquaintance with things which later work will articulate for them, so that they may master the parts as well as the wholes and learn to make specific applications of them to definite needs. Thus, at first our pupils are to be made acquainted with literature—in how many languages matters not at all—not as grammar, but as *stuff*, from which grammar may, later on, be abstracted. Mathematics they should learn slowly and by the help of concretes, until at a later stage they may be gradually led to dispense with concrete presentments and argue more and more *in vacuo*.

Physical science will become more abstract and specific, and will be pursued, in the laboratory, more minutely than heretofore. History gradually narrows itself into a regular study of separate nationalities, and of questions, such, for instance, as turn upon constitutional points of a more abstract

character. It may be said that this still leaves burning questions untouched; that we are all agreed on the necessity of literature with history, and mathematics, and physical science, as subjects of school study and early intellectual discipline; that indeed these things are actually taught. But what of the question as to Classics, as to Modern Languages, and as to both of these against Physical Science?

The solution of all such problems is explicit in what has already been said. The fact is that, though we have the names on our time tables, we do not always, we are not allowed to, teach them. *What we teach is mostly conventional matter*, settled for us very largely by the devisers of examinations, who are often only nominally concerned and acquainted with the real practice of education.

We cannot teach English Literature because it is particularly difficult to set an examination paper in Literature. What we *can* do is ask questions about something which (say) Milton or Shakespeare wrote about. This is a rather poor sort of "science"; all the poorer because the minutely annotated text leaves nothing for the pupil to find out for himself. We do not teach Latin and Greek literature because very few of our pupils ever arrive at the power of reading with decent ease a simple page of Latin or Greek prose or verse; what we teach is mostly the beggarly elements of grammar and syntax; and these we could teach better by other means, which would also stock our pupils with more pregnant, significant, and comprehensive material. We do not teach Science, which, if it is anything, is a Method of Discovery; we teach ill-concatenated facts clinched by bad logic on a few unanalysed demonstrations improperly called "experiments." Perhaps the "heuristic" procedure, if we have time for it, will cure all that. Mathematics are often excellently taught, especially in the primary schools, and in this region there is much less convention, and more satisfactory work done where it is encouraged. than in any other school subject. But it is still often conventional, examination papers asking too

frequently for a multitude of rapid processes rather than evidence of power of concentrated and logical thought. And as for literature in foreign tongues, what procedure could be more conventional than the examination of *spoken* tongues on paper *without speech?*

It is this that gives such point to the complaint that so little seems to come of our toil and labour in the class-room. Is it not true, as Mark Pattison said, that "of all the practical arts, that of education seems the most cumbrous in its method, and to be productive of the smallest results with the most lavish expenditure of means?" We are overwhelmed by conventional machinery.

Let us look at it again. Instead of teaching English Literature (out of annotated editions) and Classics (in the majority of cases by means of grammar and delectus alone), and Modern Languages (without real speech or with the merest pretence of speaking) we ought surely to teach literature and languages as two sides of the same thing; and we ought to use all three branches—English, Classics, and Foreign Literature—in accordance with the time at our disposal in regard to the different school careers for different classes of pupils. And this with one most important condition. We must throughout recognise *speech*, and not its articulations and abstractions, to be the basis and unit of our work in all teaching of literature and language. Thus, in English, everything should be subsidiary and subsequent to an acquaintance with the text *as a whole;* grammar and antiquarianism and the whole *apparatus criticus* should be held in reserve till this is achieved. Again, in Classics, we should get into narrative as soon as we can, and, indeed, approximate as nearly as possible to the most intelligent methods of teaching a living and spoken language. After all, the significant fact about Latin and Greek is that they were speech, not that they are "dead." Consecutive matter should and can be tackled from the very first; but then, of course, we should begin our Latin and Greek much later than is our present practice. If we did, more of our pupils would

"know" their Classics and know them better, while the rest, who never come really face to face with Latin and Greek, would have a better chance with other things. In modern languages, with the time thus saved, it would be perfectly easy to give a substantial number of boys and girls a first-hand working acquaintance with the real matter, with speech, if we left the grammar and its exercises in the second place, and prescribed copious reading and free reproduction, with a minimum of "translation," from the first. In the teaching of Physical Science, again, we ought not to be bullied by specialists into pretending to believe that those are the best pupils who "know" most specific sciences, or can perform the greatest number of prescribed "experiments" without being able to make a single step for themselves and without a glimmering of the general logical significance of what they are doing. "Science" should acquire more and more of the old connotation of "Art"; it should be a certificate of competence to *do*.

What, in fact, we chiefly need is, first, a really scientific, that is, a common-sense, view of our general aims. This will lead us, in the second place, to resolve to teach with an eye on our pupils and not merely on the work they turn out; our teaching will be organic; more will be taught under fewer heads on the time-table. And, thirdly, we shall see that it is of prime importance to deconventionalise our examinations—to contrive that the pupil, and not his work, should be the main solicitude of the testing authorities. To do this we must have examination, if not conducted, as it should be, in part by the teacher, at all events conducted by bodies really interested in education as such, and not as a means to a narrow and often insignificant end; by bodies acquainted at first hand with the real processes and problems of teaching.

Our curriculum is good enough; our manipulation of it makes it futile and barren.

ON THE LINE

The Heritage of Unrest. By Gwendolen Overton. (Macmillan Co. New York. 6*s.*)—The Americans have by this time a considerable past, and their writers are showing that they know how to use it. Miss Overton's book is a thoroughly good story of the straightforward kind, full of natural characters moving naturally; but it is also a study in heredity, and in the working of feelings which can only be found in a society where white races are in close contact with those of another colour. Felipa, the heroine of this tale, is the child of a white father and an Indian mother; and this taint of wild blood is the heritage which makes the tragedy. It is impossible, it would seem—we need no more proof than this story itself gives—for such a life to end happily; beauty and savagery raised to this power are no longer tolerable even in the Western States. No one really liked Felipa, though all admired her and many were in love with her. She realised the situation without understanding how it came about.

There had been an afternoon in Washington when, on her road to some reception of a half-official kind, she had crossed the opening of an alley-way and had come upon three boys who were torturing a small blind kitten, and almost without knowing what she did, because her maternal grandfather had done to the children of his enemies as the young civilised savages were doing to the kitten there, she stopped and watched them, not enjoying the sight perhaps, but not recoiling from it either. So intent had she been that she had not heard footsteps crossing the street towards her, and had not known that some one stopped beside her with an exclamation of wrath and dismay.

She had been sufficiently ashamed of herself thereafter, and totally unable to understand her own evil impulse.

The success of the authoress in convincing the readers of Felipa's real power of attraction and barbarous innocence is the triumph of the book; but it also contains several excellent studies of men and their relations to each other, as well as some capital fighting.

The Column. By Charles Marriott. (Lane. 6*s*.)—When you are certainly destined to meet a man sooner or later, and to meet him often, it is as well to take the first introduction that offers. "The Column" is by no means a great work, but it is the work of a man who will certainly be heard of again. Some readers, toiling through the laborious epigrams and subtleties of the first ten chapters, will doubt this; but if they persevere as far as chapter xii. they will find that a dual authorship has deceived them; much of the book is by a pseudo-Meredith with a Carnaby strain in him, but it was a different hand that drew the sculptor Cathcart. He is both real and admirable: so real that the present tense belongs to him naturally.

Cathcart's work, if it can be assigned to any school, belongs to that of which the best known examples are the paintings of J. F. Millet. Both men betray in their work the same acute sympathy with the worn hands, the inarticulate voice of labour; though, by the accident of his material, the English sculptor is more suggestive while less explicit in detail.

Personally, Cathcart is "a dusty man, with big sullen blue eyes," given to slang, fox-terriers, and ratting, but always with something big about him—"what in our line we should call breadth." He appears twice only, but his theory of heredity and double personalities is the keynote of the whole book. Johnnie had drawn Daphne sitting by the column which her father had transplanted from Greece to a cliff in Cornwall. Cathcart shook his head.

"I don't think you know her very well," he said. "Daphne wasn't really sitting here; she was away back where she belongs. We all belong some-

where, you know, and keep a sort of dummy to knock about and pretend. I'll show you where Daphne belongs if you like."

Then he draws her with charcoal—"thumb uppermost, like a foil, whipping the paper at thoughtful intervals as one delivering calculated blows," and talked between.

Some of us belong up trees and shy cocoanuts—or chew bones in a cave; and the dummy spreads himself at a club and talks culture. I've seen dummies mincing it down St. James's Street whose owners were jabbing each other with flint knives in the Stone Age. Same moment too, mind you. We chaps who paint, or juggle with mud and marble, see past the dummies sometimes. Then people call us brutal, and the nice young gentlemen knock up brand-new adjectives to sling at us.

Daphne turned out eventually to be "sitting on a curious three-legged seat, on a rock."

Some people, you know, are always trying to get back where they belong. . . . That's why he stuck up the column and planted the laurels. Finger-posts—d'you see?—just to get the mood. We all do it. Some use 'baccy, some beer, some worse. Now your Daphne has got back very near where she belongs; and that's why you've drawn her with blank eyeballs, just because you're one of the chaps who see past the dummy. It won't make you happy, my son, but it's worth it, oh Lord, yes! it's worth it.

Of the rest of the book the reader will not remember much; but he will look forward to its successor.

At Bath we are never far from the days of Queen Anne. An exquisite waft of gaiety, as if laughter had been stirred by the caress of a feather, flatters him who pursues the fortunes of **Monsieur Beaucaire**—(by Booth Tarkington. Murray. 2*s.* 6*d.* net)—at the moment when "a small, fair gentleman in white satin" comes out upon the steps and hands down Lady Mary Carlisle, "an achievement which had figured in the ambitions of seven other gentlemen during the evening." Was he a duke? Was he a barber? Far be it from us to betray the secret! "Believe me," said Molyneux (who saw him fight single-handed against a troop of horse) "he's no barber! No, and never was!" But the great-grandfather of

Mr. Molyneux was French. Other gallants thought otherwise —ladies also. "And live men are just—*names!*" said Monsieur Beaucaire, in whose country there lived a philosopher "who says strange things of that—that a man is not his father, but *himself*." He was capable of asking "What's in a name?" was Monsieur Beaucaire. Ah, in this mediævalised world of ours only Romeos, Juliets, and Jean-Jacques Rousseaus honestly think there is nothing! Lady Mary was of the opinion of many Lady Marys now; she believed there was much. She was a lady first, a woman afterwards—to her cost.

From the other end of Romance—though it is well within the borders of that enchanted land—comes **The Plea of Pan** —(by Henry Nevinson. Murray. *5s.* net)—bearing with it something of the rare fragrance of "Eothen," of "Euphranor," of "Walden," of "Prince Otto," of "Pagan Papers"—of a work so immeasurably above all these that we hesitate to name the writer, though we do not think all readers will hesitate. Some men will be indifferent. "Queer book!" they will say, and never give it a second thought. A queer book it is, undeniably. Here and there a woman will be distressed. Pan was not—he never could be—a Christian. The scholar —the dreamer—the Shakespearean—will buy it instantly, will carry it away to moor and forest, will refuse to lend it even to the friend of his bosom. It will not make him laugh, but it will keep him smiling all day long. It will not sit still to be described; to tear extracts out would be ruthless. The gift of seeing what others do not see is genius, says the lord of living genii. That gift the author has.

Le Silence. Par Edouard Rod. (Librairie Académique: Perrin et Cie. *3fr. 50c.*)—M. Rod is always worth reading. The volume before us contains two short stories, each of them preceded by the conversation which evoked it. The stories are records of mysterious and silent passion; the conversations touch on many well-known themes. The moralities of love,

the worth of conventions, the possible whiteness of lies, are problems that cannot be solved in any smoking-room, or, indeed, in any corner of our bewildering little planet. And, to do M. Rod justice, he does not pretend to solve them; he spreads them out, he regards them gently, he follows them with philanthropic emotion; he leads us and his characters into a labyrinth, and when, after much walking, we are in the middle of it, he holds out his hand and proffers us—not a clue, but his pity. And his pity, we often feel, has an Evangelical note in it. M. Rod is Swiss, and if he clearly shows a reaction against Genevan traditions, there is also something Genevan about the solemnity of the reaction.

Yet his men and women interest us. They are in the same walk of life as most of us and lead the life of ordinary professional people. The first tale deals with, or rather suggests, the relations between two noble-minded persons, who love one another too late, when a husband already stands between them. They remain true to their duty. No Trappists could more faithfully practise the austerities of silence and abnegation; and the picture of the man when he hears casually, at a dinner-party, of the woman's death—the description of him afterwards, wandering blind and half-conscious through Paris, while the muffling snow falls thick upon him, show the author at his best.

No one will dispute that M. Rod is sympathetic. He is even too sympathetic. In his effort to show that a literal untruth may hold a deeper truth of feeling; that passion may give scope for the sternest self-sacrifice, he grows rather unfair. He forgets that it is possible to be as moral within wedlock as outside it. There have been devoted husbands and wives from the days of Alcestis downwards, and sometimes it even happens that people who love each other marry. But M. Rod is a philanthropist, and his foibles are the foibles of benevolence.

Lettres à la Fiancée, 1820-22. By Victor Hugo. (Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. *3 fr. 50 c.*)—There are love-

letters and love-letters. Those from men of genius, or else from the humble and obscure, generally have the merit of being spontaneous; those written by the second-rate literary are often composed with an eye round the corner. The letters from Victor Hugo to his Adèle belong to the "men of genius" category. From first to last they are a splendid outburst of youth—a poet's youth, full of sunshine and storm, and of power to express its love beautifully. Hugo's romance began when he was seventeen and Adèle Foucher sixteen, and it was three years and a half before he married her. His mother was surprised at his docility in accompanying her every evening on her after-dinner visit to M. and Madame Foucher. It did not seem very amusing for a young man. M. Foucher did not like conversation, so the ladies sat in silence with their reticules and their work, and Victor watched his goddess sew. Presently there came assignations in the garden, then tempests in the house and separation; next his mother's death, his want of means, his growing fame, his final success with Adèle's parents, and his marriage. A common enough story, but he was not a common lover. His letters glow with honesty and with a noble tenderness. He had the self-confidence of genius, and refused to give up poetry and poverty for an appointment at the French Embassy in London, offered to him by Châteaubriand. "Poésie oblige" might have been his motto, and his letter on poetry is one of his finest. So is another on the nature of love, of which no view could be more spiritual than his. The thought of his lady, he says, kept him proof against all evil. His Adèle was much like other Adèles. Besides being a divine angel with a pure brow (what French poet's love has not had that sort of brow?) she was rather a mediocre little bourgeoise who wrote short letters, was afraid of what people thought of her, and said that passion was "de trop." "J'ai une grande faculté dans l'âme, celle d'aimer," he wrote to her ". . . Je t'envie quelquefois d'être aimée comme je t'aime." In the end his unselfish love won the day. It widened and ennobled her till he almost raised her to his level, and she

might have said with him : " Quand on n'a pour pensée unique qu'une éternité d'amour et de bonheur, on voit toutes les choses de la terre de si haut quelles semblent bien petites."

The author of **Bolingbroke and His Times**—(by Walter Sichel. Nisbet & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)—writes as though every one else were at least half as familiar with the reign of Queen Anne as he is himself, and his book has the qualities and the defects of this method. It is not simple nor clear enough in style to guide the ignorant through the maze of intrigue and counter-intrigue; but historians will find it valuable. It is full of learning and research, full of quotations chosen with brilliant certainty of their effect. It deals with a period of confusion bewildering enough to have terrified any but a determined student.

These fifty-three years may be said to have witnessed four successive Englands, yet a single man might easily have outlived them all. David Mispler, whose tomb is in Barnes Churchyard, was waterman to Charles II., James II., King William, Queen Anne, and George I.

The Bishop of Ely " maintained that the Hebrews were called Israelites 'because God ever hated Jacobites.'" From the Queen, gnawing her fan when she was doubtful how to reply, to Bolingbroke, who writes " I am like a man on a chess-board "; no one knew his or her own mind for two minutes together. Self-interest marred all; wit ruled instead of wisdom. Mrs. Henrietta Tofts made thirty guineas one night by selling her kisses, a guinea apiece, at the Duke of Somerset's party.

There is a niece of Lord Portland's in Holland [writes the " infenit affek-shenit " mother of Lord Raby], a handsom young woman worth thirty or more thousand pound. I wish you had her. If you was marryed, although I leved twenty milse of you, yet it would be an unspeakable happiness to pore me, for sartainly I should never desier to liv with a daughter-in-law, for although themselves ar never soe good, yet sum tattling sarvents or acquantenc will put jealosies in their head to breed discontents.

Spite of all this, there were great writers and fighters—there was gay good fellowship.

I believe the world has used me as scurvily as most people [says Bolingbroke], and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing.

Who can wonder at the spell he has thrown over his apologist? We may agree or not agree as we listen to the special pleading. The man himself charms us too—all the more for that fine bit of special pleading, his portrait in the frontispiece.

The Love-letters of Prince Bismarck. Edited by Prince Herbert Bismarck. In 2 vols. (Heinemann. 1901. 21*s.* net.)—A better title would have been "Bismarck's Letters to his Wife." They are, it is true, love-letters, such as loving husbands write, but half the first volume contains all the letters written before the marriage in 1847; letters which are full of misgivings, approaches and retreats, self-questionings, reticences and susceptibilities; the man holding the woman firmly and sure of himself, but conscious that he may not always be sufficiently tender or considerate; she, as one may guess from his answers, inclined to value her precious gift to him, to be exacting and to blame herself for being exacting, and him for not being more attentive; in short, the common language of lovers who have nothing but themselves to write about, interesting to their children and friends, but not meant for the public; and to the public only interesting because such letters open another window into the chamber of natural affection, and remind us how many millions of good people are writing this language to each other every day. The domestic vein, with all the details belonging to it, absence and hopes of meeting, change of lodgings, cost of living, births, illnesses and recoveries of children, criticisms of relations and friends, runs through the whole book. It should be read side by side with a biography; for the allusions to public affairs are only incidental, such as a statesman in high place would write to a wife who is neither a politician nor a great lady, but is interested in all that her husband does.

These letters show the softer side of Bismarck's character;

they also show the homelier side. We see only by glimpses that he is in the heart of affairs, driving, dining, and talking with kings and emperors, giving orders to ministers, generals and ambassadors, fighting republicans and socialists in Parliament, playing the game in which crowns and provinces are the stakes. To Frau von Bismarck he writes about croup, wet nurses, house-rent, sausages and beer, the cost of postage, beds, bugs, cold rooms, *schnapps* and *schnupfen*.

Three points come out most clearly, all interesting in view of his character. We have known him as the man of vast ideas and invincible resolution from his action on the great page of history; from the sordid volumes of Busch; as the supreme man of business, thorough-going, indefatigable, unscrupulous, tyrannical, sparing neither himself nor his slaves. Here he appears as an affectionate husband, father and friend, a man with a strong and sincere religious feeling, one who believed in prayer and the offices of the Church and read the Bible regularly, a faith which, however, did not prevent him from fighting a duel with a clear conscience, and after "seeking" God with a friend for an hour, nor from taking his own line in European politics.

> Gott weiss viel,
> doch mehr der Herr Professor,
> Gott weiss alles,
> doch Er alles besser,

may have been his view of such matters; and in the third place a lover and observer of country sights and sounds, with a keen eye for scenery, and a happy poetical touch in describing it. To be sometimes sentimental is his heritage as a German, whether Imperialist, Prussian or Pomeranian; but his sentiment is always sincere and manly.

On the whole, these letters throw light upon the homely, human side of the great man's character; and we should never guess from their evidence that they were written by the man of blood and iron. We welcome the revelation; but no publication of correspondence can make Prince Bismarck an amiable character.

The Francis Letters. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary. (Hutchinson & Co. Two vols. 24*s.* net.)—The Francis family had the praiseworthy habit—which, however, might easily be abused were it not the rule in most families to destroy everything—of preserving all letters, whether marked "To be burnt" or not. The result is that the reader of these volumes finds himself admitted to the intimate concerns of a large, capable, witty, ambitious, and worldly family during a period which extends over sixty years. Play (a *coup* of £20,000 at whist on one occasion), racing, excessive eating and drinking, the usual censures on other people's extravagance, dress, ridottos, routs and balls, house-hunting, marriages, illnesses, quarrels, and Court life make up the staple of the record. We do not form a high conception of the Francis family and their aims in life, nor of their mutual amiability. But there is much selfish good-nature and affection, and a great deal of gaiety and enjoyment of life. Philip Francis and his wife seem to have quarrelled and grumbled and loved one another without much sentiment; their affection was evidently chilled by his seven years absence in India, and (though no allusion is made to this in the letters) by his intrigue with Madame Grand, afterwards the wife of Talleyrand. Francis had an inveterate habit of sending his wife presents of plain muslin when she wanted sprigged—how gladly the Catherine Morlands of to-day would accept either, if muslin of that quality were now to be had!—and strings of pearls when she would have preferred a draft upon his bankers; reasonably enough, since out of an income of £10,000 he made yearly remittances of £6000 to his agent in London, and allowed his wife only about £800 a year. Nothing appears to have checked the flow of Francis's high spirits, though he writes bitterly enough of his difficulties in India and his dislike of the country. The picture of life in India is interesting; so is the account of Francis's quarrel with Warren Hastings, ending with the duel in which he was wounded. His great disappointment in life was in being passed over when a successor

to Warren Hastings was to be appointed. Towards the end of his long life, when he was meditating a second marriage at the age of seventy-four, he appears in the character of a rather absurd old beau, flirting with the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Thanet, dining with the Prince Regent every day for weeks together, and "trying (as he says) to shut his eyes to everything but pastime."

We like some of the younger generation: especially the clever, sensible, warm-hearted Catherine, afterwards Mrs. George Cholmondeley; and Eliza Johnson, the saucy step-daughter of Mary Francis, and afterwards the wife of the younger Philip Francis, is charming.

A "note" prefixed to the letters gives a clear summary of the "Junius" question. The evidence may not be enough to hang a man; but the "doubt" on which a jury might acquit is the equivalent of a moral certainty, clenched by Euclid's familiar argument, "For let it be any" one else.

The Stall Plates of the Knights of the Order of the Garter, 1348–1485. By W. H. St. John Hope. (Constable, in eight parts, at 12*s.* 6*d.* each net.)—There is a well-known story of a peer who praised the Garter because it was the only honour left in England with "no d——d merit about it." A generation which has seen Lord Roberts elected to the Order will hardly take this view, but any one who compares the new with the old plates in the Stalls of St. George's must agree that, on the artistic side, at any rate, all merit has disappeared from this fraternity. The modern knight disfigures his stall by an enormous plate of gaudy and tasteless appearance: the design is tame as a carriage panel and the colouring worthy of a biscuit tin. It is a pleasure to forget such things and turn to the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century plates, of which Mr. St. John Hope has reproduced nearly ninety in facsimile. The work is a splendid display of the art of colour-printing, and when complete will not only be full of historic interest, but cannot fail to give an impulse to the revival of heraldic design: for the

examples it supplies are drawn from work done when heraldry was still a living thing, not yet stunted by the rules of the pedant nor spoiled by the hasty clutch of the vulgar and ambitious. To take an example at random: Plate XXXII. is the achievement of Sir Reginald Cobham, Lord Cobham of Sterborough, familiar to us as one of the three knights in whose charge the Black Prince fought at Cressy, and marshal of the host at Poitiers. He was also Admiral of the Fleet, and more than once an Ambassador; and he married a daughter of the Lord Berkeley. Yet all these splendours and associations are completely and perfectly commemorated by a small plate of the simplest possible design, and the scroll contains no title beyond his name, "Sir Reynald Cobeham." Almost as simple and even more beautiful and free in style is the plate of Gaston de Foix, Count de Longueville and Benanges, Captal de Buch, where the mantling, following the arms of Foix, is of gold with narrow stripes of red, lined with dark green and tasselled green and gold.

Mr. Hope supplies an introduction which is a model of care and compression; and a page of description and identification faces each illustration. We cannot imagine work of the kind better done.

THE WAR OFFICE, THE ADMIRALTY, AND THE COALING STATIONS

IT is regrettable that the Secretary of State for War, in disclosing to the House of Commons the scheme of Army Reform, incidentally made a proposal involving Admiralty action without the sanction of that Board, and presumably, without the authority of the Cabinet. If it was a bid by the War Office for Parliamentary and popular support to force the hand of the Admiralty it was mischievous. The reason for taking so unusual a course is, however, not so important as the result. Probably it will be found to be exactly the opposite of what Mr. Brodrick expected. The Admiralty and the naval service generally will always loyally carry out any policy laid down by Government, but neither the Admiralty nor the admirals are likely to be conciliated by the attempt of a single Minister, representing a single department, to compel the navy to take over such of the coaling stations as the army no longer wishes to keep. The real issues involved by the proposal will not be made clearer by the blowing off of departmental steam in a rivalry of noise between Whitehall and Pall Mall. Where oil was needed, Mr. Brodrick has heedlessly cast in grit.

The question, however, whether the Admiralty or the War Office should be responsible for the custody and control

of ports purely naval in use and application involves something much more serious than "ink-slinging" between the two spending departments. It is one of high policy, embracing strategical, naval, military, and financial problems. Under the principles and practice of our constitution, the element of cost in the long run prevails. Now the more closely the question of garrisoning the coaling stations is examined by lynx-eyed Chancellors of the Exchequer, and Cabinets specially careful of public expenditure, the more probably will financial considerations turn the scale in favour of transferring them to the navy. The dangers, if any, of such a result to the efficiency or effective force of the navy, are not matters of Admiralty concern only, but are of vital importance to the empire at large. Anything done which hampers or impairs the sea-going effective force of the British fleet is grave injury done to the realm.

Broadly speaking, the transfer from the War Office to the Admiralty of the coaling stations is objected to by distinguished admirals—who rightly influence Admiralty policy—for two reasons: (1) That the increase of burden thus cast upon Navy Estimates by the necessary provision of such land-service as these ports may require might, and probably would, divert naval money from the sea-going fleet to the shore. This danger cannot be dismissed as imaginary because, when in obedience to popular sentiment, Chancellors of the Exchequer cut down Admiralty expenditure, the reduction of the ship-building vote, or of the number of ships in commission, would be far easier than dismantling fixed defences, however moderate, and vacating them by dismissing the garrisons. It is, however, to be observed that this line of Admiralty objection could be, but never has been, adopted in the matter of the creation and maintenance of great harbours to provide for the shelter and security of the fleet. Dover, Gibraltar, and a whole host of other harbours are examples. The difference is not one of principle but of detail. The enormous cost of these harbours is provided for under Naval Works Acts, not out of

annual Navy Estimates. The annual cost of upkeep of all these harbours, when completed, falls on Estimates. That is just as much a diversion of naval money from ships to shore as the upkeep of such force as may be necessary to secure them or to guard the entrances of a coaling port, and to protect the naval coal stores, &c., from being raided. The difference may be in degree, that is in relative cost in one case or in the other; in principle there is really no difference as far as money is concerned, but there is in the appropriation of men. To the question of men I will presently refer.

(2) The other main objection raised to the Admiralty taking over the coaling stations is this: It implies an enlargement of the field of Admiralty administration, and the consequent increase of that establishment for a purpose only indirectly connected with the business of the Board, viz., the provision and control of the sea-going fleet. This, it is urged, would involve a permanent increase in the cost of naval administration, incapable of much variation. The importance of this objection is, however, relative to the actual additional cost involved, and may not, on examination, prove to be so great as some admirals imagine.

It may fittingly be noticed here that naval bases at home need not be considered as within the range of the present discussion. To the navy they are of primary importance, but they are also great commercial towns and natural military centres. The existence of the navy now depends upon them. The resources of these naval bases originate in their hinterlands, which comprise the whole area of Great Britain. They are not dependent on sea communications for ability to create, repair, and maintain the fleet. From any point of view their relation to the fleet differs totally from that of Hong Kong, Bermuda, &c., where everything in the shape of materials, repairing plant, and supplies must be brought by sea. Nor can home ports be compared with Sydney, Halifax, Esquimalt, or Simons Bay, until hinterlands of the latter are so developed as to produce supplies of raw materials, and their manu-

facturing powers so increased as to render them, for naval purposes, wholly independent of intake by sea. Though Malta and Gibraltar are entirely dependent on the sea for ability to supply the wants of the fleet, they are also military *places d'armes* on the road to our Indian frontier and the East, and therefore they cannot fairly be regarded only from a purely maritime point of view.

For the reasons thus indicated, the questions under review should be limited to naval bases other than those at home or in the Mediterranean. In due time, if we pursue a wise Imperial policy, and develop local ability to supply the requirements of the fleet, my reasons for placing certain colonial ports in a different category from those at home will gradually disappear. The process must necessarily in any case be slow, but unfortunately our policy at present shows no sign or symptom of a recognition of the expediency of beginning it. Port Arthur, Mare Island, Yokosuka, and Kure, &c., in the other hemisphere, stand in the same relation to their hinterland resources in Russia, the United States, and Japan respectively as Portsmouth, Devonport, &c., do to those of Great Britain. Russia, the United States, and Japan are steadily preparing for a permanent naval future on the Pacific, to which we shut our eyes. Additions to the means of supply and to the repairing plant at Hong Kong are no true answer to Port Arthur, Mare Island, or Yokosuka. Lavish money as we may on Wei-hai-Wei, that position can never furnish the true answer. It is to ports in Australasia that we must look for producing power. The hope of British survival in the Pacific is not in mounted infantry or bushmen scouts—those admirable troops of proved excellence in modern war by land—it lies in the development of means of local production and maintenance of battle power on that ocean. In the face of such developments as are now in progress on both sides of the Pacific, our island resources in the north-east corner of one hemisphere cannot indefinitely compete on equal terms for maritime control of the other. The mere fact

of having to drag across the globe almost every single thing necessary for the repair and equipment of British ships is a heavy handicap in a war with a nation, or nations, having the necessary sustaining power, so to speak, on the spot. We forget that the last great struggle for maritime supremacy was practically confined to the Atlantic basin and its indents. The Atlantic epoch of maritime strife succeeded that of the more restricted area of the Mediterranean, and produced the result which naval history records; but now the whole water world is open as the theatre for the naval struggles to come. Just as centres and sources of maritime power shifted from the Mediterranean to seas outside, so now centres and sources of that power have already begun to be shifted to the Pacific. Since the last great maritime war, the British position has changed from that of an island with plantations here and there abroad, to an empire composed of a series of self-governing states in both hemispheres, and dependencies of enormous magnitude in two continents. The method of providing for that sea security on which the whole wondrous world-wide fabric depends is nevertheless still the same as that of the "right little, tight little" island, when the Pacific Ocean was but a vague geographical phrase expressing the unknown. Our naval policy tenaciously clings to traditions founded on conditions long passed away. Because a system which necessarily centralised in the south of England all naval means of production and supply was successful during the Atlantic epoch of naval history, we persist in trusting to it still, though the other half of the world has been added to British maritime risks and difficulties. If the enormous, though scattered, resources of our empire cannot be combined to produce and sustain the naval power necessary to secure British sea supremacy, upon which the empire's existence depends, expectation of its lasting cohesion is an idle dream. If statesmen at home fear to propose practical co-operation for this purpose, and colonial statesmen are too busy piling up the wealth and extending the commerce of their own communities

to pay attention to the gravity of the British naval position in the very near future, the world will have one more proof that size does not mean strength in an empire, any more than in a man. The most obvious necessity of British naval policy lies in the direction of commencing at once a great Imperial dockyard and arsenal in the South Pacific by the co-operation of British money and resources to develop local capabilities of production, for securing the maintenance of British naval power at the other side of the world.

This digression into a wider field of thought is desirable in order to appreciate the true magnitude of that problem of which the immediate controversy over naval bases and coaling stations is but a detail, though an important one. The true grand base for fleets and squadrons, their sub-bases and coaling stations in the Pacific and the eastern portion of the Indian Ocean, is in Australasia. To ports and their hinterlands there, our Pacific fleet should look for the production and supply of all things necessary to its efficiency; certainly not to an island in the north Atlantic. In considering the question of garrisoning these outposts, whether off the coast of China to the north, or in the eastern portion of the Indian Ocean, we must look to the future as well as to the present. We are bound to assume that common sense will assert itself in British policy, and that our answer to Port Arthur, Mare Island, and Yokosuka, will be found in the resources of Australasia. For the same reason we should conclude that our fellow citizens in Australasia will soon see that, for their safety, they depend upon British naval supremacy generally, and more immediately upon our supremacy in the Pacific, and right away to the North. This being so, and the security of advanced naval depôts being contributory to the exercise of the sea power on which Australasia depends, it is not unreasonable to assume that the Commonwealth will recognise their obvious duty to prepare and hold in readiness for general service in any part of the Pacific, as the exigencies of war may require, such forces as may be necessary and adapted for naval purposes afloat or

ashore. If this chain of reasoning be unsound, then the foundations of any Imperial co-operative system for the defence of the British position in the Pacific are rotten, and it is folly to disguise the fact. If, on the other hand, the assumptions are well founded, Australasia can be relied upon to agree to provide the war garrisons and men for general naval service in the Pacific at all events. Thus the controversy between the War Office and Admiralty over garrisoning the coaling stations is but a part of that great question—is British naval power to predominate in the Pacific Ocean in the future or is it not?

Maritime war is primarily and essentially a series of operations on the water, but in the nature of things—as all history in all ages teaches—minor land operations, to attain purely naval ends, are not merely expedient, but often wholly unavoidable.

The history of the Pacific itself in our own time illustrates this fact, though our Imperial policy of defence ignores it. On the outbreak of the Crimean war, there was a Russian squadron loose in the South Pacific under Admiral Putiatin. There was also on that ocean a powerful Anglo-French fleet. The French squadron was at once re-inforced by the fitting out and putting to sea of certain ships kept in reserve at the Marquesas. There were no British ships in reserve in the Pacific, though Australasia was then a series of thriving British communities. The nearest military Russian outpost to the Pacific was on the Amoor, but over 2000 miles from the coast. The intervening territory was Chinese. General Muravief, who commanded, had some seven years before sent an expedition down the Amoor, which never returned, and was never heard of again. Undismayed, he then set about preparing for war. He cast guns, established ammunition factories, and built barges, and a small steamer, the *Aigun*, to tow them. Meanwhile a Russian ship surveyed the mouth of the Amoor and the contiguous coast, and established one trading port at its mouth and another a little way up the river.

At Petropaulovski, in Kamtskatka, Russia had a sealing station, consisting of one or two wooden huts. Petropaulovski is about 800 miles by sea from the mouth of the Amoor, so that between the most easterly Siberian outpost and Petropaulovski lay about 3000 miles, about one third being sea and some two thirds a *terra incognita*. There were, of course, no telegraphs in those days, and Muravief and Putiatin could only communicate with each other *viâ* the Baltic, the Cape, or Cape Horn, a process occupying some six to eight months at the very least. Such was the position in the beginning of 1854, when troops were embarking in our home ports for Varna, and all our eyes were fixed on Europe. Admiral Putiatin, at a South American port, received notification from St. Petersburg of a state of war, long before the Anglo-French fleet. The moral effect of that overwhelming naval force, also in the South Pacific, of course automatically drove the Russian squadron right away to the north to shelter at the only port it had—Petropaulovski, though not a pistol-shot had been fired, and not a British or French ship sighted. It did not, however, go there direct, but proceeded to a bay, which is to the south of the mouth of the Amoor. There arrived also Muravief's military expedition, which had forced the Amoor. This was at once embarked, and set sail for Petropaulovski. When the Anglo-French fleet arrived at the port, anticipating the easy capture of the Russian squadron, the Russian preparations were complete. The Russian ships were found behind a mole, dismantled and protected with sand bags, the approach being dominated by great redoubts heavily armed and fully garrisoned with Muravief's troops. Futile attempts were made to destroy the Russian vessels by bombardment, and finally a reckless effort to take one of the redoubts, with such force as could be landed from the fleet, was made. It was, of course, defeated with appalling loss, and the fleet ultimately retreated, after disastrous failure to accomplish the naval aim by capture or destruction of the ships, because of want of military force associated with its naval power.

Subsequently Putiatin restored his ships and transports to a sea-going condition, the forts were dismantled, and the guns, stores, and troops, were re-embarked for the Amoor. The ships were withdrawn up the river, while the troops occupied its banks, establishing a chain of forts from the mouth to the original starting-point of Muravief's expedition. So while we were slowly closing in on Sebastopol, Russia, by a sudden master stroke, was securing a seaboard and ports on the Pacific for which she had so long and so splendidly struggled. From that time she persistently worked southward and seaward to the boundary of Corea, while further inland she advanced towards the Gulf of Pechili. Russia's position at Port Arthur to-day is the last of that sequence of events which commenced with her defeat of the Anglo-French fleet at Petropaulovski by a combination of naval and military force for which we were wholly unprepared. If the sceptre of the sea begins by-and-by to slip from British grasp in the Pacific, it will not be for want of previous warning. But Petropaulovski is too long ago for England or Australasia to bother about. We at home are too busy preparing six army corps to line our hedge-rows, and Australasia too occupied with plans for military local defence to attend to the maritime future of the Pacific Ocean. While at Port Arthur, Yokosuka, and Mare Island, three Pacific Powers develop local naval resources as preparation for that future, our Admiralty and War Office are quarrelling over which department should furnish a few hundred men for British naval depôts in that and other seas remote from England.

Turning from general aspects to the smaller issues involved, the Admiralty objection to appropriating men available for service at sea to service on shore, needs examination. For purposes of illustration I will confine observation to the other side of the world where troops provided by the War Office are stationed at naval ports. The following table shows the places and the constitution of the garrisons now :

	Imperial Troops.	Native or Local Force.
Hong Kong . . .	1962 ...	2463
Wei-hai-Wei . . .	206 ...	1083
Esquimalt	327 ...	none
Total . .	2495 (all ranks)	3546 (all ranks)

The local or native force must be a constant quantity whichever department is responsible, so that, so far as these three stations in the other hemisphere are concerned, the Admiralty objection is to stationing on shore 2495 units belonging to the naval forces, because naval units are for service at sea and not on land. That is an objection which, to use a slang phrase, "catches on with the crowd." It will not, however, stand in the face of this fact—that at home 4200 bluejackets are permanently quartered on shore in the coast guard. That is, and has been for years, the Admiralty's policy. No First Lord and no admiral has ever called in question the wisdom of that policy. The men are embarked in reserve ships for a week or two every alternate year—half in one year and half in another—to keep them ready and efficient for service at sea. What is good in this hemisphere cannot be bad in the other, and reserve ships are now, by reason of Port Arthur, Yokosuka, and Mare Island, as necessary at ports near the North Pacific as they are on the North Atlantic.

Modern naval conditions are such that the Admiralty have been forced to build barracks on shore at home for naval forces. As a matter of fact, accommodation on land is provided at home for the following naval units for service at sea *exclusive* of coast guards.

For 14,517 officers and men of the Navy.
„ 7,433 „ „ Marine Forces.

Total for 21,950 naval units.

The relative numerical strength of the two branches being 89,528 and 19,590 respectively, it will be seen that quarters on

shore are thus provided for about one-sixth of the total bluejacket branch, and for less than half the marines, while, if coast-guard quarters be added, accommodation is prepared on shore for nearly one-fourth of the bluejackets.

But there is another and a more substantial Admiralty argument against the proposal to apply to the garrisons of the coaling stations in peace the system illustrated by the coast-guard at home, viz., that these garrisons in war could not be removed for service afloat or away from the base. It is urged, and urged with force, that raids on the ports may be attempted, and that therefore the garrison could not be reduced. But, on the other hand, is it to be for one moment supposed that on the outbreak of war additional force—ships and men—will not have to be sent to our admirals in the Pacific? Is it not a dead certainty that this must be done, and done promptly? If those admirals are to have no mobile military force at their disposal, and associated with their reinforced squadrons, then we may possibly expect another Petropaulovski, perhaps something worse. In old days, warships could and did carry supernumerary force in excess of that actually required to fight the ships. That is so no longer. In the days of sailing ships, men could be landed, or detached in prizes, without impairing seriously the ship's fighting efficiency. Now every man has his necessary place, and there are none to spare. To part with a very small number of the complement in these days destroys the real effective power of a warship. In 1854 a Petropaulovski left the fleet heavily short of complement, but still quite able to fight. A Petropaulovski in 1901 would leave our fleet incapable as an effective sea force, and perhaps not able even to run away. But if it did not fall a prey to the enemy and got back, say, to Hong Kong, and was thus forced to assume there the *rôle* of inferior sea power, under our present arrangement it would have to remain until officers and men to fill the vacancies arrived from Portsmouth or Plymouth! Under the proposed plan of substituting naval for military garrisons at Hong Kong, the admiral could restore fighting efficiency

to his squadron by filling up the complements from his garrison; local volunteers in such an emergency taking the place of men embarked. It is at all events open to argument that an effective fleet, able to keep the sea, is better than an ineffective fleet unable to keep the sea, yet having at its port a strong but purely military garrison. It is quite certain that coal transports must accompany squadrons and fleets in war, and, indeed, ammunition ships and repairing ships as well. Under these circumstances it is well-nigh inconceivable that an admiral on a distant station, having these things at command, would, on cool reflection, face war with military garrisons at his base, and not under his control, rather than with naval garrisons at his own disposal.

Is it already forgotten that our admiral in China only the other day was forced to rob his ships of fighting power in order to land a force to attempt the relief of the Legations at Pekin? He had no alternative, for the force at his base was not under his control. By skill and courage of the highest order, he and his force escaped destruction, and got back to the ships. Had they not succeeded in doing so, the ships must have remained inefficient in fighting power until officers and men from home ports could reach the China Sea, the units of force at Hong Kong being useless to fill vacancies in the ships.

I trust I have said enough to show the tremendous issues involved in a question which excites but languid interest in the public mind, from the impression that it is one of subordinate detail, and not one of broad principle, in which every citizen of the empire is vitally concerned. The attitude of the Defence Committee of the Cabinet, and of the Government itself, seems to be that of irresponsible spectators, rather amused than otherwise at the rival claims of the War Office "Codlin" and the Admiralty "Short." It is one more proof that arrangements for the safety of our world-state in war are not guided by policy founded upon principles, but are left to contentions between the Admiralty and War Office to evolve, uncontrolled by any Minister responsible to the empire for the

co-relation of the fleet to the army, and the efficiency and sufficiency of the means employed.

The annual value of the sea trade of Australasia and Canada, with seaboards on the Pacific, is, in the aggregate, two and a half times as great as that of the Russian empire, about half that of the United States, and nearly four times that of Japan.

The aggregate revenue of these British states is about one-fourth that of the whole Russian empire, nearly one-sixth that of the United States, and double that of Japan.

The expenditure of these British states on a sea-going navy—by contribution to the British fleet—is £180,000 a year, while Russia spends over £8,000,000, the United States nearly £10,000,000, and Japan over £5,000,000 per annum.

With these facts in view, I conclude by asking—is it not time for Australasians and Canadians to awake to the development of naval war power on the Pacific, and to ask themselves what hope there is that the resources of an island in the Atlantic, however great, can alone bear the British naval burden in that ocean in which they are most directly and immediately concerned ?

Surely these great and growing states must see that they ought at least to prepare, in concert with the Admiralty, to furnish the means to meet promptly, on the outbreak of war, the demands of British admirals in any part of the Pacific for forces adapted to, and associated with, the British fleet—the fleet on which their own safety depends. It would be their obvious business on their own side of the world to relieve the naval garrisons, and to provide the mobile military force required for naval purposes elsewhere, and so release the naval peace garrisons at naval bases for service afloat.

Thus a true Imperial policy would reinforce simultaneously British naval power on the Pacific and the Atlantic.

For the inauguration of such a policy, founded upon the lessons of experience and common sense, we may well hope.

But the teachings of history, and the strong British common sense of which we boast, are alike unheard amid the clash of conflicting departmental interests, and the noisy demands of the multitude outside crying for submarine boats and mounted infantry to protect them at home!

JOHN C. R. COLOMB.

THE POLICY OF THE POWERS IN CHINA

"HERE is the inhabitant: every one is not allowed to come in." So runs the quaint announcement outside the private grounds of a Chinese house in Chefoo; and it would be difficult to find a more excellent epitome of the Chinese attitude towards the Western barbarians. It was not so always: in the days of Marco Polo strangers were accorded a far more hospitable welcome; and even so late as the seventeenth century, in the time of the early Jesuit missionaries, they were received with kindness if not with cordiality. All this, however, was changed as soon as the strangers began to assert rights, and to interfere with the customs of the country, and the carefully prescribed rules of intercourse; for the one thing to which the Chinese cling above all others is the absolute direction and control of their domestic affairs, free from all outside interference or restraint. In the edict issued by Governor Loo in 1834, in response to the observations addressed to him by Lord Napier on behalf of the Canton merchants, these words occur:

> The said barbarian eye styles himself superintendent come to Canton. Whether a superintendent should be appointed over the said nation's barbarian merchants or not is in itself needless to inquire about minutely. But we Chinese will still manage through the medium of merchants. There can be no alteration made for officers to manage.

In more dignified language the same principle was enunciated by the Tsung-li Yamên to Sir C. Macdonald, on December 31, 1898, in reply to his intimation that the British Government claimed priority of consideration by the Chinese Government of all British applications already made for railways, in the event of the Chinese Government revoking their resolution not to entertain any more proposals. The letter of the Tsung-li Yamên is worth setting out *in extenso*, for the rush for concessions, and the arbitrary, and to the Oriental mind, almost indecent way in which they were forced upon the Chinese Government, have, in the opinion of many competent observers, had far more to do with the recent outbreak than any action by, or animus against, the missionaries.

> We have the honour to observe that the development of railways in China is the natural right and advantage of the Chinese Government. If hereafter, in addition to the lines already sanctioned, which will be proceeded with in order, China proposes to construct other railways, she will negotiate with the nation which she finds suitable. When the time arrives China must use her own discretion as to her course of action. The applications of British merchants can, of course, be kept on record as material for negotiation at that day, but it is not expedient to treat them as having a prior claim above all others to a settled agreement.

No one can wish to palliate or excuse the treacherous conduct of the Chinese Government, or the terrible cruelties committed by the officials acting under their orders, but unless some attention be paid to the Chinese case (and in many ways it is a strong one) it will be impossible to understand what can have induced them to act as they have done, or to take measures for guarding against a repetition of such behaviour in the future.

To begin with, it will be admitted that the commercial wars waged against China by Great Britain and France in the middle of the present century have done much to justify the dread which the Chinese have always had of intrusion, as the thin edge of the wedge which will some day rend their country asunder; a dread which the insistence with which commercial

enterprises have of late years been urged upon an unwilling court has still further intensified.

It would have been wiser if all the Powers had acted upon the principle laid down in the Burlinghame Treaty in 1869.

> The United States, always disclaiming and discouraging all practices of unnecessary dictation and intervention by one nation in the affairs or domestic administration of another, do hereby freely disclaim and disavow any intention or right to intervene in the domestic administration of China in regard to the construction of railroads, telegraphs, or other national internal improvements. On the other hand, his Majesty the Emperor of China reserves to himself the right to decide the time and manner and circumstances of introducing such improvements within his dominions.

For it is every day becoming more evident that the open and undisguised way in which the coming partition of China was discussed, the unseemly scramble for concessions, and still more the seizure of portions of Chinese territory, notably that of Kiao-chow by the Germans in 1897, have had a far more potent influence in bringing to a head the latent hatred against the foreigners than the much talked of friction with the missionaries, of whom the politicians of Europe are now anxious to make a catspaw.

But though the acquisitions of territory, and not the missionaries, have been the real *irritamenta malorum*, the missionaries have nevertheless contributed, in proportion as they have caused themselves to be looked upon, not as evangelists pure and simple, but as emissaries acting on behalf of their respective Governments. Nor will missionary enterprise in China ever really flourish until the missionaries disassociate themselves altogether from political affairs. The Tai-ping rebellion, it should be remembered, was nominally a Christian revolt, and although it was put down by the assistance of Great Britain, it was inevitable that the Court and the official classes should thereafter regard Christianity as a grave national danger; nor was it surprising that San-ko-lin-sin in 1858, and the Governor of Kiangsi in 1860, should

have memorialised the throne against it as a revolutionary and subversive creed, just as many of the officials have been doing lately.

> On this account [wrote Archdeacon Moule, in his "Personal Recollections of the Tai-ping Rebellion"] one could not but welcome the roar of the British guns on May 10, 1862. It afforded a complete answer to the sneer "You Christians are in league with our oppressors, the destroyers of the dynasty, yet with no reconstructive power of their own." Strange, if so, we replied, that Christian powers should have driven out their brethren and allies by force of arms. Nevertheless we should deal gently, I think, with governmental inertness, and official reserve, and literary opposition, which meet us and hinder us continually in our Christian work.

Most noble and Christian words! Would that all missionary effort had been on the same broad and tolerant basis.

It is not necessary to follow step by step the various occasions on which the murder or ill-treatment of a missionary has been made use of as a pretext for political and commercial aggression. None have felt the wrongfulness of it more keenly than the missionaries themselves, none have protested against it more strenuously. But in spite of their protests such outrages continued to be made use of in the same way until the climax was reached in 1898, when Germany seized the Port of Kiao-chow, as compensation for the murder of two German missionaries in the province of Shan-tung: this, it is generally believed, being the final grievance which lit up the long smouldering resentment of the more hot-headed of the Manchu princes.

So much for the general policy of the European Powers. In addition to it, the net result of our own diplomacy during the last few years has been most disastrous to British prestige. We have threatened and have then given way—always a fatal mistake with Orientals—have formulated a policy, and immediately after have acted in a directly contrary manner. British influence in the East has never really recovered from the blow dealt to it by the House of Commons in passing a resolution that the integrity of China should be maintained, followed

almost immediately afterwards by the acquiescence of the British Government in the occupation of Port Arthur, and by our own acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei and Kowloon. The Chinese are rapidly ceasing to trust us, and they are ceasing also to fear us.

Russian prestige on the other hand has increased in proportion as ours has declined. Russia has been outwardly most solicitous of Chinese rights, of the feelings and dignity of the Chinese Court: what she has done she has always done under cover of diplomatic arrangements, and not by violence; but she has never failed to seize upon, and to retain, an advantage whenever an opportunity to do so has presented itself. Her acquisition of Port Arthur under a nominal lease from the Chinese Government was a typical instance of her method of procedure, just as the forcible seizure of Kiao-chow by a German squadron was an instance of the opposite method. So too was the cautious attitude assumed by the Russian Minister in Peking during the early days of the Boxer outbreak.

Sir Claude Macdonald telegraphed on May 21, 1900, to Lord Salisbury: "He (M. de Giers) thought that both landing guards and naval demonstrations were to be discouraged, as they give rise to unknown eventualities."

And when the outbreak assumed alarming proportions, instead of declaring, as the Germans did, that the Chinese Government was crumbling to pieces, the Russian Government, as late as June 6, offered to undertake the suppression of the Boxer rebellion, and the restoration of order in the province of Chih-li.

So again, directly after Pekin was entered, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs issued a statement in which he declared that the only objects had in view by the Russian Government were the protection of Russian subjects against the Boxer insurgents, *and to furnish the Pekin Government with such assistance as might enable it to take the necessary measures for the restoration of tranquillity and good order.*

The terrible cruelties committed by the Russian troops

have, as might have been expected, aroused a very bitter feeling; but however much they have shocked the conscience of Europe, they have not had the same effect upon the Chinese Court, for they were exercised nominally against the rebellious subjects of China, and they were not worse than those committed against the Boxers by the Chinese authorities themselves. And in any case the Chinese as a people do not seem to resent Russian brutality in the same way that they resent the severities of other nations. The Russians, it is true, are ruthless whilst hostilities are still in progress, but when once they are over they treat the Chinese with a rough kindliness which does much to conciliate them; being half Oriental themselves they mix with them freely, and do not hold themselves aloof like superior beings, as most other foreigners do. A man who knows China well explained the difference to me thus: "The Russians," he said, "hold the sword in the right hand and a bit of sugar in the left, and when they have done with the one they begin with the other. But the Germans use first the sword and then the horse-whip; they never let the people down at all; they embitter their daily lives far more than the Russians do."

And it certainly was a noteworthy fact that when the Russians removed their troops from Peking, and it became known that the Germans were to occupy the Russian quarter, there was a hasty exodus into the adjacent Japanese quarter of many of the Chinese who had begun to settle down quietly under Russian administration.

From the very beginning the German policy has been one of unconcealed and brutal assertiveness, both to the Chinese Court and to the Chinese people. The Russians, on the other hand, after the heat of conflict was over, did all they could to spare the feelings of the Chinese officials, "to save the Chinese face." They safeguarded both the Imperial Palace and the Summer Palace as long as they were able, and extended protection to many of the Chinese officials who were believed not to have been implicated in the attack upon the

Legations; the Germans declaring that protection could be accorded to no officials whatever.

It is a pity that we have had no independent policy of our own, for from every point of view it has been prejudicial that British interests should have been subordinated to those of Germany. An American said to me in Tientsin, "I can't understand you English. You ought to be the principal Power in China—your trade interests warrant it—but first you almost ask Japan to settle this business for you, and then you place yourselves under the orders of Germany. How can you expect to maintain your influence with the Chinese?"

On May 21, 1900—just a year ago—M. De Giers told Sir C. Macdonald that there were only two countries with serious interests in China—England and Russia. Would he place England in such a prominent position now when her influence in the North has dwindled to nothing, when her trade there has been crippled for years, and when, too, she has lost her exclusive control of the Yangtze Valley?

The demand for vengeance, and for excessive indemnities, has only played still further into Russia's hands; it has enabled her to work successfully on the feelings of the Chinese Court, and has driven into a tacit co-operation with her both the Americans and the Japanese, although they are the nations most injured by her virtual annexation of Manchuria, and would therefore have otherwise been most strongly opposed to her. The net result of the two policies—of forbearance and of vindictiveness—is that the influence of Russia and of Japan has gone up in the scale in proportion as that of Great Britain has declined. Can there be any doubt of this? What do the Chinese themselves say? Kang-Yu-Wei, as long ago as 1897, foretold accurately what has since happened: "China only leans upon Russia, and in this way allows itself to be easily divided up and ruined"; and again, "the Empress Dowager was ready to give up Manchuria and Formosa. The Emperor could not think of it for a moment without crying with distress: he wanted to make an alliance with England and reform, whilst

the Empress Dowager was equally bent on alliance with Russia without reform." Has the balance of power shifted since then? Has not Russian influence become increasingly preponderant owing to the occurrences of last year? On September 18, 1900, the progressive Chinese newspaper, *Sin-Wan-Pao*, wrote as follows:

> It is now pretty generally acknowledged that in matters of diplomacy Russia takes the lead of all foreign nations, and England is hopelessly belated. In the settlement between Japan and China England was asked to act as intermediary, but declined to do so, and we lost Liao-Tung. Russia looking on demanded its restoration, and it was restored to us. Germany and France have also assisted us, but we have yet to hear that one word was spoken by England. Now all China is in a ferment. Every one is filled with gratitude towards Russia, and no doubt of her is entertained, the hearts of all inclining to her, so that outsiders agree in saying that there must be some secret treaty between Russia and China. In thus putting forward an empty name, and keeping her real material advantage in the background, shows her unfathomable subtlety which other nations cannot imitate. The fact that the first peace proposals have been from Russia should startle the brain and nerve of every Foreign Government.

The Russians, as the *Sin-Wan-Pao* says, are past masters in the art of diplomacy. They thoroughly understand the art of apparently conceding a point in dispute, whilst in reality they are gaining all they are contending for. It is what they are doing now about Manchuria: they will not insist upon China signing the Convention, if it is repugnant to her and to the Powers; but nevertheless they will not relax their hold; if anything they will rather strengthen it. It is of no use girding at Russia about her action there, it only increases the friction without doing any good, and her occupation of it is as accomplished a fact as our own occupation of Egypt. The line of attack, of defence rather, must be shifted elsewhere, and is to be found in an entire reversal of the suicidal policy adopted by us in 1898 of supporting the Empress Dowager against the lawful Emperor and the Ministers he had chosen to carry out his reforms; in recognising that what was called by Sir C. Macdonald the Kang-Yu-Wei conspiracy was in reality

a conspiracy of the Empress Dowager, backed up by the Foreign Powers, against the Emperor Kwang-Su, who has been just as much an unhappy victim in the hands of the reactionary Manchus as Louis XVI. was in the hands of the Paris mob in the early days of the French Revolution; and that it is monstrously unjust to punish him, and to punish the unoffending Provinces of China, for crimes in which they had no part. It is even uncertain whether the Empress Dowager herself has not in reality been a mere puppet in the hands of Prince Tuan and his following: Sir C. Macdonald, as late as June 8, 1900, telegraphing to Lord Salisbury that

> The situation at the palace is, I learn, from reliable authority, very strained. *The Empress Dowager does not dare to put down the Boxers, although wishing to do so, on account of the support given them by Prince Tuan, father of the hereditary Prince, and other Conservative Manchus, and also because of their numbers.*

So, also, the Peking correspondent of the *North China Daily News* wrote on June 5:

> At a secret conference of the Empress Dowager's principal advisers, held at the palace on June 4, it was decided not to crush the Boxers, as they were really loyal to the dynasty, and properly armed can be turned into valuable auxiliaries of the army in opposing foreign aggression. Jung-Lu and Price Li opposed measure, but were over-ruled by Prince Ching, Prince Tuan, Kang Yi, Chi Hsui, and Chao Shu Chiao. Wang-Wen-Shao was silent, and the Empress Dowager kept her own counsel.

And before that on June 2, Sir C. Macdonald had wired to Lord Salisbury:

> I am informed by the French Minister that he has learnt on good authority that the Empress Dowager is preparing to fly to Sian-Fu in Shensi, owing to hostile demonstrations of the Boxers against herself.

This, and more similar evidence goes far to prove that the Empress was not the moving spirit in the attack upon the Legations, but that she, like the Emperor, was swept away by the tide of popular passion; that the attack was really the action of a revolutionary party, and not of the responsible Chinese Government.

It is sometimes urged that we ought to refrain from

taking any very prominent part in the future settlement of China, because our trade interests there show signs of being on the decline. But our position in China is of infinitely greater importance to us as a matter of Imperial prestige than as a merely trade question. There is such a thing as Imperial responsibility, as well as Imperial profit. We have not hesitated to recognise that in South Africa, nor ought we to shrink from doing so in China. In Asia rumour travels fast, and it travels far, and if we consent to play a subordinate part in China now, if the Chinese should come to look upon Great Britain, whom they have been wont to regard as the greatest of all the Powers with whom they have to deal, neither as a friend to be relied upon nor as an enemy to be feared, the result upon our Indian Empire is not difficult to conjecture. On that account alone we dare not stand aside, dare not allow America or Japan or Germany to give us any longer the lead which we ought from our position to have been the first to give ourselves. We have grudged neither men nor money to retain our hold upon South Africa, because it is a half-way house to India, but we seem quite blind to the danger of losing our influence in China, a country which for our Indian possessions is of infinitely greater importance than the Cape.

What we require is a definite policy one way or the other, and a policy we are ready to back up if need be by force of arms. Which policy is it to be? The German policy of vengeance, or the Japanese-American policy of forbearance and assistance? Self interest as well as humanity counsel the latter. It is of no use to flatter the Yangtze viceroys if we go directly against their wishes. They naturally object to a huge indemnity; for why, they say, should our people, who have remained steady through all this time of stress and anxiety, be called upon to pay an enormously increased taxation because the northern provinces have been swept into the vortex of rebellion. It is a little difficult to understand, for the obligation the Europeans are under to the Yangtze viceroys is incalculable. Last summer, when a

hostile move on their part would have seriously imperilled Shanghai, they kept their people quiet, and all through the vast provinces committed to their charge Europeans were able to live in perfect safety. Chang-Chih-Tung issued a proclamation at the most critical moment of which the following is an extract:

Chang-Chih-Tung, Viceroy of Hu-Kuang and Yu Yinlin, Governor of Hupeh. The Viceroy and Governor have co-operated with H.E. Liu, Viceroy of Liang Kiang Provinces, with regard to the protection of, and preservation of order in our respective territorities. We have all agreed upon a carefully worked-out plan of mutual co-operation for the complete protection of all the eastern and southern provinces, and have moreover mutually arranged with the Consuls of the various Foreign Powers, that while the admirals of the various Powers do not enter the Yangtze River with their fleets, we will guarantee the safety of all foreigners and foreign property in the inland provinces, all of whom and their belongings will be under the special care and protection of the local authorities, who will use their best efforts to preserve the peace. This has since been telegraphed to the throne and entered in the records. It must further be understood that these arrangements have been entered into and mutually agreed upon with the special object of safeguarding the land, and the protection of the lives and property of the masses. There is no better plan than the above.

Moreover, an increased taxation to meet the indemnities will mean European control of the whole of China; and why, the viceroys say, should we, who kept our provinces quiet at the moment of danger be rewarded by our authority being curtailed? But if a conciliatory policy be adopted it must, however, be adopted frankly and ungrudgingly and without delay; we must not seem to be drawn into it unwillingly, and because we cannot help ourselves. And the support we proffer must be a tangible support, and not merely one of friendly declarations. It is quite possible that China may be rousing herself from her many centuries of torpor; that, to use the inexpressibly pathetic words used to me by a Chinaman in Tientsin, all this misery and desolation may have been necessary for her ultimate welfare; that they may prove to be the agony of a new birth; that she may be going through the same transmutation that

Japan has undergone. If that should prove to be the case is the new-born China to look upon us with gratitude or with aversion? Is she to be our willing ally, or another of our many opponents? Our action now will determine our position hereafter; all Englishmen in China are agreed as to that. What they are not agreed upon is what our action should be. Yet, as partition is out of the question, every consideration of political as well as of Christian morality would seem to urge upon us forgiveness rather than vengeance, reconstruction rather than disintegration, a generous assistance rather than the crippling of much needed reforms by the exaction of enormous indemnities. We are continually told that if we do not pursue what is called a strong policy we shall lose ground in China; but the time for a strong policy has gone by, if it were ever desirable, and a considerate policy is the only means now by which we can regain the influence we have lost. A continuance of the measures we have pursued for the last few years, of threats not followed up by action, will only weaken us still further. Apart, too, from the question of self-interest, is there not such a thing as abstract right and wrong? It *may* be that to think of *China's* interests, even more than of our own, to support unreservedly the Emperor and the Yangtze viceroys in their projects of reform, might be the wisest course to pursue from a worldly point of view, might prove to be for us the most paying policy in the long run, and that, in the stricter observance of the principle laid down in the Treaty of Tientsin, that the Christian religion teaches that we should do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, may perchance be found the solution to the intricate problem of our Chinese policy.

H. C. THOMSON.

VOLUNTEER EFFICIENCY

THE idea of conscription is much in the air just now, and though nobody in a responsible position has yet proposed a scheme for compulsory service in England, there is no doubt that there is a tendency to drift in that direction. I have not space here to develop the reasons, which seem to me conclusive, that compulsory military service in any form could be our worst possible remedy having regard to the object of our army, but it is worth considering whether some of the admitted defects in our scheme of national defence can be set right by improvement in existing institutions.

It is obvious that, without compulsory service, we shall, as in the past, have to rely almost entirely, in case of foreign invasion, on the militia and volunteers. Of the militia I am not qualified to speak; I must confine myself to the volunteers, who are reckoned by the War Office as an effective force for home defence, and attempt to deal with the question how far that belief is justified.

There is no doubt that the estimation in which the volunteers are held has been very considerably enhanced by the use made of them in the South African War. From their ranks were drawn not only the numerous volunteer companies attached to their respective regiments, and the C.I.V., but a very large proportion of the Imperial Yeomanry. Mr. Brodrick, in his speech of March 8, mentioned that, as a result of the good opinion which one volunteer battery earned from

Lord Roberts out there, it had been decided to arm volunteer batteries generally with modern field-pieces; General Mackinnon, evidently no lenient judge, testifies in his book on the C.I.V. to his high opinion of the men in that force; it is notorious that the various regimental volunteer companies have done excellent work, and the value attached to the Yeomanry Volunteers is proved by the long-continued use made of them in the war. Now all this is encouraging as far as it goes, but how far can the work done in South Africa be taken as an indication of their utility as a home defence force?

It is most probable that, if the volunteers are ever required for home defence, they will have to take the field at almost a moment's notice. In order to do that with any advantage they must, in the first place, have their equipment ready and not have to be buying it or getting it from store when they ought to be on the march. The limited extent to which volunteers were called upon to serve in South Africa does not afford a large amount of evidence one way or the other as to the readiness of the force generally in this respect. The Yeomanry were, of course, a special corps, and so had often no volunteer or yeomanry depôt to draw upon, and the single companies from various volunteer corps were too small to create much difficulty in equipment. But, unfortunately, what evidence exists with regard to the C.I.V. is not very encouraging. The infantry are a comparatively easy branch to equip, but even in their case a very serious *contretemps* occurred, as readers of General Mackinnon's book will remember. At St. Vincent, on the way out, the author says that he received a telegram from London saying, "Army Order of Saturday calls in Lee-Enfields, similar yours, because sighting defective, as we knew."

> This is annoying [the General comments on this], as it tends to create want of confidence among men who above all else are good shots and fond of their rifles. I especially asked for new rifles for this regiment, thinking that we should get the very best, . . . *because the great majority of rifles of the Home District Volunteers were at Weedon for examination, and could not possibly be back in time.* However, it is the only part of our outfit which has proved defective.

The General does not add, as he might have, that this was the only part of their outfit which was not provided by the unmilitary energy of the Lord Mayor. But the defect of equipment is best seen in the case of the C.I.V. battery, which was provided, though not entirely manned, by the Honourable Artillery Company. A battery, to be of any use in the field, requires a very special and complete equipment of such things as wagons, picket-ropes, horseshoes, tools, spare harness, spades, and so on; and three or four skilled artificers, such as a collar-maker, a farrier sergeant, a wheeler, are absolutely essential. When the authorities of the H.A.C. came to review their resources they found they had the men and the guns, but that was about all. It must be remembered that the H.A.C., though technically not a volunteer corps, is for all practical purposes on the same footing as other volunteer regiments, and would certainly be one of the first to be called out in case of emergency. The artificers were one difficulty. There were men in the corps who knew something about the work, but not enough to have the responsibility in the field; finally, retired army artificer-sergeants had to be enrolled, much to the advantage of the battery. As to the equipment, it took the best part of a month for energetic volunteers, working almost literally night and day, to procure the horses, wagons, horse and mule harness, tools and personal equipment for the men. And though the War Office paid some of the expenses incurred, all the labour involved in procuring everything necessary with such completeness and comparative rapidity was done by the officers of the battery and by patriotic civilians belonging to the H.A.C. who could not go out to South Africa. But it hardly requires such evidence to prove that our volunteers are not, as a rule, ready for immediate mobilisation. The complicated and somewhat arbitrary system in which volunteer regiments are brigaded together and affiliated to regular regiments, especially in London, introduces an element of confusion in matters of detail and the transmission of orders which it is important to avoid for rapid mobilisation. The

equipment stores are rarely in anything like a complete state, and such matters as arrangements for the supply of baggage-wagons and horses from private contractors in case of mobilisation are generally in a very inchoate condition. Of course, there are cases in which the arrangements are as good as the War Office will allow them to be: in one London volunteer rifle corps, for example, I know that the question of mobilisation has been very carefully thought out and provided for by an energetic captain; but it cannot be said that there is any complete system even in London.

The chief things required to remedy this state of things are money and system. The money for providing stores sufficient for the immediate equipment of volunteer corps should come from the nation in peace-time as it would in war-time. The volunteer gives some of his time to the nation, and should, I think, be asked to give more, but it is unreasonable to expect him or his officers to pay for his patriotism out of his pocket as well. If the volunteers are of use they are worth paying for; if they are not, they should be abolished. By system I do not mean any hard-and-fast War Office plans for providing stores and making contracts. Sufficient control should be exercised by the War Office, in supervision through adjutants and inspecting officers, but commanding officers who know local conditions, and could often do things more cheaply and efficiently than the War Office, should be allowed a large discretion as to contracts. At the same time, unnecessary complications in the brigading and affiliation of volunteer corps, such as exist in London, should be done away with; one rifle corps, for example, is connected for some purposes with the Rifle Brigade, for others with the Scots Guards, and it is also in a brigade exclusively composed of volunteers. A simplification in this respect would not be difficult of accomplishment, and would greatly facilitate rapidity in mobilisation. Artillery volunteers present in some respects a more difficult question, because there are the horses and the artificers. An artillery horse cannot be trained in a day, and, especially in

London corps, it is difficult always to get men of sufficient experience to be good army artificers. The first difficulty might be met by having a preferential claim on certain horses in a contractor's yard, which should be exercised with guns as often as possible. To meet the second difficulty it has been suggested by an artillery adjutant that army reserve artificers should be allocated to volunteer batteries if called out, and that seems a very feasible proposal, as the number of volunteer field or horse batteries is not, and never could be, very large. It is only fair to add here that the War Office has lately awakened to a sense of these difficulties, and has made some attempt to meet them; but it remains to be seen if the new organisation, by which some volunteer corps, and those not always the same, will be embodied in army corps, while others are not, will not introduce a new element of confusion.

The second point to be considered is the efficiency of officers and men. How far is the acknowledged good work of volunteers in South Africa an indication of the value of the volunteers for their proper function?

First, as to the rank and file. It is obvious, of course, that a very small percentage indeed of the volunteers actually served in South Africa, but I do not think that those who went out were, to any great extent, a picked force, except perhaps in respect of martial ardour; but even that is not wholly true, because there were innumerable cases of men extremely anxious and qualified to go out, who were prevented by family or business circumstances. The battery of the C.I.V., at any rate, of which I can best speak, was certainly not a picked volunteer corps; not that the best men were unwilling, but that, in many cases, they found it absolutely impossible to serve: and the same is, I imagine, true of the rest of the C.I.V. The physique of the men was good, but the medical tests were by no means exacting, and I should say that the physique of the South African volunteers was very little, if at all, above the average physique of volunteers who make themselves efficient in the ordinary course. For these

reasons the various volunteer corps that went out to South Africa may, I think, be taken as fair average specimens of the volunteers at home, both as regards efficiency and physique. The further question then arises how far the training they had received as volunteers in England fitted them for immediate service, the object, of course, of volunteer training. In the case of the infantry, at any rate, the experiment is most encouraging. The drill and discipline which the infantry of the C.I.V. had to undergo before they had to perform serious military duties was not at all considerable; and the chief complaint which their colonel made of them on board ship was that some of the best shots were not adepts at sectional firing; but as volley firing was probably never used with advantage in this war the ground of complaint does not seem very serious. Similarly the volunteer companies affiliated to their regular regiments were generally sent up country immediately to take their share of the fighting, and no distinction from their regular comrades was ever made to their disadvantage, as far as I know. The case of the yeomanry and the artillery was rather different. There is no doubt that the yeomanry had not at first the reputation for efficiency and usefulness which they have since more than earned. This was due partly to their officers, a point to which I shall revert later, partly to the fact that it takes longer to train a mounted man than an infantry man, as he has to learn the management of his horse as well as of himself and his rifle. With regard to volunteer batteries, the only one of which I can speak with much knowledge is the C.I.V. battery. But the Elswick battery, which was said to contain many time-expired regular artillerymen, had very little training in South Africa before it was sent up to the front, where it did excellent work. The Canadian artillery, which also proved most efficient, had some weeks of training before it was sent to the front.

The C.I.V. battery had a very long training on lines of communication before it was employed in serious campaigning. Some of this time was certainly unnecessary for purposes of

training, but there is no doubt that the battery would not have been as well fitted for the work it did if it had not had a considerable amount of training beforehand. Much could be said of the training necessary for a battery; it is enough, however, to point out that mere gunnery is a very small part of what an artilleryman has to learn: the chief difficulty is in the management of the horses. Guns without good horses and drivers who can keep them good are worse than useless to an army, they are a positive danger to it. One of the things of which the battery may be proudest is that, in spite of the very hard and continuous work given to the horses, no less than ninety-six out of about one hundred and ten were delivered into the remount department at Pretoria when the battery was sent home. This was partly due to the fact that the horses had the long rest which Sir Evelyn Wood once declared was necessary for all horses landed in South Africa before they could do really hard work, but chiefly to the training given to the men by the major and the captain.

It will appear from the above facts that, as far as the infantry volunteers are concerned, the experiment in South Africa is most encouraging, and that, though the experiment with regard to artillery volunteer corps is not conclusive as to their immediate efficiency, yet that, with comparatively little training, intelligent men can be usefully employed as artillerymen. But there is one element—the most important, as it seems to me, in considering the utility of volunteers—which I have not yet dealt with, and that is, the officers.

If the volunteers were called out for home defence they would necessarily be under the command of their own volunteer officers, so that in any attempt to estimate the value of the volunteers from this experiment in South Africa it must be considered how far the volunteer officers were an element in its success.

Of all the corps that were sent out from England, the yeomanry had the greatest proportion of volunteer officers, and there is very little doubt that the want of success of

some of the yeomanry corps at first is largely, if not entirely, attributable to their officers' want of experience. Last year, in South Africa, one was constantly hearing stories of quaint movements, often ending in disaster, executed by the command of yeomanry officers, which experienced officers would never have sanctioned. Hopeless and useless positions would be attacked, ridiculous and purposeless retreats would be made, and captures of yeomanry would be effected in farmhouses, which the most elementary precautions would have averted. Now such occurrences are not heard of; the officers as well as the men have had their training, and the yeomanry have become some of the most successful and useful troops in South Africa.

The volunteer companies that went out also had their own volunteer officers; but they were not of sufficient seniority to have any great responsibility at first, and were under the orders of senior regimental officers of the regular forces, so that if they made mistakes they were not necessarily of great moment, and their training proceeded apace with their campaigning. Hence no special argument can be drawn from them. The C.I.V. were, on the other hand, attached to no regular regiment, but here again little evidence, except of a negative character, can be gathered, for, at least as far as the infantry and battery were concerned, the real responsibility rested with officers who either were or had recently been in the regular army. Thus the colonel commandant was Colonel Mackinnon, who had been in command of a Guards battalion, one of his staff captains was in the Grenadier Guards, and the other had been an officer in the army, while the adjutants, both of the infantry and of the mounted infantry, were regular officers; and it is obvious, in reading General Mackinnon's diary, that, at any rate at first, he left very little to his subordinates. Of the officers in the battery it would be unbecoming of me to speak, except to say that the major had been in the Royal Horse Artillery, and that the captain is an officer in the Royal Artillery, that not a man in the battery would deny that it is almost entirely due to the training which these regular officers gave them, and to their

experience, that the battery was up to its work, and that the volunteer subalterns would be the first to acknowledge that they would not have cared to undertake some of their responsibilities in the field without the lessons they had previously learnt from the major and the captain on lines of communication.

On the whole, the experience of the war does not negative, even if it does not confirm, the suspicion in many minds that the weakest point in the present volunteer system is the officers. There are, of course, corps which insist on a high state of efficiency in their officers, but these are rare, and the best probably that could be said even of their officers, with their present opportunities, is what a friend, who was an officer in a particularly energetic London corps, writes of its officers: "Had we been embodied, I think we should have provided, say, four or five men capable of being made useful *after some training*." It can hardly be said to be the fault of volunteer officers that they are not more efficient; they are busy men, and cannot reasonably be expected to be more efficient than the War Office requires them to be, though many are. The requirements of the War Office are almost laughable in their insufficiency. A second lieutenant is appointed on the recommendation of the lord lieutenant of his county, or of the commanding officer of the corps; no qualification is necessary, except a certificate of character from a clergyman or magistrate. After a second lieutenant has obtained his commission, the only test he is required to pass in the successive ranks is an examination in drill of an extremely perfunctory character, the passing of which entitles him to put *p.* before his name in the Army List. On the other hand, there are certain courses of training which a volunteer officer can go through which are by no means compulsory, but which give him the right to other letters in the Army List. Such are examinations in tactics, strategy, and so on, and a month's course in a school of instruction for militia and volunteer officers. He can also go through a month's course of training with regular soldiers, but this method is not often pursued, it can hardly even be said to

be encouraged, and officers who try it sometimes find that the profit they get out of it is rather small, as the regulars do not always think it necessary to take much trouble about a volunteer officer. The school of instruction is, as far as I can gather, the most popular method of increasing a volunteer officer's efficiency and the most useful of the present methods open to him. But it must be remembered that it is instruction in formal drill only, and teaches practically nothing else of an officer's duties. However, as I have said, it is the best available method, and officers who are keen about their duties undertake the month's course, and in some of the best corps are obliged to do so by their commanding officers. Even here, however, it may be noted, the War Office does not give great encouragement; the number of schools is limited, and the number of officers who can be taught at a time is also limited, so that sometimes a man finds himself precluded from joining for the only month he could spare in the year. However, as a rule, it may be safely asserted that the least inefficient officers are those who have taken the trouble to go through the month's course at a school of instruction. I have then examined some lists, taken quite at random, in the Army List, to see what average of volunteer officers have gone through this course. Here is the result:

No. of Battalions in Volunteer Regiment.		No. of Officers in Regiment.		No. who have passed School of Instruction.
6	...	218	...	45
2	...	56	...	18
4	...	111	...	41
3	...	81	...	12

On the other hand, in most of the London regiments the average is very high; thus, in one, 36 out of 48 officers have passed, in another, 29 out of 36, in others, 24 out of 33, and 21 out of 29.

In all these cases second lieutenants have been counted in the total of officers, and some of these will doubtless pass through the school of instruction before attaining the rank of first lieutenant.

In artillery volunteer corps, where exact knowledge is even more requisite in an officer, the following figures show no great improvement, although I have reckoned in the totals those who have passed the special examination in artillery as well as those who have passed the school of instruction.

In one corps only 6 officers out of 27 have passed either the school of instruction or the artillery examination; in another, 6 out of 25; in others, 6 out of 16, 6 out of 14, 10 out of 26, 4 out of 11, 8 out of 16, 15 out of 37, and 18 out of 23; in one corps the major, four captains and six lieutenants have not apparently even passed the examination entitling them to the prefix *p*!

One of the reasons which I believe tells against the efficiency of volunteer officers is the expense connected with the office. It may seem a small matter, but in many corps the mere cost of the uniform acts as a deterrent to men who would be otherwise well qualified to become officers. It is perfectly ridiculous that, as is the case in some corps, the uniform of a second lieutenant should cost £50 or £60, all the more as in some of the best London corps the officers are quite content with a uniform costing no more than £20. This is a matter in which the War Office could with advantage pass a sumptuary regulation. It is quite true that the gorgeousness of the uniform is to a certain extent the choice of the officers themselves, but the present generation do not like to change what their predecessors established, and would probably be only too glad to adopt a change forced on them in the interests of the service from headquarters. But there are other expenses which officers have to incur which might also be avoided. They are often expected to pay for regimental shooting prizes: this should be done by the county or the nation. Again, volunteer drill-halls have sometimes been presented by wealthy local magnates, who in return hold high commands in the corps: such gifts should not make it easier for an inefficient man to hold a post in which he may by a want of energy or ability paralyse the whole working of the corps. It will probably be found that

many a volunteer regiment is inefficient because its colonel has been a great benefactor to it or to the district financially.

To make the volunteers more efficient, more to be depended on for what should be their sole purpose, rapid embodiment and immediate use in case of foreign invasion, setting apart the question of mechanical mobilisation, which I have already dealt with, the one thing necessary is the improvement of the officers. The men will be, on the whole, good enough if they really get the ten days, or even one week's, real training in camp, and can keep up their shooting; they are intelligent as a rule, and if they know the elements of drill and discipline, which can be learned in the odd hours of drill at home, they can easily do whatever a good officer wants them to do. But an officer who is an amateur is worse than useless, he will simply throw away his men. In the first place, he must be able to drill his men, and for that he must know his drill at least as well as the school of instruction will teach it him. People are inclined to run down mere drilling now, and say it is useless. They generalise from the Boers or from irregular corps of volunteers, who had little drilling and were excellent at scouting work; and they forget that possibly the Boers might have fought better battles if they had been more drilled, and that sometimes high intelligence and a knowledge of country, which characterised most of these irregular corps, will take the place of strict discipline in certain circumstances. But, as a rule, it may be said that drill for a soldier and power of drilling for an officer are as necessary for their work as logic or Euclid are to a thinker. In both cases they make the man handy at doing what he wants to do. It is absurd to say, as "the subaltern" does in his letters to his wife, that the drill-book is of no use, because in war-time the soldiers do not march in step or in exact quarter-column. If they had not been able to do those things they would not be able to follow what their officers wanted them to do, and their officers could not convey it to them. But the school of instruction in drill is not enough; the drill-book, though essential, must be kept in its

place; it is a means, not an end, and the volunteer officer must have more practical training than he has any opportunity for at present in handling his men and in seeing to the thousand and one points which have to be considered when men are actually in the field, such as feeding, camping, judgment of distances and of the men's capacities. The only way of getting this is by practical training with large bodies of troops. In order to secure this, my suggestion is that at all the chief camps of the new army corps a school of instruction for volunteer officers should be established. It should be open all the year, and every volunteer officer should be obliged to go there for training for a month in his first year, whenever he could most conveniently get away, and for at least three weeks in every succeeding year, for four years. He should there be instructed in drill, and should also be required to undergo the ordinary training of a camp with the regular troops. The time when his own corps is in field training might be allowed to count in the time required of him. He should be paid or given allowances during this time of training.

The great objection which I know will be raised against this scheme is that volunteer officers would not be able to find the time for this. It is an objection which has to be met, but I do not think it would be insuperable. The men who are not really keen about their functions as officers, but regard them chiefly as a means of display or a satisfaction of vanity will, of course, be weeded out, but they can easily be spared. It is even possible that the supply of volunteer officers, already none too great, would be diminished, but even that would be better than the present system, for volunteers who are not efficient or not efficiently commanded had really better be away, as they are useless and only create a false idea of sufficient numbers. But I do not believe the supply would be diminished, especially if the expenses of volunteer officers be reduced as I have proposed. Many men who cannot find time for a thing if it is optional, do it as a matter of course if they are obliged, and many employers who would hesitate to lose a week or two's service

from a valuable man if they know that he would not lose his rank as an officer by their not granting him leave to go to an optional course of training, would find it possible to grant the leave if they knew that otherwise the applicant would have to lose his position in his volunteer corps. Moreover, the fact that such a large proportion of London volunteer officers manage to pass the month's course of the school of instruction is proof that where the necessity exists the means can be found, for probably as a class these officers are the busiest of any in civil life. Such training would, of course, not make great generals, but it would at least give such volunteer officers as are keen enough even now to go in for any training at all, enough experience to be useful officers; and, at any rate, the country would know more of what a volunteer officer is capable instead of being entirely in the dark.

BASIL WILLIAMS.

NIGERIA AND ITS TRADE

APART from its arbitrary divisions for the purpose of administration, Nigeria has been divided by nature into two portions differing widely in physical aspect and the character of their inhabitants. The first, which consists of some four hundred miles of unhealthy seaboard swamp extending south and east from the Lagos border to the German Kameruns, has been for some time under British rule, but in several places our real authority hardly extends more than a day's march from the barracks of the black soldiery. The second, over which until recently the Royal Niger Company held sole commercial and administrative sway, though the latter was to a great extent nominal, stretches back northwards through a drier country into the Soudan, and comprises the ancient Moslem Sultanate of Sokoto, a considerable portion of which is as yet a practically unknown region.

At first sight the whole delta of the Niger would appear to have been intended for the black man's especial use, and though it is more than four hundred years since the first white traders landed there, the sable tribes inhabiting it live to-day much as they did at the beginning. In places missionaries have made their influence felt, and Government officials have suppressed village-burning and human sacrifice, but there is no disguising the fact that the mass of the negro populace remains unchanged, while the character of the country to some extent accounts for this. Steaming in from seaward, anywhere between Lagos

Lagoon on the one hand and the Cross River near the other extremity, one's first impression is much the same. Lower Nigeria seems to consist mostly of water, and on closer acquaintance the reality almost bears out this appearance. From horizon to horizon blurred islets of mangrove tops rise apparently from the depths of the sea, with a few belts of taller forest and white vapour behind them. Then, if as usual the day be fiercely bright and hot, a haze of spray appears lower down, with the occasional flash of white surf on a yellow beach, until the smoke of the river bar obscures everything.

The mouth of each river—and there is a separate entrance every mile or so—is cumbered with shifting shoals on which the long heave of the Atlantic breaks furiously. Lights are unknown, buoys or beacons remarkably scarce, while one clump of mangroves much resembles another, so that it is only a long experience as second in command that enables a skipper to take his steamer in. As a rule he gropes shoreward with the lead, looking out for some particular ridge of cottonwoods, and when found, if the day be clear, full steam is raised to drive the vessel, with her 4000 tons of salt, gin, and cotton cloth, in across the bar. Sometimes it is passed without incident, but crossing an Oil River bar is not infrequently an exciting experience, a rush through a white seething of breakers, a vicious thumping over a shoal with muddy foam flooding the iron deck while the whole vessel trembles to the pounding of engines, till the spray cloud is left behind and a broad inlet winds inland between the mangroves. It generally resembles pea-soup in colour and consistency, and one can neither forget nor adequately describe its strange sour smell; presently a cluster of whitewashed factories rises dazzlingly bright against a background of forest, and when the anchor rattles down opposite the nearest, the newcomer realises that he has reached a very strange country. All the Oil Rivers, as the navigable creeks are called, Benin, Forcados, Nun, Brass, Opobo and the two Calabars, are almost identical in aspect and surroundings, which latter usually consist of fever-haunted swamp.

There are only three classes of white men in Nigeria, the trader, the missionary, and the Government officer, who has hitherto combined the calling of soldier and general administrator. The trader may, perhaps, fairly be placed first. Though the missionaries have made reforms locally, the deltaic negro still remains darkly pagan, and after the return of each punitive expedition forthwith reverts to his original ways; but while both missionary and official work for the future, the presence of the trader is only accounted for by present success. Besides, the trader came there first, long before those rivers were known to be outlets of the Niger, and it was commercial foresight and energy which, anticipating the late agreement with France, preserved at least a portion of the hinterland for us against alien absorption; while, in spite of innumerable drawbacks, British trade with the Niger shows a rapid increase, and there will soon be surprising developments.

For centuries the Oil Rivers have been a favourite resort of the reckless free lance. At first they came in small, worn-out vessels, which lay moored for months together in the malaria-haunted creeks, trafficking for palm-oil with bad liquor and sundries, until when full to the hatches the survivors made shift to take their craft home. Then followed the days of the anchored hulks, some of which still remain, where ex-slavers and privateersmen from Bristol and Liverpool, and their fearless successors, rioted and died, until, about the time when various rival associations were amalgamated into the corporation which became the Royal Niger Company, a new era began. British capital was freely invested in trading ventures, and commodious factories replaced the stifling hulks, men of a somewhat higher stamp took charge of them, and a degree of order became apparent, so that to-day there is hardly a navigable waterway in the delta that is not the centre of a growing commerce.

Practically speaking, the exports of Nigeria are confined to palm-oil and kernels. A little rubber comes out—there will be more some day, though at present Lagos holds the monopoly

—but to all intents and purposes a little nut accounts directly or indirectly for the white man's presence in Nigeria. It grows beneath the curving fronds of a palm in clusters which, although it is not a very good simile, resemble a pineapple, and when detached it looks like a plum painted scarlet and saffron. Under the thin skin lies a layer of scented grease, which is scraped off, and boiled to extract the fibre, and the result is palm-oil, indispensable in many manufactures, and worth from £20 to £25 a ton. Then there remains a thin-shelled nut, which is cracked, and its two black kernels thrown into baskets, to be shipped by thousands of tons to Europe for oil-extraction. It is a simple process, for it must be remembered that the tribesman, who makes no attempt at cultivation, merely gathers what Nature lavishly provides, but it is probable that every few puncheons cost a human life. The possession of favourite native markets is periodically fought for, petty robber chieftains waylay the oil-carriers going down stream, or exact illegal blackmail, until an expedition is sent up against them, while the mortality among the white men who purchase the oil is very heavy.

It is now an expensive matter to set up a factory, and a large capital is necessary before embarking in the trade, for competition is so keen that native dealers often demand an excessive credit, taking up hundreds of pounds' worth of cloth, gin, and salt long before they send a puncheon of oil down, while some, if dwelling safe among the fastnesses of the swamps, defy the white agent to recover from them. Still, there are many honest coloured dealers. Almost invariably a Nigerian factory consists of a cluster of whitewashed sheds standing in a clearing hewn out of the cotton-wood forest on the banks of a muddy river, or on a narrow strip of sand piled in hundreds of tons among the crawling roots of torn-down mangroves. The white trader's wooden house stands behind them, raised high on piles in a somewhat vain hope of escaping the miasma, and there the unfortunate agent, often suffering from fever, works in monotonous isolation twelve hours a day.

Soon after sunrise, when the morning mist hangs charged with germs of fever above the river, if trade is brisk huge dug-out canoes come in loaded to the water's edge with oil and kernels, and as a rule many scores of exuberant savages in elementary attire accompany them. They are of fine physique, with hair knitted up into corkscrew plaits, and tattooed devices stand out in high relief upon their naked skin, though the writer could never ascertain how this is accomplished. For several hours, or perhaps all day, a fierce wrangle goes on as to the weight and measurement of the oil and kernels, and the agent's vigilance is taxed to make sure that shells, earth, and pieces of wood are not palmed upon him. Then each sable dealer receives a stamped brass token for the goods he has brought, and proceeds to the salt or gin shed, which by this time resembles an oven in temperature, to commence another dispute as to the value of the merchandise he is entitled to.

All this is comparatively easy, but when a swarm of clamorous customers throng the general store or "shop," and demand treble the number of flintlock guns, old silk hats, cheap umbrellas, and various rubbishy sundries their token represents, it requires a keen wit and sharp eyes to hold one's own with them, for the West African savage is as adroit a bargainer as any in the world. Then when the glaring sunset fades off the river, and with a splash of paddles the last canoe slides away, the agent goes back to his evening meal in the damp-soaked upper room, and lounges for the sake of coolness on the verandah while the fever-mist rolls like steam across the forest, and hot, muggy odours fill the heavy atmosphere. There is usually nothing else he can do, for even when three or four factories are built at half-mile intervals beside the same river, trade jealousy often prevents intercourse between their inhabitants. The building is hemmed in by creeper-choked forest or impassable swamps, and apart from this a white man usually finds that his daily work exhausts all the energy he can muster in that climate. The agents do not often live very long. Alcohol is always a temptation in such surroundings,

though the most abstemious rarely escape sickness, and of the many young Britons who go out for some £60 per annum to learn the business, a large proportion die before completing their three years' contract.

Nevertheless, if there were only exports the trade would be important, but in exchange for his oil the native takes large quantities of Cheshire salt and Manchester cotton, besides sundries and Hamburg gin, supporting several steamship lines which bring them in. The cloth and gin are consumed in the delta, and opinions are divided upon the influence of the latter, which may be purchased at about twopence per quart wholesale. Some describe it as a brain-destroying poison, others as an innocuous stimulant, while the writer would only state that though he has seen great numbers of cases purchased he rarely witnessed any drunkenness among the natives. This may, however, be due to the fact that the negro can apparently consume almost any fluid without ill-effect. On the other hand, few white men care to drink the "trade" brand of gin, and the few seamen who do so surreptitiously are usually brought back by main force in a state approaching dangerous insanity. It is also stated that the gin-case is a useful commercial standard in a region where, except for the "piece of cloth," there is practically no other currency, though this, regarded ethically, would seem a poor reason. The salt goes inland into the Soudan, and will be referred to again.

The missionary question is mixed up with the consideration of the native status, and it can only be frankly admitted that as regards the delta this is a particularly low one. There are many races all of pure negro type, and fine in physique, though being canoe-dwellers the weakness of their lower limbs is accentuated. As is perhaps natural in a region of swamp and twilit forest which lies sweltering under tropic heat save when it is rolled in mist that breeds pestilence, or when it is thrashed by equatorial deluge, they are pagans whose mythology consists of vaguely-conceived but bloodthirsty deities. There are also superstitions based on the reincarnation theory, including the

power of the mysterious essence known as the Ju-Ju to take up its habitation in trees, the bodies of animals, or, more often, the person of some fetiche king. One hears of many secret societies connected partly with the cult of the Ju-Ju, whose proceedings appear to be the same throughout the West African littoral, for the advent of one of the mysterious wanderers who ostensibly combine the callings of minstrel and soothsayer will throw dusky labourers of widely different races into a continued state of nervous restlessness. Also small tokens, a bunch of reddened rags, or other insignificant object set up on a wand, will suffice to close a waterway to trade, or in other cases serve as a safeguard and passport; and though few traders or officers possess any insight into their real significance, all agree that the power of the Ju-Ju exponents is enormous, and that they are capable of stirring up serious trouble in Western Africa. Human sacrifice, in spite of official efforts, is by no means uncommon, and two powerful black traders whose acquaintance I made were reputed to owe their success to talismans in the shape of desiccated portions of the human anatomy, while until recently each ebb brought mutilated bodies down certain creeks.

Beyond the collection of palm-oil, there is no settled industry, but all the tribes alike seem keen traders. A commercial dispute often underlies the periodical risings, and armed interference is necessary to prevent some petty ruler hindering his rivals in carrying their produce down river, or suppressing competition with the flint-lock gun. Sympathetic, fond of merriment, seldom seeing further than the day's needs, but unstable and liable to outbreaks of revolting cruelty, the well-known description, "half-devil, half-child," would seem to fit the Niger tribesmen especially. Such missionaries as the writer met were zealous and long-suffering men, who could often show good results of their labours in the shape of cleanly villages, where many of their converts had been taught useful handicrafts, and lived in peace and prosperity. Nevertheless, the bulk of the population will have nothing to do with them,

while those who leave the mission stations do not always reflect credit on their training. It is an unfortunate fact that almost the wide world over, in West Africa, the Straits, China, and the Southern Seas, one rarely finds either trader or official speaking well of the native convert. Of course, that may be the fault of the self-styled convert rather than of his teaching, and the trader is generally prejudiced against the missionary, but the truth remains that most factory agents prefer a raw heathen assistant to a converted one, while in the Government service, where courage and fidelity are requisite, the post is given to a dusky Moslem. After some experience of semi-civilised black men, the writer would sooner trust his property to a pagan Krooboy, for whom indeed he has a qualified admiration, or an unsophisticated Jackery from the Nigerian bush.

The Government officer's life is perhaps a brighter one. As a rule he lives in a well-appointed Consulate built among a number of factories, in close touch with civilisation. The dwelling is raised high on piles, and there is a court-house below, with a barrack close beside it for the black soldiery, then beyond the hard-trodden compound the forest closes in again. Still, the position of Consul or outpost lieutenant is rarely a sinecure. The trade routes must be kept open, even at the cost of bloodshed, that peaceful sable dealers may send down produce without their canoe-boys being kidnapped or murdered. A pledge has been given that the rivers shall be free and safe to all, while it is only when repeated remonstrance fails that the dusky pirate is sternly repressed. Then human sacrifice must be put down with the strong hand if there is no other way, though it would probably require an army division to do it effectually. As an instance of official forbearance, we may take the case of Old Benin, which stood scarcely forty miles behind an old-established British settlement. When engaged in the neighbouring creeks we heard the usual horrible stories of fetiche cruelty, and sometimes found unmistakable evidence of it at low water, while the Government officers we conversed with on the subject—and among them

were the members of the unfortunate expedition—explained themselves much as follows: "We shall be bound to interfere soon, but we wish to avoid bloodshed if we can, and it will be a serious matter to get into Benin."

All were without exception humane men, devoid of any hankering after cheap glory, and here, as in the case of headman Nana, waited long and patiently before action was forced upon them. As a last hope Nana was invited to attend a gathering of the chiefs he had plundered at Sapelli, to see if their grievances could not be adjusted, and after kidnapping a canoe-load of friendly oil-carriers under the protection of the flag his answer was, "I am King of Brohemie, and I come to talk to no white man. If they want me let them come to Brohemie," while to be ready should his invitation be accepted he had carefully ambushed the one creek leading to it. Also, when the state of affairs in Benin could be overlooked no longer, it was decided to send a few unarmed officers in the hope that this might avoid a conflict. The result is a matter of history, but it is not perhaps generally known that the white men who went were perfectly aware that in all probability they were going to their death. Two of them previously told me that it would be fatal for any European to carry a warning to Ubini. Nevertheless, they went, and were duly shot down from ambush. One at least was as gentle and courteous a soldier and gentleman as ever this nation sent out on a deadly mission, and he went down shattered by potleg, facing the tribesmen with a light stick in his hand, and hailing his companions to escape if they could.

Then there is justice to administer, and at regular intervals the court-room beneath the Consulate is packed with mostly naked black humanity. The heat and mingled savours grow almost overpowering, while in spite of warnings accuser and prisoner chatter together with the negroes' apathetic indifference to the future. There are a couple of sentries on guard outside; inside a black interpreter faces the assembly, and generally a thin and haggard white man, whose yellow uniform

hangs very loosely about him, sits wearily at a desk with two dusky soldiers standing in state behind him. The favourite defence is an *alibi*, and when each witness has located the culprit in a different place about the same time the result becomes bewildering, and it requires a long experience to sift out the truth. The cases are also many and varied, waylaying oil canoes, a rival's murder, mixing palm-kernels with shells, smuggling gin, and litigation between wild black men who have brought their complicated disputes to be decided by the wisdom of the white men. And this may continue all day until the court-house resembles the black hole of Calcutta, and at last the worn-out Consul, who probably suffers from fever, is scarcely able to drag himself away.

A company of dusky soldiers is generally attached to each Consulate, not negroes, but finer-featured men, often of lighter colour, from the hinterland, usually either Moslem Haussas, or Yorubas from behind the Lagos colony. They are both intelligent and courageous, for as one travels north the influence of the Arab becomes apparent, and these soldiers have diluted Eastern blood in them, while some might even claim an ancient descent from the first white conquerors who invaded Africa from the Mediterranean shore: all of which leads us back towards their own country—Upper Nigeria.

Travelling northwards, the swamps and dripping jungles of the delta give place to drier land. There are still forests, but one also finds mountain ranges and wide tracts of park-like scenery, while, instead of foul creeks oozing through mud and slime, there are clear streams, and the great river forming broad lakes or frothing down rock-walled gorges. The character of its inhabitants also changes, for here, instead of the naked savage, one finds an intelligent people cultivating the land, raising cattle and horses, and practising many handicrafts. As one instance, the fine blue "country cloth," spun from native cotton and died with indigo in the Haussa land, commands a higher price along the coast than any Manchester product. Handsome leather-work is also produced,

as well as steel from native forges. All these people are Moslem, though with some the faith of Islam is largely tinged by negro superstition; and they owe nothing to Europeans for such advantages as they possess.

Twice in bygone years there were powerful empires in the Nigerian hinterland, and the Sultanates of Songhay and Sokoto have in decaying left an ineffaceable stamp. Both were evidently ruled over in a manner rather Eastern than barbaric, and for a time they made their influence felt over much of Northern Africa. Even to-day, great though partly ruinous walled cities, Kuka, Kano, Sokoto, and others smaller, stand amid a fertile country. It is a patent fact that, in the region behind the West Coast at least, contact with the Arab and the Moslem religion has the power to raise the negro from the condition of a savage to a state which, if far from perfect, is certainly superior to his original condition.

There is a vast market in this region, and, to be reached through it, in the Soudan, for European produce of good quality. Rubbish would be useless here, and already we send vast quantities of salt into it. This travels up the muddy waterways in canoes, and is then packed in fibre cylinders, from which each heathen headman or petty Moslem Emir cuts off so much in toll, as it passes on the heads of slave trains, and by horse and camel in turn, beyond European knowledge. Our present trade, though extensive, is but the beginning of a greater commerce, as will become evident when the territory lately taken over from the Chartered Company has been opened up to all comers. At present, European goods travel south across the deserts from Tripoli, and are purchased largely at a correspondingly exorbitant cost, the conservatism of the Arabs, and interference by interested native potentates, having hitherto prevented the adoption of the Niger as an easier route.

France has been long scheming with far-sighted energy to tap the trade of the Soudan by railroads from Algiers and Senegal, and by diverting caravans *viâ* Lake Chad to Ubangi, but she has never made colonial extension a success

commercially. The officers of the *Genie* have done good work in Africa. From Algiers round by Senegal and Dahomey to the Gaboon, their roads, light railways and piers, are better than our own, but the result has always been disappointing, while wherever the British trader, often hampered—so he complains—instead of assisted by his Government, wins a footing, he continues to flourish. Favoured by the Nile, Khartum will get a share of this coming trade *viâ* the old Meccan pilgrim road; and though France has to a considerable extent forestalled us geographically, it is very probable that there will presently be great developments in Upper Nigeria. For some time the Royal Niger Company had doubtless this future in view, and on the whole they did their work as pioneers thoroughly, while now they have turned over a wide field as well as a heavy responsibility to the Imperial authorities. Had the warnings of those interested in West African commerce been listened to, Great Britain would have been in a much more favourable position as regards hinterland territory.

The founders of the Royal Niger Company saw this clearly, and saved us a share of it, and it must never be forgotten that while no territory in West Africa is very suitable for European settlement, the hinterland should be much less deadly than the coast, with much greater latent capabilities. To-day, the whole of Nigeria is, as it were, passing through a transition stage, and those who understand its peoples and conditions wait with expectation for what will follow.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

AN ART IN ITS INFANCY

THIS is an age of advertisement. Even within the last ten years a great advance has been made in the art of advertising, though much still remains to be done. The mark (would it be more correct to say the trade-mark?) towards which the true advertiser presses is, of course, the sky advertisement, to which, though forbidden for the moment, he or his descendants will without doubt one day attain. That Pears or Monkey Brand or Elliman or some of their enterprising compeers will eventually cover the entire dome of St. Paul's with pictorial placards may be taken for granted, as merely a question of time. The Dean and Chapter of the next generation will probably find that sections of the inside of the dome if illuminated by search-lights will let almost as well as the outside. Pulpit advertisement, we venture to prophesy, will prove the most remunerative of all.

Already every grocer's van which promenades our streets, or penetrates to our secluded villages, is a mass of flaring announcements, all paid for by the advertisers. A new development, and one which in this season of agricultural depression might be put into practice immediately for the relief of the present distress, is that of advertising in somewhat the same manner on the carriages of our poorer nobility and landed gentry. The nobility, especially in its uppermost spirals, would command, of course, a higher price than the mere commoner, but the landau of the country squire would not be without its market value, while a baronet's carriage

would rank next to that of an earl, owing to the conviction of the public mind as to the high rank of a baronet, strenuously inculcated by the society novelist.

All this, as far as my own experience goes, remains yet to be done; even doctors' broughams, as far as I know, though presenting a surface admirably suited to the purpose, have not been as yet utilised.

Landscape advertisement is also still in its youth. Snowdon, Ben Nevis, and many other eminences are practically unemployed. The pretty drives near most country towns are also frequently bald of any interest save that of nature—an omission which is the more surprising because in southern watering places the persons who drive most assiduously are generally invalids, who possibly have not taken Dinneford's Magnesia, or Eno's Fruit Salt, or Homocea which touches the spot, but who might do so to their lasting benefit if their attention were called to these panaceas, by seeing them nestling among the primroses in the steep banks of a Devonshire lane, or gleaming above high-water mark along the rose-red cliffs of Torquay.

But when fired by its splendid present we thus "dip into the future," the still more splendid future of the advertising art, the brain reels before the conception of the varied perfections to which it will undoubtedly attain, and the dazzled vision is fain to turn for relief in the opposite direction, and endeavour to retrace this half-grown giant to his cot, and to discover from what foundation the present imposing superstructure has sprung.

For the pictorial or rainbow-hued advertisement designed to catch the eye, of which we have been speaking, is, after all, but one feature of the art. The whole columns and sheets in the *Times* and *Morning Post*, and in all the magazines and illustrated papers—to say nothing of papers published solely with that object, such as the *Matrimonial News* and the *Exchange and Mart*—show how enormous has become the growth of advertisement of every description.

The task of retracing an art to its infancy is not in this case an easy one. It depends mainly on the testimony of old newspapers. But who in these days keeps old newspapers? And in past generations who kept them? No one, we suppose, except the bore of the family. The person who nowadays writes to the *Morning Post* about a large gooseberry, or a wide-waisted tree in Kensington Gardens, or the advisability of throwing out crumbs to "our feathered friends" in long frosts, by these acts lets off the steam which his ancestor spent in collecting newspapers and making long extracts from them.

But the difference between a newspaper bore of to-day and a newspaper bore of a hundred and fifty years ago is as great as that between a live and pertinacious fly and a fly in amber. We can "suffer gladly" a bore who lived long ago, because he died long ago. Nay, we can perhaps even bless his memory, for it may have been his portion in this life to preserve from destruction the valueless and uninteresting until it became in the course of years interesting once more. This theory, if true, presents an interesting solution of the hitherto unfathomed mystery of the existence of the bore, and gives him a place in the universal economy. But this is a digression.

Quite recently, in the library of an old country house, I had the good fortune to light upon a bulky collection of old newspapers made by a member of my own family who, from a feeling of grateful respect, may surely be likened to a fly in amber. These newspapers[1] date from the declaration of war between England and Spain in 1739 and cover a period of sixteen years—1739 to 1755. There is also a whole year

[1] The London *Evening Post*, 1739–55; the *Daily Post*, 1741–45; the *Daily Gazetteer*, 1742; *Reading Mercury*, 1743; the *St. James Evening Post*, 1745; the *Whitehall Evening Post*, 1745–55; the *General Advertiser*, 1745–50; the *General Evening Post*, 1746–48; the *Essex Weekly Advertiser*, 1746; the *Westminster Journal*, 1754–55; the *Evening Advertiser*, 1754–55; the *Daily Advertiser*, 1755. These papers are in many cases incomplete and numbers are frequently missing. It appears as if some of them had been taken in for a year or so, then counter ordered for another year, and then taken in once more.

(apparently complete), of the *St. James's Chronicle* or *British Evening Post*, for 1764.

Between 1739 and 1755 the advertisements in most of them are few, and printed so small and in such wavering lines as to be almost illegible. In 1755 there is a sudden marked increase in the number of advertisements, and this increase is maintained.

The discovery of the primeval advertisement has not of course rewarded our research. For we have not access to the strata wherein we might at least dig for his remains. The earliest of any kind which I have been able to unearth occurs in a "Rider's Diary" for 1736, which possibly belonged to the newspaper collector. It is that of a dentist. I give it with its own spelling and punctuation.

> Artificial Teeth, set in so firm, as to eat with them, and so Exact, as not to be distinguish'd from natural; they are not to be taken out at night as is by some falsely suggested, but may be worn years together; yet are they so fitted, that they may be taken out and put in by the Person that wears them at Pleasure, and are an ornament to the Mouth, and greatly helpful to the Speech: Also Teeth clean'd and drawn by John Watts . . . Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

The earliest announcements in our collection of newspapers consist mainly of unfailing specifics for noisome "distempers." Week after week the same remedies meet the eye for "that Reigning disease Scurvy," for palsy, for leprosy, for scrofula, for all kinds of terrible ailments and skin diseases. Some of "these noble drops," we are informed, "darting almost as quick as Lightning through the whole Human System," effect a complete cure in one or more doses. Others are recommended to ladies as "exceeding pleasant either in Snuff or a handkerchief."

Asthma, which we had imagined to be a comparatively modern disease (dating, as some elder persons brought up on hand basins firmly believe, from the introduction of baths into private families)[1] has many cures advertised; especially a

[1] I remember visiting some ten years ago at a country house which had not been altered since it had been refurnished in the height of the then fashion,

certain tobacco which relieves "Asthma and such terrible Wheesings," and "is prepared only up one pair of Stairs at the Sign of the Anodyne Necklace."

In the official record of deaths in one of these papers there are in one list no fewer than three ascribed to asthma. But possibly all diseases of the lungs were considered to be asthma in those days; as in our grandmothers' time bronchitis, congestion and inflammation of the lungs were alike called "a closing of the chest," and generally proved fatal. An old lady once told us that in her early youth she had seen a little cousin playing about with his brothers and sisters in an advanced stage of this "closing," which closed altogether a day or two afterwards, to the regret of the parents, who, though wealthy and affectionate, felt that nothing could have been done.

Ladies at this date seem to have suffered much from "the vapours," for we find repeatedly advertised "The most noble smelling Bottle in the world . . . which Smelled to, momentarily fetches the most dismal fainting or swooning Fits, and makes chearful although never so sad." It is hardly necessary to add that this panacea may also "be taken inwardly." Old patent medicines certainly had one advantage over their numerous descendants, namely, that they could almost invariably be applied externally as well as internally, no doubt with equal success.

An "incomparable tooth powder" asserts that it needs no recommendation, "its own virtues being sufficient; nor did we ever seek for a patient; for, as they say, Good Wine needs no Bush." As might be expected, however, a long panegyric follows this dignified preamble.

We hear in the years between 1739 and 1764 of many drugs "which prepare the body for the small-pox," but

with all the latest improvements, in 1745. The washhandstand with a mahogany top, resembling a fitted desk more than anything else, and having a cream jug in a saucer in the middle, still remains a root of bitterness in the memory.

not till 1764 do we arrive at a doctor's advertisement of inoculation.[1]

> Persons of either sex and children are inoculated, attended, and provided with everything necessary in neat and separate apartments . . . at Five Guineas apiece. The expense attending this operation when performed at home or in private lodgings has hitherto reduced persons of moderate circumstances to the disagreeable necessity of going into an hospital or being deprived of this salutary Practice.

In a later advertisement on the same subject a doctor assures the public that many of his patients had actually quite recovered "in a month."

Miserably few and far between, according to present ideas, are the advertisements of ladies' dress. This, no doubt, is partly owing to the class of newspaper through which we have been looking. If some back numbers of the *Lady's Magazine* advertised in these papers could be procured, a number of dress announcements might perhaps be discovered. One catches the eye by its heading in large print

> TO ACCOMODATE THE LADIES.
>
> Alexander Middleton makes "all sorts of Stays, Jumps, and Slips with easy and agreeable Shape . . . all Tabby or Sattin at 1£ 11*s*. Half Tabby, 1£ 6*s*."

A sidelight is thrown on this interesting subject by advertisements of theft such as the following:

> Whereas a fresh colour'd Man in a Snuff colour'd Coat went up three pair of Stairs at the house of Mr. Thom without asking any questions, and took from thence a pair of Stays Tabby before, Callemanco behind,

and several other equally domestic articles for which a reward is offered.

Whenever an advertiser offers a reward for a lost or stolen article he always thoughtfully adds "and no questions ask'd," whether it is in the case of "a little Shag dog," or a pointer having "one of his Short Ribs at the Right Side broke which

[1] In 1841 The Vaccination Act made the practice of inoculating with small-pox virus unlawful. In 1853 another Act was passed with a view of rendering the practice of vaccination compulsory.

Sticks out: his Tail about a handful and answers to the name of Puro," or a pet the loss of which might almost appear to be a blessing, "partly of the Cur kind and inclinable to be mangy"; or even of "a large Silver tea kettle and lamp the Top left behind." Whatever the article may be the owner promises on restoration to ask no questions.

Horse-stealing appears to have been much more frequent then than now if we may judge by the continual advertisements for very inferior animals, such as a Brown Mare with "a hole in her near Shoulder and a slit in her near ear." (Where was Miss Cobbe, or at least Miss Cobbe's great aunt?) Or another with "his legs pretty hairy and thick"; or a "Grey Roan Mare seven years old next grass, a bob tail that's been nick'd and bends in the middle, the hair worn in the girth place almost to the skin."

One horse-stealer is described as having "a pale complexion, and a more than common rising upon a largish nose": which graphic if unflattering description seems to have led to his conviction, for the advertisement does not appear again.

A very large number of book advertisements appear regularly, especially of the religious pamphlet description, such as "A sober appeal to a Turk or an Indian concerning the plain sense of Scripture relating to the Trinity."

The first advertisement of "Pamela" is quickly followed by a skit called "Anti-Pamela." As one looks down the lists of new books one is struck by the very small percentage of novels or stories of any kind. Happy the novelist who lived in those days!

Prints from Hogarth's pictures are frequently advertised, sometimes in a manner happily obsolete now.

New Print. Taste in High Life from an incomparable picture of Mr. Hogarth's—proving beyond contradiction that the present polite assemblies of Drums Routs etc. are Meer Exoticks; and the supporters of such a parcel of Insects.

Of children's books I have found but one mention—one mention in sixteen years—and of toys only one.

The very finest Dutch toys as not to be imagin'd Unless a Lady with little Masters and Misses were to see them.

Only two advertisements of Almanacs have been discovered. That for 1741, "For Families. Quite different from any Almanack ever yet published since Almanacks first began"; and another for 1748, "Containing those things throughout the year which all the common Almanacks ought to mention, yet none of them speak a word of." This advertiser is evidently culpably ignorant of "Rider's Diary," which twelve years earlier, in 1736, offers masses of information and advice to the reader. In January he is advised not to use Physick, but to drink White Wine fasting "for the best Physick is warm Diet, warm Clothes, and a merry honest Wife." In February "Slimy Fish, Milk, and the like, that do oppilate and stop the Liver and Veins . . . are to be eschewed as Enemies to Health," and so on. These invaluable hints for every month of the year as to the preservation of health are mixed with directions as to sowing and pruning and the treatment of live stock. At the end of the Diary is a "True and Plain Description of the High-Ways in England and Wales," a "Table of the Moveable Fairs, The exact Dimensions of Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Anglesey, of Garnsey, etc., Beer Measure, Ale Measure, A Table of Kings," and "The Hour and Minute of High Water at London-Bridge every day" besides "A Computation of the most Remarkable passages of The Times from the Creation to this present year 1736," among which we notice with interest the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, and that of the bridge from Fulham to Putney.

Directly the war begins constant are the advertisements of officers for deserters from their regiments. Thomas Atkins, if we may judge by the description of his outward man when he was missing, was not such an imposing-looking creature as his namesake of to-day. He was generally described as marked with the small-pox or "pock fretten," and frequently as having a stoop, and still more frequently as having a "west," or "sty," or "blemish" in his eye, or having "tender eyes."

He almost always deserted in a "gristle" or "bob wig." Once indeed he is described as having "Slink Black hair," but this is an exception. Most of these deserters were very young. A certain Isaac Chesmon is only sixteen.

Side by side with the rewards for deserters appear numerous advertisements of the sale of Spanish, and, later on, of French boats, sloops, and Register Ships and their cargoes, many of them of the richest description, captured in the East Indies.

Commodores Barnett and Warren while protecting our trade in 1744 took many richly laden prizes, some of which perhaps found their way into these narrow columns, with a woodcut of a ship in full sail to draw attention to them—one of the few illustrated forms of advertisement we have been able to find.[1]

Advertisements for servants are of the greatest rarity. One of the very few is for "A Gardener that can on Occasion drive a Coach and look after horses." And another is that of a gardener seeking a place, who, besides gardening, "can also place Wheat Sheafs in Shocks in the Harvest Field."

There are, however, a considerable number of advertisements for servants and apprentices who have "eloped from their masters." One such, a certain William Swaine, is described as "red haired of a down look, his hands thick and very full of warts." He is strongly suspected of having assisted his elopement by laying his uncomfortable hands on a large sum of money, including "a three pound twelve shilling piece." What a monster of inconvenience such a coin must have been! At any rate, in these days nothing worse has to be encountered than an execrable but comparatively harmless four shilling piece, the value of which, when there is any question of

[1] In 1746 we took no fewer than 143 French and Spanish vessels, and in 1748 we seized 472 French and 98 Spanish vessels. Our gains on the French prizes seem to have been considerably lessened by the fact that many of them were insured in England, which does not appear to have been the case with the Spanish ships.

change, is, we must confess, a painful strain on the mathematical powers.

Another of these eloping apprentices who was "of a very deep red dull countenance" . . . "wore and carried away two coats and two Pair of Breeches," which, as his flight was in midwinter, shows that he was not so dull as he looked. Yet another "wears his own black hair and a little deform'd in his legs."

Certainly apprentices in those days—at least those that ran away—seem to have been singularly ill-favoured, but possibly their masters saw them without illusion after their departure, not empty handed.

A few black servants are advertised for as having run away. The advertiser in one case evidently feels that the identification of a certain "negro man" is a subject to be approached with some delicacy, as "the colour of his Clothes is unknown, as he absconded in the night without his Clothes."

Many also are the advertisements of losses of money and property through footpads, whether it be "a lusty young fellow who wore his own hair" or "a pock fretten man in a pair of everlasting Breeches"; or on Wimbledon Common "a tall man in a blue Frock and a light Bob wig on a bay Horse with a Swish tail, and look'd like a genteel galopping hunter."

It is noteworthy that the numerous persons who were robbed seem always to have had time to observe every feature of their assailant, and every detail of his apparel, from the lining of his waistcoat to the wearing of his hair, and from the "setting a good tail" of his horse to the other end of the animal, whether it were "rode with a Pelham bit."

Here is an advertisement for a warrant against a certain Jesse Boreham, suspected of having stolen from the Rev. Mr. John Mayonnet "a large silver saucepan, a parcel of Silver Pennys," and other necessaries of a clerical establishment. The said Boreham is—

Genteely made, but stooping in his gate, makes him appear round shoulder'd, his legs are long, and he has a remarkable Jirk in his Walk, his face rather

pale than fresh colour'd with a dark Mark on one side of his Neck resembling Dirt.

Announcements of racing and cock-fighting recur regularly. Easter Monday seems to have been a favourite day for "a match of Cocks" at 10 guineas a battle. An advertisement for Races on Bicton's Heath, near Shrewsbury, April 1755, ends with "There will be assemblies each night at The Raven, and Cocking as usual."

Packs of hounds are occasionally advertised for sale, "used to hunt both Fox and hare."

The number of "Sash'd houses" to let or to be sold is by far the largest item in the advertising columns. They always boast one or more dovecotes, well-stock'd fish ponds, and occasionally "there is also a good pew in the Church belonging to it."

Of schools or seminaries there are but few mentions. Occasionally we come upon one such as that of Mrs. Young, who takes young ladies "in a handsome sash'd House. . . . The young ladies to pay 12 pounds per year. The Entrance one guinea and a new silver spoon."

As we turn over the yellow pages of the London *Evening Post* we cannot but regret that the *Morning Post* of to-day has not imitated it in one particular, namely that of mentioning the fortune of the bride in the announcement of marriage. "Mr. So-and-So to Miss So-and-So, a young lady of great merit and 1,500£ fortune." This good old custom has unfortunately become obsolete, and we venture to suggest to the *Morning Post* that its revival would add a new element of interest to these always interesting announcements.

The want of a *Matrimonial News* seems to have pressed heavily on the unmarried in the days of which we have been writing. There are several advertisements for wives, which shows how that courageous newspaper has met in our own day a long and deeply felt want of our ancestors. "A gentleman," we read, "nearer the age of sixty than fifty" is on the look-out for a second wife "answerable to his years." He requires that she should be

Of a Behaviour to do Dignity at the Table, and in the House of a man of fortune; of a chearful disposition, without any deformity in her Person: Her age implies that no external Beauties are required *but* . . . she must be plump, not hagged and lean.

As I close these notes a report reaches me which shows that, even while these short pages were being written, another bound was being made in the direction of expansion on the part of the professional bounder.

I hear (not on authority, therefore possibly correctly) that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as "spaces to let." Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, I understand, will at night be writ in fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us we can imagine, as our hospital ships near our shores, how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the comrade who supports him:

"I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is 'Lemco' in sight yet?"

"No, old chap, it ain't."

"Have we passed 'Labby's Lip Salve'?"

"Not yet."

While on the bridge the burly captain peers into the night and says, "Dash my starry topsails if we aren't out of our course!"

"No, sir," says the attendant bo'sun; "that's 'Keating's Cough Lozenges' a-showing up on our lee now."

Ah! happy island, where the shout of the advertiser already re-echoes in our drawing-rooms, and will shortly greet the homing Briton from afar across the waves.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

THE COMPANIONS OF THE CONQUEROR

THERE is no more striking witness to the glamour of the Norman Conquest, and few more singular phenomena to be met with in our social history, than the craving to claim descent from a knight in the Norman host. To the historian this phenomenon is well worthy of attention, for it has borne persistent testimony to the social catastrophe of the Conquest, to the fact that a foreign aristocracy had obtained possession of the land. So firmly implanted in the English mind was the Norman origin of our feudal nobility that, even when it had been largely supplanted by an aristocracy of later growth, Norman descent was still considered almost indispensable to a noble, and the demand for a companion of the Conqueror at the head of the family pedigree was one that the heralds of the past were willing enough to supply. Nor, it would seem, in the popular mind, has the old belief been much shaken; in spite of the ever-increasing disappearance of our ancient houses, we still meet in the pages of the novelist, in the obituary notice, and in the personal paragraph, with the ancestor who "came over with the Conqueror," and even with the family who have inherited their lands from that interesting personage without a break.

Nor is it only in our own country that descent from a companion of the Conqueror is still coveted or claimed. I was recently told by a Professor of History at a famous American

University that the genealogical books in its library were always in great request, for the purpose of tracing, not, as we might expect, descent from a "Pilgrim father," but from one of the Norman knights who accompanied the Duke to England. It is easy enough to ridicule the quest; and yet there are probably few among us who would not in their hearts be proud of a proved pedigree from the Conquest, who would not feel that it gave them, as it were, a share in our national history. We have only to open any of the books professing to record the descent of our titled or untitled aristocracy to learn that it is still, as it always was, the "blue ribbon" of descent. Coveted, claimed, disputed, its attraction is undiminished; the families of to-day are as keen as those of the Tudor age on a founder who "came over with the Conqueror," who fought in his motley host, and who shared in the spoils of England.

There are doubtless, therefore, very many who would be glad to know where to look for authentic information upon this subject, and who would feel a certain interest in learning to what extent a Norman origin can be proved for existing English families. The whole question of the Norman settlement, at the time of the Conquest, in this country is one that has received less attention than might have been expected from historians; and this, no doubt, is one of the reasons of the misconceptions and popular delusions by which the subject is surrounded. It might well be imagined that Professor Freeman, in the five portly volumes he devoted to the Norman Conquest, would have dealt with so interesting a side of that great episode in our history; but I think it may fairly be said that he did not attempt to do so, possibly because it was a feature of the Conquest which did not particularly appeal to him. Moreover, on the question of the settlement as a whole, apart from its personal and local details, he is by no means a trustworthy guide; he appears, misled by the fables of the chronicler, to have vastly over-estimated the numbers of the Norman host, and, as I have shown in my "Feudal England," he had absolutely no conception of that system of tenure

by knight service on which the Normans received their fiefs.

It is not only in the course of the researches which enabled me to explain that system that I have been led to make a special study of the *personnel* of William's following: when preparing for the Public Record Office the "calendar of documents preserved in France" relating to English history in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, I visited each of the "departmental archives" of Normandy, and thus obtained a special knowledge of the records there preserved. And now, in working on the feudal period for the great "Victoria History of the Counties of England," I am devoting particular attention, in each county, to the tenants-in-chief and under-tenants named in Domesday Book. It is in the course of this inquiry that I have been struck by the want of any authoritative work on the Norman settlers in this country.

The main sources of information available at the present time may be briefly summarised as follows: First and foremost there is "Domesday Book" (1086), in which are recorded the names of all the "tenants-in-chief" (that is, of those who held directly of the Crown), and of their under-tenants, with the lands that were held by each just twenty years after the Battle of Hastings. Excellent, though perhaps not absolutely perfect, indexes to the names will be found in Ellis's "Introduction to Domesday Book" (1833). A grievous gap of eighty years separates this priceless record from one of the utmost importance for the history of our oldest families, namely, the transcript of the feudal returns sent in by the "barons," or tenants-in-chief, in 1166. These returns contain the names of those who held of them by "knight-service," and it is in them that we meet for the first time with the names of many knightly houses which are said to have come over with the Conqueror just a century before. A transcript of them has been officially published in the "Red Book of the Exchequer" (1896), but I have had to criticise that work severely, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will recall it and give us a better

edition. In the meanwhile the reader should beware of the treatment of names in its index. The only records that help us to bridge the above gap are "the great roll of the Pipe," as it is termed, for 1180, and its successors from 1156 onwards; and they are but of occasional assistance. There is, however, a great mass of valuable information on this subject to be found in the charters of religious houses. But Dugdale's "Monasticon," unfortunately, contains no index of names, and only a small selection of charters. Societies are now slowly publishing the "cartularies" of our abbeys and priories, but the majority of these volumes remain at present in manuscript.

On a footing altogether different from that of the above documents there stand three "authorities" for the names of the Conqueror's companions. The first of these is the "Roman de Rou," which did not appear till more than a century after the Battle of Hastings, but in which its author, Master Wace, professes to record the names of those who fought for William. The second is the most familiar and the most worthless of them all, the so-called Roll of Battle Abbey. The third is the modern list compiled by M. Léopold Delisle, and now to be seen inscribed on a tablet in the church of Dives, the little port where the Norman host assembled in 1066.

It is obviously not possible to discuss in these pages the exact amount of credence to be given to Wace's names; but as Planché made them the basis of his work, "The Conqueror and his Companions"—a painstaking and meritorious book—something has to be said. In the first place, Wace was not a contemporary, and was consequently apt, as I have shown in my "Feudal England," to misunderstand his written authorities and to be confused by tradition. Le Prévost in Normandy and Taylor in England have both impugned his accuracy in details, and even Mr. Freeman admits that he mistook Roger for Robert de Beaumont. The question of his accuracy in the matter of names was raised in a friendly controversy between Mr. Freeman and Sir Henry Howorth as to the presence of no less a man than Roger de Montgomery

at the battle. Mr. Freeman, indeed, went so far as to write that "Wace's account, with Mr. Taylor's notes, is a perfect *nobiliaire* of the Conquest," and to add that "the names and the rewards of these men and of countless others are written in the great record of Domesday." But of the few names he selects from Wace we find that the very first is not to be found in "Domesday." The two points that strike me personally about Wace's names are, firstly, that they included houses which had risen, or at least had obtained lands in England, at a period later than the Conquest; secondly, that he wrote as a Norman, in Normandy, for the Normans. He reminds us, for instance, of Roger de Beaumont, that—

> De cest Rogier en descendant
> Vint le lignage de Mellant.

In Normandy, no doubt, Roger's descendant, in Wace's time, was the Count of Meulan; but in England his descendants were the Earls of Warwick and of Leicester. I gather, therefore, that Wace's interest was chiefly in those whose descendants were known to him as *seigneurs* in Normandy, where the story of the Conquest remained for centuries a great tradition. I further gather that, while mentioning some of the Breton houses, he ignored the names of those who hailed from the region to the north-east of Normandy, whence Flemings and *seigneurs* of the Boulonnais had flocked to William's standard.

The so-called "Battle Abbey Roll" is, as I observed above, doubtless the most familiar of the lists of the Duke's followers. Its evidence is still freely cited in the pages of "Burke's Peerage," and in those of his "Landed Gentry." It is a document of which we have most of us heard, and which few of us, probably, know anything about. Mr. Freeman, not without good reason, wrote with wrath of that "transparent fiction," the "false roll of Battle;" and Mr. Joseph Hunter, who was specially qualified to pronounce an opinion on the subject, declared, after carefully weighing all that could be said in its favour, that we do not hear of such a Roll having even existed

at Battle till we come to the days of Elizabeth. Some ten years ago, however, the Duchess of Cleveland gallantly endeavoured to vindicate the Roll as a genuine list of those who accompanied the Duke, in a notable work of three volumes, entitled "The Battle Abbey Roll" (1889). All that can be said in favour of the Roll will be found in that able and ingenious book, in which the names are rescued from their corrupted forms, and the history of each family sketched with a brilliant touch. The sound genealogy and the literary grace by which the work is distinguished have failed to obtain due recognition owing to its advocacy of a hopeless cause, and to its reliance throughout on statements found in "The Norman People" (1874), an anonymous work which the reader must be warned never to treat as trustworthy.

The Roll is a mere list of surnames; it does not even pretend to give the names of individuals. It is so indisputable that some of these surnames are of later origin than the Conquest that the Roll's apologists have had to plead "interpolation" by the monks. That singular writer, Mr. Fox-Davies, asserts that "the monks of Battle Abbey are known to have tampered with their roll," although it is not even "known" that the "Roll" was in their possession. I believe, however, that their presence is explained by the simple fact that the whole roll was composed at a later date—perhaps in the fourteenth century—and was only intended to be a list of families which had "come over with the Conqueror," that is, whose ancestors had done so. The great baronial house, for instance, of St. John of Basing, figures as "St. John" on the Roll; but it did not assume that name till the thirteenth century, its Domesday ancestor in the male line being Hugh "de Port," a tenant-in-chief. And for the name of "Port" we search the Roll in vain. Remembering that in no copy of the Roll are found the names of individuals, it is amusing to read in "Burke's Peerage" that the founder of Lord Sefton's family, "William de Molines, one of the Norman nobles in the train of the Conqueror, stands in the eighteenth order upon the roll of Battle

Abbey." And this amusement is increased to amazement when we learn from the Duchess of Cleveland's work that even the surname of "Molines" is wanting in each of the versions of the Roll! It has been suggested that the original "Roll" was compiled in the fifteenth century, but I think it may date from that age of chivalry, the latter half of the fourteenth, of which some of the names are suggestive. Such a name as Howard, however, may have been interpolated later. No one can be more unbiased than myself in thus dismissing the "Battle Roll" as a list of the Conqueror's companions, for it includes the name of my own family in its French form. The compilers seem to have selected mainly names of French appearance, although families of real Norman origin had often adopted the name of an English manor as their own.

With the other so-called "Roll," that in the church of Dives, we might, indeed, seem at last to find ourselves on sure ground. For, as the Duchess of Cleveland writes, it "was compiled with much care and labour by M. Léopold Delisle, the greatest antiquarian authority in France, who professes to give no name that is not vouched by some deed or document of the period." That great scholar, M. Léopold Delisle, the head of the Bibliothèque Nationale, has long justly enjoyed a European reputation, and on Normandy at least his authority is supreme. But his list of the "Companions of William the Conqueror at the Conquest of England in 1066" is one that fills me with misgiving. It is, no doubt, largely based on the evidence of Domesday Book, which is, of course, the best of all for the date at which it was compiled (1086), though not to the same extent for the men of 1066. But even Domesday has its traps. Among the members of the famous house of Toeni, "Juhel de Toeni" figures on M. Delisle's list. This is obviously "Judhel de Totenais," as Domesday terms him, who had nothing whatever to do with Toeni, but was a Breton who derived his surname from our own Totnes, the head of his barony in England. Let us apply another test. "Hugue de Bolbec" and "Hugue de Mobec" were, according to M. Delisle,

among the companions of William. But the Domesday scribe's "Molebec" is a mere blunder for "Bolebec," as is shown by the descent of the manor of Kimble. There was but one Hugh, and he held a vast estate under his lord, Walter Giffard, whose Norman home was at Bolbec, a village near the mouth of the Seine, from which Hugh's descendants, the earls of Oxford, assumed a peerage title.

After these tests we shall not be surprised to find that "Gui de Rainecourt" and "Gui de Raimbeaucourt" were simply one and the same, while on the other hand M. Delisle records the name of Roger de Pistres, but omits that of his brother Durand. He similarly records "Richard Engagne," but omits William Engagne, as he records "Eude le Sénéschal," while omitting his brother Adam, a Domesday Commissioner and tenant. And what are we to say to such omissions as those of Aubrey de Vere, and of the gallant Lisois des Moustiers, the hero of the passage of the Aire (1069), who gained for his reward an English fief? But, indeed, the omissions are more than these. As to the names which have no right to figure on M. Delisle's list, "Guineboud de Balon" and "Hamelin de Balon" were, as I have shown in my recently-published "Studies in Peerage and Family History," two brothers from Maine who did not establish themselves in England till the reign of William Rufus. And I gravely doubt whether their contemporaries, "Bernard du Neufmarche," whose daughter was married in 1127, and the notorious "Renouf Flambard," who died Bishop of Durham in 1128, are likely to have been among William's companions in 1066; while as for "Auvrai de Merleberghe" (*i.e.*, Marlborough), he was certainly settled in England before the Norman Conquest.

It will be seen, then, that even this most eminent scholar has not succeeded in compiling a really trustworthy list; nor do I think that we are likely to obtain it from a foreign quarter. For in Normandy itself there is little evidence available for so early a period; and what little there is we

virtually know already. But in England there is still much to be done.

Two points, which are closely connected, have to be borne in mind. The first is that the number of Normans who settled as landowners in this country has been probably much over-estimated; the second is that a Norman baron might be known by more than one name. Richard, "the son of Count Gilbert," as he was commonly styled, was also known as "de Clare" or "de Tunbridge," from two of his English castles, and as "de Bienfaite" from his Norman lordship. Richard was one of the princes of the Conquest, but the same variety is found in the surnames of smaller men. The Tehel "Britto" of Essex and Norfolk was the Tehel "de Herion" of Suffolk, in Domesday Book. Its "Winemar" was also its "Winemar the Fleming" and its "Winemar de Hanslepe." Even where the surname was the same in fact, it might vary in appearance. Ellis, for instance, gives us in Domesday three tenants-in-chief—Robert "Blundus," who held in Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex; Robert "Flavus," who had a manor in Wiltshire, and Robert "Albus," who held one in Northamptonshire. Yet these three were all one, namely, Robert le Blond, whose chief seat was at Ixworth, Suffolk, where, after the manner of Norman lords, he was trying, in 1086, to grow, as he doubtless had done in France, his own wine. An existing family of Blount claims descent from Robert, whose identity is proved not only by that of his English predecessor in all his lands, namely "Achi the housecarl," but by his heir's return of fees in 1166. As Robert is also given by Ellis, twice over, as an under-tenant, we have here a single Norman converted into five.

Mr. Freeman appears to have seen nothing improbable in the fact of "sixty thousand" landowners assembling on Salisbury Plain to pass "a statute" in conjunction with their king at the close of the Domesday survey. Nor did he reject as impossible the estimate of "sixty thousand" for the host that sailed with William to share in the conquest of England.

But these tales are of the same kind as that which makes the Conqueror parcel the lands of England into "sixty thousand" knights' fees. As I have shown in my "Feudal England," it is probable that all the fiefs in his realm, including those in the hands of the Church, were not liable to provide more than 5000 knights. Even if the total rose to six or seven thousand, the traditional number is absurd. It is only from Domesday that we can estimate the number of the Norman landowners. And even the evidence of Domesday Book might lead us, as we saw above, to think that there were more than was actually the case.

The looseness with which his surname sat upon a Norman lord accounts for the many cases in which his heirs are found disguised beneath the name of an English manor. The Draytons of Drayton, Northamptonshire, were a younger branch of De Vere; and the Wolvertons of Wolverton, Bucks, were the direct heirs-male of the Breton Lord of Wolverton and its fief in 1086. It was really a matter of chance what the name would be. In England, for instance, the heirs male of Walter Fitz Other of Stanwell, who was probably constable of Windsor, became Windsor of Stanwell, a manor still in the possession of the Domesday tenant's heir when he was created by Henry VIII. Lord Windsor of Stanwell; but in Ireland a younger branch, which dwarfed the parent stem, has remained known to our own day by the historic name of FitzGerald. The cadets of De Clare are another instance, for while in Northamptonshire they bore the names of Daventry of Daventry and Fawsley of Fawsley, in Essex, where they were the Lords of Dunmow, famous for its flitch, they were known by a name illustrious in connection with the great charter, namely, that of FitzWalter. In a history of his own ancient house, that able genealogist, General Wrottesley, has observed that, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, "it seems to have been a mere matter of chance whether the family surname would have assumed at this date the form of Wrottesley, Verdon, or Simmons." I have myself seen charters granted by

a knightly tenant at about the same time, in which he used a certain surname. I suspected him to be a man known under quite another name, and on examining the seal of one of the charters I found that it duly assigned him that very different name.

The reader will be tempted, at this stage, to ask "What's in a name?" and will at least be on his guard against assuming that a name is evidence of Norman or Saxon origin. The ordinary man would select, probably, among the names of our titled aristocracy, those of Fitzwilliam and Neville as characteristically Norman. Yet, oddly enough, the bearers of them both can actually prove their descent from ancestors of English blood. In my "Studies in Peerage and Family History," I have shown that the Fitzwilliams are directly descended from a certain Godric, living about the middle of the twelfth century, whose name was so typically English that the Norman barons bestowed it in derision on Henry Beauclerc, their king, when he married an English wife. Of Godric we only know that he was probably a Yorkshireman; but the house of Neville can claim a founder of noble blood. Dolfin, the son of Uchtred, who obtained, as I have shown in my "Feudal England," what was known as "Staindropshire" in 1131, was, in all probability, of high Northumbrian birth. His descendants, however, have always preferred to dwell on their Norman blood, traced through an heiress of the Nevill family, whose surname they assumed with her inheritance about the end of the twelfth century. Burke derives them from "Gilbert de Nevil, one of the companions-in-arms of the Conqueror," who used to be styled admiral of William's fleet; but, as was acutely observed by Planché, the "admiral" story doubtless sprang from the ship or *nef* borne by the Nevilles, in accordance with a practice common in heraldry, as a pun upon their name. In the Dives list, M. Léopold Delisle has named Richard "de Neuville" as the Conqueror's companion; but he probably consulted only Ellis' "Index to Domesday," from which the name of Nevill is omitted; while Sir William Dugdale went further, and declared that it was not to be found in the

Great Survey. I have shown, however, that not only does the name of Ralf "de Nevilla" occur in "Domesday," but that a "Gilbert" in that record can also be identified as a Nevill. Both Ralf and Gilbert were tenants in Lincolnshire of the Abbot of Peterborough, nor is there any reason to suppose that they were of high position. Neuville, of course, like Newton among ourselves, was a place-name not uncommon abroad, which accounts for the fact that the name of Neville is found among the Protestant refugees of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England.

Although it is somewhat invidious to select the finest Norman pedigree, it would not be easy to surpass that of the house of Ferrers. Of baronial rank at Ferrières St. Hilaire, even before the Conquest, its chief obtained, as a follower of William, a fief which ranged over no fewer than fourteen counties, and to which, in Derbyshire alone, belonged a hundred and fourteen manors. To this great territorial position there was added the dignity of an earldom, as a reward for the victory of "the Standard" in 1138. In the existing peerage there is no family that can claim descent from such a house as this, and, indeed, both within and without the peerage there are families which are proud to find their founder in one of its under-tenants. In her charming notice of this historic house the Duchess of Cleveland could still write, in 1889, of its Baddesley-Clinton branch, that it "flourishes to this day, the last off-set of the stately tree that once spread its branches far and wide over the Midland counties." But, as a matter of fact, even this branch came to an end in the male line on the death of Mr. Marmion Edward Ferrers, co-heir of the barony of Ferrers (1299), in 1884. Cadets, however, doubtless exist.

Few indeed are the houses that can prove an uninterrupted male descent from a Domesday tenant-in-chief. Of the ducal race of FitzGerald I have already spoken, but when we turn to the lords of Kerry, now represented by Lord Lansdowne, we find their claim to the same origin dependent on their ancestor's

alleged descent from one of the "Giraldidæ," Reymond le Gros. Unfortunately, Gerald, the historian, states that Reymond, whose cousin he was, died without legitimate issue, and this statement is accepted by the "Dictionary of National Biography." As the same descent is assigned by "Burke" to the Graces of Grace Castle, theirs also goes by the board. One of the most remarkable examples of descent from a great Norman house was that of the early Staffords, who could prove that their founder was a Toeny, of a race illustrious in the Duchy. But the famous Staffords, earls and dukes, were, in the male line, Bagots. The tale of their greatness and their fall has been told by the Duchess of Cleveland, down to their extinction, in utter poverty, in 1640. She adds that "one remaining branch of the royal Toénis still flourishes in the male line," namely, the Gresleys of Drakelowe Park, holders of a baronetcy dating from the first creation of that rank (1611). But although it is always assumed and stated that Nigel de Stafford, their Domesday ancestor, was a brother of Robert de Stafford, there is no positive proof, unluckily, of the fact. The Gresleys, however, can claim the surely unique distinction of being still seated on that lordship which they held of the Conqueror himself as "Drachelawe" in 1086. As this distinction is as genuine as it is certainly remarkable, it is, of course, ignored in "Burke," where we only read:

> At the time of the Conquest, Nigel, son of Roger de Toeny, with his brothers, Robert, afterward Lord (*sic*) Stafford, and Ralph, the ancestor of the Cliffords, accompanied their kinsman, Duke William, to England, and was rewarded for his services by grants of numerous lordships in the counties of Derby, Leicester, and Stafford.

The mention of the Cliffords reminds me that their pedigree in the same work begins only in the days of Henry II.

> Walter, son of Richard FitzPons, living in the time of Henry II., *m.* Margaret, dau. and heir of Ralph de Toeni.

Yet Dreu Fitz Pons and Walter Fitz Pons are tenants-in-chief in Domesday Book, while Richard Fitz Pons, as I

was able to prove, married the daughter of a Norman baron and the sister of a Norman earl. On the other hand, the Toeni marriage has never, I believe, been proved.

In the English peerage, the only house, perhaps, that can prove descent from a Domesday tenant-in-chief is that of St. John, to which the Lords St. John and the Earls of Bolingbroke both belong. But even this is dependent on the soundness of one or two essential links in the pedigree as accepted. Here again the family has preferred to derive itself from the St. Jeans (of St. Jean-le-Thomas), who did not come over (as alleged) at the Conquest, but under Henry I., rather than from Hugh de Port, the Domesday tenant-in-chief. The latter, if the pedigree is sound, was their ancestor in the male line. The story of Hugh's fief is one of peculiar interest. Deriving his name from Port-en-Bessin, a little village on the coast to the north of Bayeux, he was a feudal tenant of its warrior bishop in England as in Normandy. But he also held in chief of the Crown wide estates in Hampshire, of which Basing was the head. Basing passed with an heiress to the Paulets nearly five centuries ago, and became famous for its long resistance, as the seat of their head, "the loyal Marquess," to the forces of the Parliament (1643–1645). And although it has passed away from their line, their heirs-male still retain a fragment of the Domesday fief. When the late Marquess fell at the battle of Magersfontein, having displayed on that occasion "almost reckless valour," his body was brought home to the churchyard of that Amport which preserves in its suffix, though the fact has been forgotten, the name of his Norman ancestor, the Hugh de Port of the Conquest.

We have hitherto dealt with those families which claim descent in the male line from a Domesday tenant-in-chief. More numerous, as might be expected, are those which find their ancestor in a Domesday under-tenant. But for those the proof is far harder, not only because it is rare in Domesday to find the surname of an under-tenant, but also because the descent of his lands is infinitely harder to trace. Mr. Eyton,

the best authority on the subject, asserted, of "families of knightly degree," that "the latter half of the twelfth century is . . . a limit not often surpassed with probable truth, while its earlier half is only a field for the wildest conjecture." Nevertheless, there are a few cases in which the descent can be carried back to a tenant in Domesday Book. As the house of Ferrers is the best instance of descent from a Norman tenant-in-chief, so perhaps are the Shirleys, whose descent is traced from one of its great vassals, and who bear its name as that of their earldom, the best case of this other claim. For the evidences printed by Mr. Evelyn Shirley in his "Stemmata Shirleiana" prove, I think, quite clearly, not only his house's descent from "Saswalo," who held under Henry de Ferrers, but also the very remarkable fact that his own seat, Etingdon Hall, was one of his ancestor's Domesday estates and had been in the family ever since. There may, of course, be other cases, but I do not myself know of one in which it has been proved. It is claimed, indeed, for an ennobled family, Bagot of Bagot's Bromley, and even the Duchess of Cleveland states that

> Bagod *Dominus medietatis de Bramele,* holding of Robert de Toeni, Baron of Stafford, is recorded in Domesday; and this same manor of Bagot's Bromley is still held by his descendants in the direct male line. Few indeed of our great English houses can rival so rare a distinction as an uninterrupted tenure of more than eight centuries.

Unfortunately, Domesday Book contains no such words. Bagot held, not Bromley (which was "Brumlege" in Domesday), but "Branselle," which was fully shown, in Mr. Eyton's "Staffordshire Domesday," to be represented by Bramshall. I suspect, however, that Bagot was the actual ancestor of the family, although one may not be able to prove it. That astonishing person, Mr. Fox-Davies, who is surprised that any one should question the verdict of an officer of arms, would doubtless consider decisive the fact that, as "Burke's Peerage" informs us,

> The pedigree of the family, in the possession of the family, attested by Sir William Dugdale and Gregory King, of the College of Arms . . . deduces

the lineal descent from Bagod, Lord of Bromley . . . as mentioned in Domesday Book.

But this same Gregory King, who was doubtless the working partner of the two, was, we must remember, the obliging herald who, when Thomas, Lord Coventry (1695), married one of his young maid-servants, Grimes by name, provided him and her with a fraudulent descent from Graham, and assigned her the arms accordingly! Her indignant stepson, on succeeding to the title, took formal steps to convict the herald of the fraud.

Indeed, one has always to allow for the intervention of a herald. The ancient house of the Knightleys of Fawsley, distinguished by its matrimonial alliances, can be traced back, as Knightley of Knightley, to the middle of the twelfth century. But one of the most famous of the old heralds, one whose authority at the College of Arms is still most highly esteemed, I mean Augustine Vincent, drew out its pedigree from Rainald, who held Knightley in Domesday, adding the links required. In Burke, therefore, the house is traced to this Rainald de Knightley, and the late (first and last) Lord Knightley of Fawsley was named after him. Mr. Eyton, however, showed clearly that the Domesday tenant was Rainald de Bailleul, with whom the Knightleys had nothing to do. His indignation was stirred by the fact that this great Norman tenant had been coolly laid hands on by the heralds to provide, not only the Knightleys, but also the Lees and the Westons, with an ancestor in Domesday Book. Vincent's connecting link, I may add, was a document which cannot now be found. Even where the heralds of former times adduced actual documents in proof of the pedigrees they compiled, the evidence, although often genuine, has, at times, to be accepted with much caution. Mr. Eyton told us very plainly what he thought of a herald's pedigree of the Dunstanvilles, containing not only falsified documents, but at least one "detestable forgery." He indignantly exclaimed—

We may here dismiss this tissue of falsification and forgery. That very ancient School of Heraldry which originated such documents is perhaps

extinct. . . . How can that be an available element of history which poisons the very fountains of history itself?—"Antiquities of Shropshire," ii. 304.

In my "Studies in Peerage and Family History" I have shown that a Clarencieux King of Arms who compiled, some three centuries ago, the pedigree of the Spencers, must have been aware that one of the very documents he cited proved the falsity of that pedigree which he solemnly certified to be truth. It is but fair to add that the heralds may not have been the only sinners. The pedigree, for instance, of the Mordaunts, commences in "Burke" thus:

Sir Osbert le Mordaunt, a Norman knight, of Radwell, co. Bedford (an estate granted by William the Conqueror to his brother), was succeeded by his son Osmond le Mordaunt.

The Mordaunts can be traced back to within about a century of Domesday, and their baronetcy is one of those created in 1611. But, as usual, this was not enough; a Norman founder was required. So a charter was discovered by which Eustace de St. Gilles gave his brother, the above Osbert, the manor of Radwell, which he had received as part of his reward, "by the munificence of William, most illustrious King of the English, for the services rendered him in the Conquest by my father and myself." The charter, of course, is a blatant imposture, but it has been accepted without question, and the name of its quite imaginary Osbert revived in that of the present baronet. One has only to turn to Domesday Book to learn that it knows nothing of Eustace or his brother at Radwell. The alleged charter saw the light in a work known as "Halstead's Genealogies" (1685), for which Henry (Mordaunt), Lord Peterborough, was really responsible. He also produced a charter (which appears to be the best evidence for "Payn," the Conquest ancestor of the Dawnays) in which a Hugh Burdet was made to say that the Conqueror had given him Maidford in Northants. As "Hugh" appears in Domesday as only its under-tenant, Baker, the able historian of the county, pronounced the charter to be of special interest for the new light that it afforded:

A wide field is thus opened to conjecture as to the nature and extent of the enormous grants made by the Conqueror to the principal Domesday tenants-in-chief.

But a glance at the witnesses is enough to show that the charter must have been concocted.

From such pranks as these it is pleasant to turn to General Wrottesley's patient proof that his house can fairly claim descent from Randulf, brother of the Abbot of Evesham, a Domesday under-tenant. And there are other families which, if they cannot find their direct ancestors in Domesday Book, are, at least, clearly of Norman origin. The Curzons, for instance, who, like the Shirleys, were under-tenants of the house of Ferrers, derived their name from Courson, in the south-west of the Calvados, and appear in Derbyshire at least as early as 1185. A Robert de "Curcon" is found in Domesday, but only in East Anglia. Coeval in Derbyshire with the Curzons is the house of Fitzherbert of Swinnerton, of which the founder was seneschal to Ferrers, though their Derbyshire manor of Norbury cannot have been granted so early as 1126, if, as "Burke" states, Robert de Ferrers witnessed the grant as earl. Two interesting Norman families are those of Burdet(t) and Corbet. Loseby, Leicestershire, was held in 1086 by "Hugh Burdet" as under-tenant; and as the manor remained in the hands of the Burdets for some three centuries, there cannot well be a doubt of their descent, though the earliest links, as usual, are in my opinion wanting. "Burke," however, characteristically ignores the Domesday tenancy, and does not even hint at an origin before the days of Henry II. On the other hand, the pedigree it gives of Corbet of Moreton Corbet loudly proclaims their unbroken descent from Hugh Corbet, living in Normandy in 1040. The pedigree given is that of Blakeway, which was utterly overthrown by Mr. Eyton, who devoted "the greatest attention" to the matter. He decided that the pedigree could not be proved beyond the Richard Corbet living in 1180, although he was doubtless a cadet of kin to the Roger "FitzCorbet" of the

Conquest. But the family has held Moreton Corbet in the male line for seven centuries, and obtained it with an heiress of its Domesday tenant.

As a contrast to this genuine case of uninterrupted tenure, we may take this statement, which only last year (1900) was placed at the head of the De Hoghton pedigree in "Burke" as the result of "a more thorough revision than usual," in which Somerset Herald assisted by "laborious researches":

> William de Hocton, living 5 Stephen, gave ten marks in gold that he might have to wife the widow of Geoffrey de Favare (*sic*), with her land and the custody of her son, till he might be knighted, and that afterwards he might hold the land of the said William. This property is now in the possession of his descendants. His great grandson, &c. &c.

This, surely, is precise enough. Yet the record cited, as has long been known, is not of "5 Stephen," but the roll of 1130, and the Favarches' land, as I can show, had nothing to do with Lancashire, but was at Walsingham, in Norfolk. The positive assertion of its descent is therefore simply untrue, and the above William had nothing to do with this ancient Lancashire house. I have introduced this case as a warning that even the precision of a statement in no way implies its truth. Family after family which is stated in "Burke" to have come in with the Conqueror is quite unable to prove its pedigree to the Norman period. That "the founder of the English Grosvenors, Gilbert le Grosvenor, came over in the train of William the Conqueror," is a proposition which would certainly be rejected by any competent genealogist; while the Gurdons, who are stated, under "Cranworth," to have "come into England with the Conqueror from Gourdon, near Cahors," are understood to be descended from a rich Dedham clothier. I have exposed a number of similar cases in my "Studies in Peerage and Family History," but may here add a few others. That the Lechmeres "acquired from William the Conqueror a grant of lands in Hanley, co. Worcester," is a statement at once disproved by Domesday; and the same evidence disposes of the claim, for which a pedigree by Garter King of Arms

(1682) is vouched, that the Caves descend from Jordan, who received North and South Cave from his brother "Wyamarus" in 1080. Mr. A. S. Ellis, the best authority on early Yorkshire pedigrees, tells me that the claim of the Skipwiths to be a branch of the baronial Stutevilles is equally baseless, as indeed one might expect from its description of Hugh Fitz-Baldric as a "Saxon thane." The Barttelots of Stopham acquired it with an heiress about the close of the fourteenth century, but even a friendly account of the family admits that their previous history is obscure; and the statement that "the first of this family, Adam Barttelot, came to England with William the Conqueror and seated himself at Ferring (*sic*), Sussex," is an Elizabethan invention. But traditions, which even "Burke's Peerage" hesitates now to give as fact, are still accepted and acted on if, as has been stated, the singular title of the viscountcy bestowed on Lord Roberts, namely, that *of* "St. Pierre," refers to the fancy that the Bunburys of Bunbury, from whom his mother's family may have been descended, were founded by a Norman follower of the Conqueror who bore the surname of St. Pierre.

I am not here concerned with dreams of so-called "Saxon origin," as claimed for the Bathursts, Boothbys, Thorolds, and Wardlaws (who first came "from Saxony into England about the beginning of the sixth century"), and even for the Crofts and the Tichbornes. Nor have I even attempted to compile an exhaustive list of those families that may be able to prove a pedigree from the Conquest. But the instances I have given should at least suffice to prove how extremely rare is this widely-coveted distinction, and how little faith can be placed in its assertion by "Burke" and similar "authorities." If the great scheme of family history projected in connection with the new "Victoria County Histories" is successfully carried out, those who can claim Norman descent will at last have justice done to them, and will cease to find a spurious descent placed on a level with their own. And for those who cannot claim it—indeed, for the "newest" of families—there is,

let me tell them, comfort. There is, though they may not know it, in England a noble "caste," to which they may gain admission for an almost trivial sum. And, once within it, they may look with scorn on the poor plebeians that remain without. I am betraying no secret when I tell them that for £76 10*s.* they may obtain a patent of nobility on all fours with a peerage patent, by which not only they, but all their descendants in the male line for ever, will be severed from the vulgar herd. My authority for this interesting statement is the "Armorial Families" of Mr. Fox-Davies, in which a common mistake is thus corrected—

> We teach boys their manners and exhort them to *be* gentlemen, when they have nothing to do with it. They are or they are not gentlemen already. . . . if they are, show them how, and why, and in what way they are better than others. Teach them that they are—as they are—of another caste.

For they are the happy children of what he terms "armigerous persons." Let us speak no longer with scornful amusement of titles bestowed by the Pope or the Republic of San Marino; let us cease to scoff at "decoration scandals" that we hear of across the Channel. For a patent of nobility *d prix fixe* there is nothing, to judge from "Armorial Families," equal to a grant of arms, of which the fortunate grantee is "the first holder of the lesser nobility of that creation in precisely the same manner as the first Peer is a Peer by patent." We cannot all be of Norman descent; but even the newest of *novi homines* can enter the noble "caste." And if the rush of aspirants, when this is realised, blocks the traffic in Queen Victoria Street, the responsibility must rest with Mr. Fox-Davies, and not with the writer of these lines.

J. Horace Round.

FLORENTINE PAINTING OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

THE art of the Trecento is overshadowed by the genius of Giotto. He had discovered a style so perfectly moulded to the ideas of his time and the genius of the Italian people, that for nearly a hundred years artists were engrossed in the work of applying that style to the recital of all the legends of Christian mythology. Thus it comes about that the art of this period has the effect of an anti-climax. It is too like Giotto's art in its aim not to be instantly compared with that, and too unlike in its accomplishment not to suffer by the comparison. Adhering strenuously to the high and heroic notion of art which Giotto had established, it left no room for the unfolding of slighter talents, for the indulgence of trivial but genuine interests. With the comparative lowering of the imaginative aims of art in the fifteenth century, such minor painters attained to their complete devclopment; and we often pass by a Giottesque fresco in which the principles of the grand style are studiously upheld, in order to admire the genial trifling of some fifteenth century cassone painter who scarcely regarded himself as more than a craftsman, but who had the good fortune to be able to work unreservedly on the level of his own temperament. It was not always thus. When Italian art was studied more for its Christian sentiment than for its

æsthetic excellence, the Trecento was pointed to as the great period, and Orcagna was a bigger name than Botticelli. In any case, that minute analytic study which has now for many years been directed to the works of the Quattrocento has hardly taken in hand the work of the preceding century, and I shall endeavour in this article only to attempt a general indication of what were the main currents of influence and the leading æsthetic ideas in the period which intervenes between Giotto and Masaccio. The convenient term Giottesque which is applied to the artists of this period implies too wide a generalisation; it tends to disguise the differences and underestimate the changes discernible in the art of the Trecento. None the less it indicates the main trend of artistic endeavour, and calls attention to the formation of a style which imposed upon the artist an habitual academic formula. The fullest development of this style is found in Florence; but even there it underwent successive modifications, while it was occasionally refreshed by influences derived from the freer development of other Italian schools. The most important of these foreign influences is that of Siena, where an independent tradition deriving from Duccio di Buoninsegna maintained a vigorous existence throughout the fourteenth century. In the second half of the century we find a spontaneous outburst of a new sentiment for the charms of natural life, though this, it is true, scarcely finds any echo in Florentine art till the beginning of the Quattrocento.

Of the pure Giottesque tradition, which forms as it were the ground bass of the art of the period, Taddeo Gaddi was on Giotto's death regarded as the great exponent. He was Giotto's favourite pupil, and had so completely absorbed his master's style that, more than any other artist of the time, he is quite adequately defined by the term Giottesque. His works are indeed academic in just the same way as that of Michael-angelo's and Raphael's immediate followers. We feel in them that the authority for Taddeo Gaddi's design is not a personal conviction, but a pious belief in his master's infallibility. His

test of the rightness of a type or pose is only whether or not it reminds him of something in Giotto's works.

In the Presentation in the Temple (Fig. 1), for instance, the children in the foreground, with their awkward proportions, are compounded from such of Giotto's pictures as the Allegory of Poverty and Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. Giotto, it is true, is responsible for their curious proportions; but his children were always doing something definite, whereas Taddeo Gaddi's are still wondering why they find themselves in these attitudes. The same want of instinctive understanding of gesture is evident in the otherwise rather pleasing figure of the Virgin, whose attitude suggests a discourse to the crowd on her parents' virtues. Taddeo Gaddi's tendency is everywhere to exaggerate his master's mannerisms without understanding the ideas which conduced to them. The narrow opening of the eye, which with Giotto was a natural reaction from the Byzantine stare, and which enabled him to suggest a new vivacity of expression, has here become as much of a formula as the Byzantine convention it replaced. Giotto's massive design of the figure has in the High Priest and the spectator to the right begun to threaten symptoms of dropsy. A characteristic of Taddeo, also perhaps derived by exaggeration from Giotto, is the menacing proportions of the triangular noses to be found in the same figures.

Giotto, as we saw, had made a brilliant approximate guess at the laws of linear perspective; had given to his figures very nearly the relations that they would have in a three-dimensional space. But as he had never found a scientific statement of what he instinctively perceived, he was unable to hand on to his pupils any guiding principle; and we find already in this work, together with a much greater complication of the architectural setting, a great loss of verisimilitude in the relation of the parts.[1]

[1] To Taddeo Gaddi may probably be ascribed several inferior works which at one time oppressed Giotto's reputation. Among these the most important is the large altarpiece of the Coronation of the Virgin in the sacristy of Sta.

Phot. Alinari

FIG. 1.—Presentation of the Virgin, by Taddeo Gaddi. *Sta. Croce, Florence*

Taddeo's younger contemporary, Giottino, discovers a very different and much more attractive temperament. There is some doubt about the historical person who went by this nickname, two artists competing for the honour, but there is no doubt about the artistic personality to which we owe the frescoes of the Chapel of S. Sylvestro in Sta. Croce and the beautiful pietà in the Uffizi.

Giottino is said by Vasari to have died young, of consumption, and certainly his works have something of the romantic glamour which agrees with such a type of genius. Fig. 2 is taken from one of the frescoes in the Chapel of S. Sylvestro. It represents St. Sylvester closing the mouth of the monster whose noisome breath killed several hundred Roman citizens daily; to the right he is restoring to life two mages who had succumbed to the smell. It is, perhaps, no mere accident that in the painting of the Trecento we find so many subjects like this, in which the childish and grotesque side of Christian mythology replaces the humanity and dignity of Giotto's subjects. The great ideals of Dante's time were during the fourteenth century being ruthlessly exposed by the course of events, the mediæval system was crumbling, and the elements of superstitious ignorance it contained were no longer held in check. But in any case Giottino uses his subject for all it contains of dignity and dramatic effect. We see again almost as much as in Giotto the instinct for appropriate gesture and expression. St. Sylvester throughout, even when he is engaged in the delicate operation of shutting the monster's mouth, has the grave and stately demeanour which

Croce, which, as it is signed Opus Magistri Jocti on the frame, was accepted even by Morelli as a standard work. Baron Rumohr based his attack upon Giotto largely on the defects in this work. The monotony of the faces, the long noses, and masks too big for the skull, to which he calls attention, are all traits of Taddeo Gaddi's work. The peculiarity of the sleeves, which led him to accuse Giotto of a trivial interest in fashionable fancies, is also frequent in Taddeo's work, and I believe known in Giotto's. It is none the less a work of extraordinary technical excellence.

befits his position, while Constantine and his courtiers express their amazement with dignified vivacity. Unlike Taddeo, Giottino was clearly gifted with a fine sense of proportion, which enables him to give unusual spaciousness to his composition. The buildings, with their ruined walls and weeds sprouting from the cracks, are not only very beautiful in design, but seem actually intended to enforce the suggestion of desolation and havoc. This picture may almost be considered as showing the first germs of the idea of mood in landscape. In his figures Giottino tends to a finer, more minute realisation of the features than Giotto; they lack his imposing breadth of treatment, but there is a variety and naturalness in these heads which suggests that had Giottino lived long enough to influence more decidedly the current of Florentine art the rigidity of the Giottesque formula would have been sooner broken. In the beauty of its tonality and the novelty and boldness of its colour scheme this fresco must be considered as among the finest works of the Trecento. It evinces, however, signs of a tendency which increased throughout the fourteenth century, and led art farther and farther from Giotto's conception. The chief sign of this is to be found in the extreme use of the method of continuous representation.[1] This method had been consistently employed in pre-Giottesque art, but Giotto himself makes the most sparing use of it. Intent as he was upon the dramatic sequence of events, he visualised them too vividly as actually occurring in a three-dimensional space to allow of this convenient method of symbolising their succession. But here not only are two scenes combined in a single composition, but two moments of the same scene are given by the device of representing the mages twice over, once lying stark dead and once kneeling in humble gratitude to their deliverer. Such a treatment is no doubt shocking to the modern craving

[1] I adopt here with gratitude the convenient term employed in Mrs. Strong's translation of Wickhoff's "Roman Art," where the origins of this method in early Christian times are fully discussed.

Phot. Alinari

FIG. 2.—Miracles of St. Sylvester, by Giottino. *Sta. Croce, Florence*

for complete verisimilitude, but it is one indication of an alternative view of art to ours, and one which gained ground throughout the fourteenth century, till at one time it appeared likely to become the established mode of European design. In his employment of the continuous method Giottino shows consummate skill. The whole success of his composition depends on the ingenious use he has made of the pillar in the foreground. By this he has suggested the sub-division of the whole composition into two sections. Such a duplex composition sets an extremely difficult problem, and one which few artists—perhaps only Giottino and Masaccio—have solved quite successfully, for each figure must have its proper preponderance in regard to the act in which it occurs, and at the same time to the whole drama. Here, but for the pillar, St. Sylvester would be too exactly in the centre, but he takes his properly emphatic place in the particular scene of the resurrection, where he is about a third of the way across the composition.

We must now turn aside from the Florentine tradition to consider those elements of design cultivated by the Siennese artists, which were destined to have a great effect on the work of later Florentine masters. The distinguishing trait of the Florentine temperament was its union with æsthetic sensibility of a shrewd and penetrating intellectual insight. The mental attitude of the Florentines was essentially a scientific and speculative one. Of all Italians they were the most capable of co-ordinating experience in wide-reaching generalisations. Even their turbulent political passions became to them material for objective study and research. The Siennese character was in many respects the antithesis of this. If possible, more fierily passionate than the Florentines, they were wanting in the conception of any objective standard to which the successive phases of emotion could be related. They remained throughout their history unscientific and subjective. Of this their political history affords evidence; dominated by an unreasoning passion for democratic liberty, without any idea of

relativity or compromise, they were doomed to a succession of intolerable party tyrannies, varied by intervals of revolution and proscription. Dante, who shared their Ghibelline sympathies, found his love of order and symmetry so shocked by their mercurial instability, that he asks contemptuously if ever there was so vain a people as the Siennese, and replies "None; not even the French by a long way"; while contemporary writers agree with Philip de Commines that they were the worst governed people in Italy.

But they had the qualities of their defects. That excess of passionate conviction found beautiful expression in their art. The Florentines from the beginning recognised the existence of an objective reality, of certain laws of structure in natural objects to which their representations must conform. But the Siennese were less patient of what lay outside the domain of pure feeling; with the irrefutable logic of fanaticism, they refused to come to terms with external nature and became the purest and most intransigeant artists of Italy.

We might suppose that with such a wilful and subjective temperament the Siennese artists would cultivate the *a priori* and internal elements of design—precisely that side which was least evident in Giotto's work—and would neglect that sense of structural significance by which Giotto stirs our imaginations to the reconstruction of palpable forms. And such in fact was the case. Already in Duccio the tendency to sacrifice structural possibility to a mellifluous rhythm of line was apparent. In Simone Martini, the greatest artist Siena produced, and the dominating figure of the Trecento, this quality of rhythm was brought to its highest perfection. Nor did these tendencies cease to affect Siennese art all through its too brief career, and when in the Quattrocento the Florentines were absorbed in the study of characteristic form, Siennese artists, like Neroccio di Landi, continued to design with the beautiful inaccuracy of mediæval art, and Siennese pictures of a date contemporary with Leonardo da Vinci strike us at first sight as belonging to the Trecento.

To Simone Martini we will turn, then, to investigate the characteristics of the Siennese tradition. Simone Martini derived his art from Duccio, as we can see by examining his great enthroned Madonna of the Palazzo Pubblico. This is little more than a magnificent and ennobled variation of Duccio's great altarpiece for the Duomo. Simone painted it on two occasions at an interval of five or six years. The figures that belong to the first painting still retain a Byzantine rigour, but the figures, especially the two angels and two saints on either hand of the throne, which belong to the second painting, are perfect examples of the neo-Christian style. Martini then effected for the Siennese the emancipation from early Christian tradition which Giotto had accomplished for the Florentines. And, indeed, the neo-Christian conception of beauty is found in Simone's works in its purest, most magically persuasive form. When one looks at Simone's great Madonna of the Palazzo Pubblico, Petrarch's sonnet on the portrait of Laura done for him by the artist, who was his intimate friend, seems no idle conceit. That celestial grace must, he says, have been drawn in Paradise itself, and indeed no more purely delectable and enchanting beauty is to be found than in some of Simone's faces. In such a picture as the Annunciation of the Uffizi (Fig. 3), we see that this beauty is rather the immediate outcome of an impassioned feeling than of a close study of natural forms. There is here no apprehension of the solid relief, the palpable mass, of the figure. The structural possibilities of the human body are frankly disregarded: it would be impossible to fit a real human body into the contours of the Virgin's robe. And even if it were possible Simone has not done so, for he has wilfully left the form as an almost flat mass upon the golden background. The parts are related, not in an imagined three-dimensional space, but upon the flat surface of the panel. The pattern made by the contours becomes here the all-important mode of expression. And it is only by such a method that so perfect an interdependence of the contours, as this shows, is attainable. If the eye follows the line of the contour down one side of the figure

of the Virgin, it finds the line of the other side to be in perfect correspondence, each is accepted instantly as the inevitable complement of the other. We may trace a similar perfection of harmony in the lines of the angel's robe or the involutions of his floating drapery. We are in the habit of regarding pattern as merely an affair of fitting forms together so that they do not offend, or at best gently gratify our senses. But it is possible, especially when, as here, the pattern hints, however distantly, at human forms, for it to have a direct and powerful effect on the imagination. It is, indeed, only by such an unstructural symbolism that Simone could express the particular shade of virginal purity and restraint which gives to this figure its unique charm. Pattern as understood by Simone Martini is no mere matter of elegant decoration—though it certainly is that—it compels the imagination to the most immediate apprehension of a definite spiritual idea.

The extraordinary likeness of this picture to the greatest works of Chinese and Japanese religious art can hardly escape notice. The Virgin's pose, the disposition of the features within the pure contour of the face, the treatment of the angel's mouth, all recall the methods of Oriental art. And indeed we shall see that by the beginning of the fifteenth century there were signs that European art might possibly have progressed along similar lines to the art of the East, had not the discovery of the laws of perspective and the renewed attention to classical conceptions of the figure definitely established the complete realisation of solid relief in a three-dimensional space as a permanent condition of European design.

This conception, then, of an abstract symbolism of the idea by means of the rhythm of pure non-naturalistic forms, which finds its highest expression in Simone Martini, was the most important element in the changes which the Giottesque tradition underwent.

In the work of Giovanni da Milano, the contemporary of Giottino and Taddeo Gaddi, this influence is already apparent.

Phot. Alinari

FIG. 3.—The Annunciation, by Simone Martini. *Uffizi, Florence*

In his signed altarpiece at Prato, the full sweeping curves of the drapery, in which pattern is more sought for than structural form, the sinuous poses of the elongated figures are evidences of the first appearance in Florence of this new conception of design.[1]

Siennese influence is also discernible in the works of the next great Florentine master, Orcagna. But in this case its effects were confined to details: it cannot, I think, be held to have affected the general principles of his design. As a sculptor he was naturally led to the investigation of structural form, and his few paintings show him as a sculpturesque rather than a truly pictorial designer. His great fresco of Paradise in Sta. Maria Novella is undoubtedly one of the most sublime conceptions of the Trecento, imposing by the austerity of its vast upright lines and the rigidity of its structure; imposing, too, by the very monotony of the serried ranks of saints and angels which compose the vast fabric of Paradise. If we imagine this translated into sculptured relief on the façade of a cathedral, the real grandeur and appropriateness of the conception become more instantly apparent. On a flat wall space where no structural limitations are given we might expect a subtler co-ordination of parts, a more elastic and varied principle of composition. Orcagna has been guided in his painting by the architectural limitations of sculpture. Nor is this merely due to the fact that he was a sculptor. In his imaginative sympathies he stands aside from the main current of fourteenth-century art. In many respects his art was a reversion to pre-Giottesque ideals. The rigid symmetry,

[1] Giovanni da Milano was, as his name indicates, not a Florentine by birth. He came from Lombardy; and it is curious that already in his work there are evidences of that tendency to an unctuous and sentimental manner which distinguishes the later Lombard school. Through the severe conventions of the fourteenth-century art there pierces something of the wilful affectation of a Luini or a Beltraffio. But Giovanni da Milano must none the less be considered, as by education and practice, a Florentine artist, and his marked deviation from the strict Giottesque tradition makes his work, therefore, an important stage in the development of Florentine art.

the hieratic solemnity of his figures, even the staring eyes and long, firmly defined nose of his Christ in the altarpiece of the Strozzi chapel are all more in sympathy with Byzantine than Giottesque ideals; and even when, as in his relief at Or San Michele, he treats so pathetic a scene as the death of the Virgin, there is no trace of the intense and passionate humanity which Giovanni Pisano or Giotto would have expressed.

So far as it was possible in the middle of the fourteenth century, Orcagna reverted from neo-Christian to early Christian artistic ideals. But within the limits of an art restricted to the expression of hieratic ceremonial, Orcagna attained to an unrivalled perfection. Its perfection is indeed the most striking characteristic of his work. Even Giotto, carried away by the impulse of his dramatic idea, occasionally hazarded poses which he rather guessed at than fully comprehended, and drew his forms at a venture. But Orcagna in the few genuine works we possess is impeccable. The feeling for structure which Giotto gives in the broad masses of his figures, Orcagna carries out into the minutest folds of his drapery. His forms have, it is true, actually less likeness to nature than Giotto's (in particular his treatment of the perspective of the feet is more like that of the older Byzantine convention), but they convince us by the rigid consistency of the whole, the perfect interdependence of the parts. The altarpiece reproduced here (Fig. 4) cannot with certainty be attributed to Orcagna.[1] Nevertheless this work, which almost escapes notice in the little gallery of Sta. Maria Nuova, has much closer likeness to Orcagna's style than any other of the works outside Sta. Maria Novella which bear his name. It is, indeed, an admirable example of his strangely austere and hieratic manner. The exquisite proportions of the framework and of the small side

[1] Though Cavalcaselle has ingeniously supported that view: from the fact that the roundels in the frame are covered with coins, the coat-of-arms of the guild of the money-changers, he concludes that it is the picture which we know to have been ordered of Orcagna by the consuls of that guild.

Phot. Alinari

FIG. 4.—St. Matthew, by Orcagna (?) *Gallery of Sta. Maria Nuova, Florence*

scenes to the monumental figure of St. Matthew which give the composition its peculiar impressiveness and gravity, are characteristic of Orcagna's essentially architectural conception of design. In the small scenes representing events in the life of the Saint, the same solemnity and reserve predominate over dramatic and pictorial interests. We get from them a vague impression of beings acting with superhuman dignity rather than any clear idea such as Giotto would have given either of the events or the personalities themselves.

In his feeling for line, Orcagna shows himself original and peculiar. He has neither the broad, sweeping curves of the true Giottesque nor the undulating elegance of the Siennese. So far as possible, he defines his forms by rigidly rectilinear contours; in the drapery especially, planning the folds as a system of almost geometrical shapes, a treatment that intensifies the impression of logical precision that his work arouses. Orcagna's influence was then on the whole a restraining and a negative one; it tended to keep the Florentine school in the lines of academic perfection, to prevent it from sharing in the new freedom of feeling, the new interest in nature, which manifested itself elsewhere in Italy, during the second half of the fourteenth century.

In the Camposanto at Pisa we get much closer to the life and thought of the later Trecento than we can possibly do in Florence itself. There in the series of the Triumph of Death by a great unknown follower of the Lorenzetti, we find, in spite of the awfulness of the ostensible subject, a quite new appreciation of sensuous charm for its own sake, an expression of unfeigned pleasure in the extravagant splendour, and the luxurious dalliance of the aristocratic idlers whom the artist is supposed to exhibit merely as a warning. We find, too, an interest in the detailed forms of natural objects, of birds, dogs and horses, which marks the growth of a new feeling for naturalism. A similar sentiment is also seen in the painting of an inferior worker in the Camposanto, Pietro Puccio d'Orvieto, whose work reveals, in spite of its crudity, a new

curiosity of observation. The trees are of distinguishable species, the characteristics of their foliage are admirably given, and the animals and birds are, so far from being mere accessories, much more closely studied than the figures. But though such a new attitude to contemporary life and to nature as these frescoes exhibit found its completest expression in literature in Florence at Boccaccio's hands, strangely enough it is not discernible in Florentine painting. Tradition was still strong enough there to confine art to the heroic and religious conceptions which Giotto had established.

The next considerable Florentine master who belongs to the end of the century, Agnolo Gaddi, was the son and pupil of Taddeo. In his work, though he inherits some of his father's characteristics, particularly the portentous noses of his figures, Siennese influence declares itself more decidedly than heretofore. In the gracious tenderness of his women's faces, in the involutions of his thin draperies, as well as in his indifference to structural form, he shows how much even in the direct line of orthodox Giottesque tradition Siennese notions had gained ground by the end of the century.

His work illustrates, too, the increase of that tendency which we noticed already in Giottino to neglect the possibilities of actual spacial disposition in the interests of a more direct exposition of the poetical idea. This is particularly noticeable in the frescoes representing the story of the Cross in Sta. Croce. The one here reproduced (Fig. 5) includes three separate scenes in a single composition. To the left Chosroes, who has carried off the cross from Jerusalem, is being worshipped as a god, in the centre Heraclius receives a vision assuring him of victory, while to the right he defeats Chosroes. Anything like the actual possibilities of spacial relationship of the parts is here frankly discarded. The relation of the figures upon the surface of the picture is determined, not by their relation in a possible space, but by their position in the sequence of the story. They stand as visible symbols of the words which the picture illustrates, and

Phot. Alinari

FIG. 5.—The Story of the Cross, by Agnolo Gaddi. *Sta. Croce, Florence*

we are expected to read the fresco from left to right like an inscription. Nor does this apply merely to the relation of the separate scenes: the minute river and bridge in the foreground, the palm-tree on the bank, which is shorter than the legs of the horse behind it, show how much less attention was by this time paid to the laws of perspective and the general contexture of appearances than in Giotto's works, or even in those of his immediate followers. Painting was clearly going back again from the symbolism of appearances to the direct symbolism of concepts. Each object is in fact treated as a separate hieroglyphic which stands for a word or a phrase in the story. By the juxtaposition of these hieroglyphics the story is unfolded.

Such a method of design is indeed admirably suited to a narrative style where the intention is to impress the imagination by the sequence of events, and of this style Agnolo Gaddi was a great master. He designs his hieroglyphics with great skill and an admirable economy. There is here no profound insight into human nature such as Giotto displayed. Everything is presented with the bold and obvious traits of a narrative of adventure. The figures pressing through the colonnade of the temple and peering up at Chosroes enshrined in forlorn and impious majesty, the startled gesture of Heraclius as he raises himself in his tent, and, above all, the impetuous onslaught of the Christian army and the collapse of the Persians, quite adequately symbolised by two half figures of horsemen, are all chosen so as to give us with the utmost economy the essential movement of the narrative. Few painters have possessed the command of such a terse and rapid narrative style as this. In the succeeding century certainly, the artist's interests were diverted in other directions, and in this particular subject we have the opportunity for an instructive comparison of the aims of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century artists in this respect. It would be absurd to deny that Piero della Francesca was a much greater artist than Agnolo Gaddi, but in his treatment of the same legend at Arezzo we

see that from the point of view of the presentment of the myth itself Piero cannot compete with Agnolo. As a story Piero della Francesca's version has none of the fascination of this; we feel no interest in the heroic and pious Heraclius; we do not hate the malignant and blasphemous Chosroes as we should; the succession of events has in Piero's work no obvious importance; nor is his choice of scenes governed by their importance in the story.[1]

Piero della Francesca's selection is indeed dictated, not by the desire to elucidate the legend, but by the desire to express his feelings about the natural appearances which it can be made the excuse for introducing. Take, for example, the vision of Heraclius (at Arezzo it is probably of Constantine). In both cases the given datum from which the artist proceeded was an emperor seeing a vision prophetic of victory. In Piero della Francesco's case this suggested an actual (even if a supernatural) appearance, and he follows this out for its own sake, dwelling on the silhouette of the tent against the night sky, the sudden light cast on the sleeping form, the clearly defined shadows of the tent hangings and the soldiers' helmets. But Agnolo Gaddi passes directly from the words to their visible presentment; he "short circuits" appearances. All that interested Piero was unnecessary to the recital of the story, it would have delayed and diverted the attention from the sequence of events, and Agnolo leaves it entirely on one side. A certain reference to the appearances was necessary to give the situation, but he selects only those which are essential to that; the movement

[1] We find, indeed, that he omits the significant last act, where Heraclius, returning with the cross in triumph to Jerusalem, finds the gate of the town miraculously walled against him, and an angel who tells him that he must carry the cross, not as a conquering emperor, but as a humble penitent. He returns again, barefooted, and in his shirt, to find that the masonry yields him admittance as miraculously as it had before denied it. By grouping these two scenes together in one composition, Agnolo makes one of his most telling dramatic contrasts, and gives to the whole sequence a majestic and satisfying close, for again, with an eye to the narrative idea, he introduces into another part of the same composition the decapitation of Chosroes.

of the king raised from sleep (in Piero's version there is nothing to show that the emperor saw the vision at all), his alacrity and the intentness of his gaze, and the swooping curves of the angel's flight. Both these conceptions of art have their dangers, the study of appearances has given rise at times to a meaningless imitation of the insignificant, while the direct symbolism of mental concepts tempts the artist to a slovenly indifference to beauty. If the telling of the story becomes the sole object of the painter it matters not how clumsy and superficial his forms are, so long as the spectator can recognise their position in the sequence. The figures become hieroglyphics, and the difference between beautifully formed and ugly characters is of no importance, provided both are legible.[1]

But in Agnolo Gaddi's own work we have not to deplore any such failings. True, it has none of Giotto's grasp of structural form, none of Orcagna's logical perfection. Quite apart from the want of verisimilitude in his composition, the individual forms are far less real than Giotto's. Even the beautifully drawn horse in the defeat of Chorsoes gives us no sensation of mass; it is expressive only by the flat pattern of its flowing contours: Agnolo's drapery is often disposed with quite arbitrary and unstructural elegance; he slurs the articulations of his figures, and his lines are summary and expressive only by their general direction, not by any subtle variations of quality throughout their length. Nor has he, though influenced by the Siennese conception, really attained to any such intense beauty of a pure patterned design as we found in Simone Martini. But, though not supreme in any one quality of design,

[1] That this danger did in fact beset Florentine art at the end of the Trecento, we may judge from such works as the frescoes of Spinello Arctino at S. Miniato, where the legends are narrated with a grotesque insistence on the extravagant and miraculous, without any sense of beautiful form or harmonious tonality. The crude black outlines, the coarse high lights, have an almost barbaric appearance, and such work suggests that popular art at all events had sunk to a level at least as low as that from which Giotto had raised it a hundred years before.

he remains an artist of very distinct charm and eminently typical of the later phase of the Giottesque tradition. It is by the large decorative effect of his compositions, his figures silhouetted in pale tones against a sky (the extreme darkness of which is yet another sign of the increased indifference to naturalism of the general effect), and by the delicate beauty of his colour schemes, in which pale pinks, mauves, and greens are relieved on a general tone of reddish grey, that he impresses us most.

We may trace the Giottesque tradition yet further on in the works of Agnolo's younger contemporaries, Andrea di Firenze and Antonio Veneziano, in the Camposanto at Pisa. In Andrea di Firenze's work no new motive is discernible, but critics have endeavoured to find in the frescoes by Antonio Veneziano the first signs of the transition to fifteenth-century art. They show, it is true, an increased sense of possible space construction as compared with the works of Antonio's immediate predecessors. But even in this particular he scarcely can be said to have advanced beyond the point which Giottino had reached long before.

In fact, it is almost impossible to trace the development of fourteenth- into fifteenth-century art with any precision. In the stream of culture there are periods of stagnation, marshy lowlands, in which it is impossible to trace strong currents or to find any decided trend in the water's flow. If we fix our attention at one point we may find a perceptible movement, but by looking elsewhere we may perceive a movement in a contrary sense which will check our generalisations. To take an example from modern times, it will be comparatively easy to describe the impetuous gush of pre-Raphaelitism or the more leisurely flow of the Impressionist movement; but who could make an intelligible chart of the conflicting currents of a representative exhibition of the present year, the flux of sluggish streams of influence whose initial impetus is already spent?

Thus, at the end of the fourteenth century, if we fix our attention on Antonio Veneziano, and assume that his pupil

Starnina, whose works are all lost, carried his conceptions still farther along the same lines, we may imagine a current of influence tending to take up again the problem of the construction in the picture of a possible three-dimensional space where Giotto left it, and to add to linear perspective a feeling for atmospheric tone. But if we take a wider survey of Italian art at the period, we shall, I think, be compelled to suppose that the opposite tendency, the tendency to disregard the naturalism of the whole effect, was the more prevalent. That Antonio Venezianio's art took the direction which ultimately prevailed need not imply that at the time it predominated. That wider survey of Italian art at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century will afford us, I believe, evidence of the existence of a style really distinct from the Giottesque, a style which scarcely arrived at its full development, swept away, as it was, by the stronger current of the new movement of the fifteenth century, with its partial return to classic ideals. To distinguish it from the Giottesque we may call it the late Gothic style, indicating thereby that it is the last phase, in Italy at least, of the purely mediæval imagination.[1] The word Gothic will also suggest what is undoubtedly true of the style in many of its manifestations, its close affinity with the contemporary art of Northern Europe, with the schools of France and the Rhine. The distinctness of this style is most clearly appreciated in North Italy, where the suddenness of its emergence suggests forcibly the impact of foreign influence. The sudden transition from the massive rectilinear forms of such an essentially Giottesque master as Altichiero da Zevio to the flowing involution of line and the unstructural elegance of his pupil, Pisanello's work, brings into the clearest relief the essential novelty of this manner. If we call to mind some of the representative works of this period, for example, Pisanello's Annunciation in St. Fermo at Verona or the Madonna

[1] Mediæval conceptions persisted long enough north of the Alps to admit of the formation of yet another Gothic style of design, in which sharp angularity of forms replaced the elegant sinuosity of the style we are considering.

and Child in our own St. George and St. Anthony, almost any of Gentile da Fabriano's Madonnas, for example those at Pisa or Berlin, the Annunciation attributed to Jacopo Bellini in St. Alessandro at Brescia, the Madonna in a rose garden by Stefano da Zevio at Verona we shall find in all these certain common characteristics of style which distinguish them from the works of the Trecento generally. We find the Giottesque simplicity of line tending, on the whole, to render the mass of solid objects, replaced by an extreme, almost flamboyant system of curves, intricately interwoven into long meandering undulations, the tendency to complication being only held in check by the marked emphasis of the main rhythm. A favourite treatment of standing figures is that seen in the St. Catherine of Gentile da Fabriano's altarpiece at Berlin (Fig. 6), in which the draperies gathered up into a knot on one hip are carried in a series of long diagonal curves to a sweeping train on the opposite side of the figure. It will be seen that we have taken examples from North Italian and Umbrian art, and many more might have been added from the early Venetian school; but though the style is more easily isolated, and its emergence more clearly discerned in North Italy, its influence is, I believe, to be traced in Florentine art of the beginning of the Quattrocento. It is unmistakable in Ghiberti's sculpture, in the earlier works of Masolino da Panicale, and in the works of some of the unnamed painters who decorated the Chiostro Verde of Sta. Maria Novella.

But the most remarkable exponent of this style in Florence was Lorenzo Monaco, a painter whose importance in the development of Florentine art has scarcely been fully appreciated.[1]

[1] In taking Lorenzo Monaco as representative of this style, we are met by a difficulty, for Lorenzo Monaco, if not actually a Siennese by birth, had at least received a strong impression from the Siennese tradition, and it will not have escaped notice that the characteristics already ascertained for the late Gothic style are very similar to those which we have found to predominate in Siennese art. But, I think, it will be admitted both that there is a definite distinction between the earlier Siennese style, the style of Simone Martini and the Lorenzetti, and what I have called the late Gothic style, and also that

Phot. Hanfstaengl

Fig. 6.—Madonna, Saints and Donor, by Gentile da Fabriano. *Berlin*

However he acquired it, Lorenzo Monaco's works show us the characteristics of this style with striking purity and intensity. Even in such early works as the Adoration in the Raczynski Gallery at Berlin (Fig. 7) we see the essentials of his manner. He weaves together the flowing curves which define the separate figures, with a long undulating rhythm which leads in a gradual crescendo to the figure of the Virgin and Child at one end, where the rhythm is closed by being brought back in a spiral upon itself. It is a rare performance to have fitted human figures, even with such liberty as he takes with their structure, into so sweet and persuasive a melody of line. The tune is, if anything, too "catching," too insistent. We see at a glance that the rhythm once set, every minutest fold of the drapery is determined by it and takes its place inevitably in the swinging movement of the whole. In his Annunciation in the Church of Sta. Trinitá we find Lorenzo influenced by Simone Martini's rendering of the subject. It is a translation of Simone's idea into the more florid, decorative line of the later Gothic style. Lorenzo Monaco was not by any means so consummate a master of pure linear decoration as Simone; his pattern does not so instantly convey a mood; it is followed more frankly for the pleasure of its intricate meanderings. In his great altarpiece from Cerreto in the Uffizi the intricate interweaving of the arabesque becomes almost confusing, but there is a rare charm in these ætherial, unstructural draperies. The design becomes a kind of visible music; it has "the linkèd sweetness long drawn out," and, above all, the "wanton heed and giddy cunning" of melody, for few painters show such

it would be impossible to account for the outburst of the latter style in North Italy towards the end of the Trecento, purely as an effect of Siennese influence. Moreover, Lorenzo Monaco was a miniaturist, and we should, I think, look to the work of miniaturists, so easily imported from foreign countries, to explain some of the Northern characteristics which mark this style in Italy, especially in such masters as Pisanello and Stefano da Zevio. But whether we adduce such a hypothesis or not, Lorenzo Monaco's art indicates at the least a further development of the Siennese tradition in a direction parallel with that taken by art at this time almost all over Europe.

marvellous technical dexterity as Lorenzo Monaco; and the unerring certainty with which he washes on the high lights of his convolved draperies without hatching or retouching, following their sinuous folds and keeping in every detail the same rhythm, is perfectly described by "giddy cunning." Lorenzo Monaco had indeed approached to the Japanese conception, which regards drawing as a kind of applied calligraphy. The imagination is carried along, not by the realisation of form, but by the harmonious flow of the designer's gesture.

One other instance will serve to show how far the late Gothic designers carried their disregard of the relation of objects in space. In Pisanello's St. Hubert of the National Gallery we have an analogous and perhaps more striking instance, because Pisanello was at the same time an enthusiastic student of the details of natural form, but in the drawing by Lorenzo Monaco at Berlin (Fig. 8) we have a remarkable proof of how far since Giotto's day art had gone in this direction. It is, too, a striking instance of how far such an unnaturalistic treatment could be made to intensify the poetical sentiment of a story. It shows that Lorenzo, when the subject allowed of it, had an intensely personal and romantic feeling for landscape.

Nor can we doubt before such a design as this that art did lose a very powerful means of impressing the imagination when it gave up direct symbolism of the idea in favour of symbolism of actual appearances. We may admit that it gained more than it lost, but it is well to recognise also the loss. Certainly, when once the artist is tied by the conditions of actual life he can no longer place an inlet of the sea and a fortified town in the foreground between the legs of a horse. No small part of the romantic charm of the story of the Magi lies in the fact that they have journeyed from remote and unknown lands; and here, by a happy use of the freedom which his indifference to actual appearances allowed him, Lorenzo Monaco has suggested their long and weary journey, the

FIG. 8 —The Journey of the Magi. Water-colour drawing by Lorenzo Monaco. *Berlin* (specially photographed for this article)

mountain ranges they have surmounted, the fortified towns they have passed, the seas they have crossed. Nor, were he tied to the exigencies of actual structure, could he give with quite such fantastic vehemence the expression of their gratified longing as they recognise once more, at the end of a mountain defile, the star they had lost from view. It is surely one of the most passionately conceived renderings of a subject which fewer artists have treated than, from the imaginative richness of the subject, we might have expected.[1]

It was due most of all to the exertions of the group of sculptors and artists that derived its inspiration from the supreme genius of Bonnelleschi that art was brought back to the direction set by Græco-Roman art and continued by Giotto, from which it was so widely and so rapidly diverging; was brought back from an art of wilful calligraphic design to the complete rendering of structure and the construction of a

[1] Two other Florentine artists may be adduced as exemplifying the late Gothic style: Parri Spinelli, whose figures are noted for their extraordinary elongation and their swaying movements, is one; the other is an unknown painter, who executed two predella pieces in the Uffizi, of which one is reproduced here (Fig. 9). These interesting works have always gone by the name of Jacopo del Casentino, to whom Cavalcaselle ascribes them. Jacopo del Casentino was, however, a purely Giottesque artist, a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, and old enough in the year 1350 to be one of the original members of the Guild of St. Luke, founded in that year. It is, therefore, inconceivable that he should have painted these pictures; the architecture of the prison door would alone suffice to show that they belong to a much later date. Schmorsow has attempted to associate them with the name of Antonio Viti, but there is scarcely any reliable evidence by which we can form an opinion of that master's work. The important point is that they are by an artist of the early Quattrocento, who shows in the main the characteristics of the style here discussed, but who shows already in some of the heads that increased individualism of type which marks the new Quattrocento manner. He affords, in fact, more than any other artist we know, a link between the style of the Trecento and that of Masaccio. I have found several works in other galleries that unmistakably belong to the same artist; two in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, where they are attributed likewise to Jacopo del Casentino, and one in the Louvre, representing Heraclius entering Jerusalem with the Cross. This picture was unnumbered when I saw it.

three-dimensional space; and however much we may admire the purity and uncompromising æsthetic sincerity of the art of China and Japan; however much we may at the present moment smart under the infliction of a senseless and unselect imitation of nature, we need scarcely regret that European art did not finally conform to the conceptions of the late Gothic designers. It is well to reflect that that alternative direction could never have led to a Leonardo da Vinci or a Michelangelo as we know them.

ROGER E. FRY.

Phot. Hanfstaengl

FIG. 7.—Adoration of Magi, by Lorenzo Monaco. *Raczynski Gallery, Berlin*

Phot. Alinari

FIG. 9.—Four Saints (? Apostles), and St. Peter released from prison. Ascribed to Jacopo del Casentino. *Uffizi, Florence*

THE ROMANCE OF A SONG-BOOK

MID-OCTOBER in the year of our Lord 1388 had been wild and rainy over the South of France, but afterwards the weather changed suddenly, bridges were mended, roads became once more hard enough for packwork. On a bright morning near the end of the month two travellers on horseback left the town of Morlens, followed by a small train of servants, who kept respectfully at some little distance in the rear. Of the leaders one was a knight about the age of fifty-five years; by his figure and bearing a valiant and an expert man-of-arms, by his face a man of the world, genial, weighty, and sure of himself. His companion, some five years younger, half friend, half follower, would ride no nearer than his shoulder till a word or question brought him quickly abreast for a mile or two: a courtier, it might be seen, who knew and had always known his place and time.

The party travelled fast, for this was their final stage. They dined at Montgeberel, and rode through the afternoon without stopping except once, at Ercie, for a drink. The sun was setting as they came clattering into Orthès and parted company, with some little ceremony on the one hand and blunt good humour on the other. Sir Espaing du Lyon alighted at his own lodging, and shortly afterwards betook himself to the Castle, where he found his lord, Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix, in his gallery, and delivered to him a welcome message. That

done, he disappeared into oblivion, from which this journey alone of all his deeds and duties has called back for one bright hour his name and personality.

His companion, Messire Jean Froissart, in England called Sir John, had put up at the sign of the "Moon," a house kept by a squire of the Count's; there he awaited the summons upon which he confidently reckoned, for the Count was the lord of all the world that most desired to speak with strangers, to hear tidings; and Sir Espaing would by this have told him that the stranger of to-day was no chance comer, and brought no ordinary gossip of the marches.

It was not long before the summons came, and was obeyed with diligence, for though the Count's royalty was but small game to one bred near the majesty of England, yet none more rejoiced in deeds of arms than he did; there were seen in his hall, chamber and court, knights and squires of honour going up and down and talking of arms and of love; all manner of tidings of every realm and country might there be heard; and he was himself large and courteous in gifts, and suffered that none should depart from him without some token from the coffers which stood ready in his chamber. He was, in short, reputed an ideal patron for a poor but diligent historian and rhymer. Froissart hoped for a prolonged visit at free quarters, and had come prepared to make himself agreeable.

He was received in the gallery by the Count, who was in good humour, having dined but a little before, according to the superb custom by which he almost turned night into day and day into night: rising at noon and beginning the evening with a supper at midnight. Froissart, who never forgot that he had seen in his time many knights, kings, princes, and others of the sort, was immediately of opinion that he had never seen any like him of personage, nor of so fair form, nor so well made; his visage fair, sanguine, and smiling; his eyes grey and kind. The Count, moreover, at once fulfilled all his hopes, made him good cheer, and retained him as of his house: a grandly indefinite invitation which included stabling and keep

for his horse, and eventually ran to twelve weeks' entertainment, to say nothing of a Christmas dinner, shared with four bishops, five abbots, and a host of knights and viscounts. This was the right kind of master: "In everything," wrote Froissart afterwards, "he was so perfect that he cannot be praised too much."

Looked at from the other end of five centuries, he seems to us something less angelic: choleric certainly, and cruel; hated by his wife; the murderer of his only son. But he was a patron of the arts, he had pleasure in harmony of instruments (he could do it right well himself), he would have songs sung before him, and he admired not only poetry but those who wrote it; a liberality rare at all times. Froissart was right in going to his presentation with a book of verses in his hand.

In the service even of the great there must be give as well as take; and after some days of sight-seeing, making acquaintance, and nosing out of scandalous and superstitious tales, the new courtier entered upon the duties of his position. Every night at midnight, wet, windy, or fine, November, December, or January, he must rouse himself to leave the "Moon" and plod up to the castle. A painful business he found it, but almost repaid by the luxury of the change from mud and cold outside to splendour and stir within. The Count loved light; his great hall blazed with fire and torches; the poet compared it to a terrestrial paradise. There for the remainder of the three months he read aloud to his patron every night after supper: and while he read there was none durst speak any word, because the Count wished the reading to be well understood, and he took therein great solace. Only himself, when it came to any matter of question, would speak to the reader, and that he did most courteously, not in Gascon, but in good and fair French. It may be that the strict silence was more pleasing to the poet than to the knights and squires who made up his audience; but they, too, were of the South, and in all likelihood fond enough of stories and of songs; in any case, they could but honour the man to whom they heard the great Count himself

say, when the reading ended, "'Tis a fair calling, fair master, to make such things as that." Then he would rise for bed, and, after drinking a nightcap, call to the poet and order a cup to be poured for him too, of his own wine from the gold flagon. After that a formal good-night to all, and away he went with the torches, while Froissart stumbled down again to his chamber at the "Moon," warmer now, and well enough content. For the present, at any rate, he was in the world he loved, and was spending his time in revel and in peace. And this, as well as the eighty florins of Arragon, fine metal and good weight, that he received from the magnificent Gaston Phœbus as a parting gift, he owed to the book which he had brought with him.

II

We will follow this book further, for when Froissart rode with it from Orthès a long and romantic history lay before it, and in the twenty generations of men that it has outlasted it has been the possession of very few, the regret of many, and at last the treasure trove of one.

It was called *Méliador*, being the history of a knight so named, and was made at the request of Wenceslas of Bohemia, Duke of Luxembourg and Brabant; and in it were incorporated all the chansons, ballades, rondeaulx, and virelais, to the number of seventy-nine, which the gentle Duke made in his time. So much has been known and remembered from the first; and since that amorous, gracious, and chivalrous Prince Wenceslas (may his soul be in Paradise) died in 1383, the book in its present form is, at least, no later than that year; Froissart's share is some fifteen years earlier.[1]

In January 1389, it travelled safely (with the florins) from Orthès to Avignon, and no doubt further. In 1393 Duke Louis of Orleans, being with Charles VI. at Abbeville, bought from Froissart for twenty francs of gold a copy of another

[1] I accept the view of M. Longnon in his *Méliador* (Paris: Firmin Didot, 1895–9), vol. i. Introd. part ii., and vol. iii. pp. 363–9.

book, *Le Dit Royal;* probably at the same time or soon after he also bought *Méliador;* at any rate it figured in the inventory of his son Duke Charles in 1417 as *Le Livre de Melliador, couvert de veloux vert, à deux fermoers samblanz d'argent dorés, esmaillés aux armes de Monseigneur.*

In the same duke's inventory for 1436 it is again described. In 1440 it was still in the library; but thereafter it is gone; for three hundred and fifty years it wandered no man knows where or why.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century it reappeared, but was unrecognised; small wonder, for it was shorn of all its outward splendour; green velvet, silver gilt clasps, and enamelled arms were gone, and the royal volume shivered in the Bibliothèque Nationale without even a title or a fly-leaf to protect its naked first folio. The librarian handed it to the binder, who dressed it in decent calf, like a book of the lower middle class, and stamped it with the arms of the Corsican adventurer. For title he gave it the words *Roman du Roy Artus,* but this being obviously absurd, it was catalogued under the names of two of the principal characters, as *Roman de Camel et d'Hermondine,* and, spell-bound by this fatal sentence, lay in concealment for another ninety years.

Deliverance was, of course, to come at last, or there would have been no fairy tale to tell; but it was to be accomplished only by the age-long wanderings and cruel sufferings of the elder half-brother, the *Méliador* of 1365. This was Froissart's own work, the first version, without the songs of Wenceslas. How and when it was launched upon the world we have no means of knowing; but in the first half of the seventeenth century it was old and no longer honoured. Somewhere in Burgundy—perhaps at Semur—it fell into the power of a binder, a dealer in what was then a black art, for by it one book was commonly sacrificed to prolong and beautify the lives of others. This wicked magician tore his noble victim in pieces, but in so doing unwittingly aided the meeting he seemed to hinder. With four of the great vellum

leaves he bound a couple of common registers, the records for the years 1628-9 and 1643-9, of the manorial court of Cloux, a seigneury in the parish of Genay. With this *noblesse de robe* the elder *Méliador* had to be content for some two hundred years. At the time of the Revolution these registers were in the Hotel de Coigny, where they were seized among the papers of the Duc de Coigny, and on the thirteenth day of Messidor in the year II. they were deposited among the national archives, to wait with the patience of the immortals for another hundred years. In 1891 they were discovered and published; and now the counter spell was in the hands that were to bring the younger *Méliador* back to the world which had believed him lost for ever. For these four fragmentary leaves, still for the most part legible, contained not only the title *Méliador*, but the two names of Camel and Hermondine, under which the book's identity lay buried in the catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale as completely as Merlin under his thorn-tree in Broceliande. By this clue, in October 1893, M. Auguste Longnon at last discovered the song-book of Duke Wenceslas, and the younger *Méliador* was united after more than five hundred years to all that remained of his elder brother. By 1899 both were published in Paris by the *Société des Anciens Textes Français*, and so passed finally from the mortal perils of manuscript into the Valhalla of the Printed Books Department.

III

And now that we have the book at last, what is it after all? The main poem, as we have seen, is by Froissart himself: it is a rhyming romance of the Arthurian cycle, and the first lines might be the original of our own "When Arthur first in Court began."

En ce temps que li rois Artus

. . . .

Regnoit au point de sa jonece,
Et qu'il commençoit à tenir

Grans festes, et à retenir
Chevaliers pour emplir ses sales. . . .

The story is a simple one; the end is certain from the beginning, and might have been quickly reached, but that in the telling a whole enchanted forest of episodes and underplots has sprung up round it, through which the reader wanders by devious and confusingly similar paths, until at last he sees open country and half a dozen wedding processions at about the thirty thousandth line. Hermondine, only daughter of the King of Scotland, to escape the wooing of a knight named Camel of Camois, vows to wed the suitor who shall bear himself most bravely in a career of five years' chivalry. She is at last won, as she hoped to be won, by Méliador, *le Chevalier au Soleil d'Or*, the son of Patris, Duke of Cornuaille, after he has defeated and slain a host of enemies, and Camel among them.

But no one ever read, or ever will read, this poem for the plot: it is not a story, it is a dream; and being, as dreams are, unreal but plausible, incoherent and strange but never unexpected, it is interesting to the dreamer, but very futile and tedious to hear when once day has brought back the life of thought and action. It must have its own place and time or it is nothing: the reader must sit, as they sat after supper at Orthès, idle and satisfied, by a winter fireside; there he may watch, in the uncertain blaze and shadow, the conventional challenges and unimpassioned loves of these phantom knights and damsels in their subfusc world, as they seem to move now and then upon the arras of the mind, but always without advancing or changing so much as a gesture. Saigremor and Sebille, Phenonée and Agamanor, Méliador, Camel, Hermondine, Florée the daughter of Los, Tangis le Norois and the lady of Valerne—they are for ever riding up and down a country full of enormous castles, with woolly hounds chasing woolly deer across the middle distance; a land where Stirling and Bristol are as real as Logres and Camaalot: where you pass direct from Northumberland to South Wales by land,

or by sea from the Isle of Man to Aberdeen; where Tarbonne is a city of Cornwall on the Severn, and Chepstow Castle is founded—and named Montrose—by Julius Cæsar. Into this dream we may enter if we will, as Gaston Phœbus did, but only upon the same conditions: that is, we must ourselves provide the firelight, the silence, and the wine.

There remain the songs, the rondeaulx and ballades of Wenceslas: and of them there is more to be said. M. Longnon and an English critic have proclaimed them wanting in merit: a rather irrelevant opinion, for songs may be more sincere in proportion as they are less masterly: also, these are of the fourteenth century, and the work of one whose life was full of strong emotions, and characteristic of an age supposed to be now as dead as Nineveh. I have looked in vain for the story of this life in English: the outline of it would run, perhaps, after this fashion.

John, Duke of Brabant, third of the name, was a great lord with a small but rich lordship: he was a grandson of Edward I. of England, and his wife a granddaughter of Philip the Bold of France. But when his three sons had died in youth, he grew weary of courts, took the habit of the order of St. Bernard, and died the same year, being the year 1355 of our salvation. To two of his daughters, the Countesses of Flanders and of Gueldres, he left more money than he could well give; to the eldest, Jeanne, the Duchy of Brabant. In that same year Jeanne was married to young Wenceslas of Bohemia, Duke of Luxembourg, brother of the Emperor Charles IV., and her own second cousin: for he was son to the blind hero, John, King of Bohemia, who died in the last charge at Cressy.

Their strong and lasting affection, their hospitality and love of the arts, were the happy elements in what was in all other ways a troubled life. In the twenty-eight years of his reign Wenceslas had very few of peace: he fought in turn with his brother-in-law of Flanders, with Peter Couterel, the demagogue of Louvain, with Edward of Gueldres, who had imprisoned

and robbed his own brother Renaud, with the brigands called Linfars, who spread their nets between Meuse and Rhine, with that treacherous ally the Duke of Juliers, who encouraged the Linfars in secret and then backed Edward of Gueldres openly, and lastly, once more with the burgers of Louvain, who made head against feudalism with ferocious and unscrupulous courage.[1] But between his marches, battles, sieges, flights, and restorations, he showed always an unbroken and liberal gaiety: by common consent he gave the best dinners and tournaments in the Low Countries, and it is significant that the sixteen years during which his munificence supported Froissart were devoted by the latter to poetry, apparently at his request.

In 1383, when he was only forty-six, the end came upon him suddenly. "The Duke being returned to Brussels, after that he had some while taken pleasure in games, in jousting, in hunting, and in playing at fives, wherein they say he had great mastery, and in devising pastimes, he journeyed to Luxembourg, where in short space he died. He is buried in the monastery of Oryval, the which had been by him aforetime builded and endowed with yearly revenues."[2] They brought the news to the Duchess Jeanne at Brussels; "and as she had greatly loved him in his life, so also long time she wept him after his death: and if she had not perceived that the country had need of her and of her dealing, her mourning had longer endured, seeing that the wound was deep."

In the life of this little-known prince the memorable points for us are his championship of the oppressed Countess of Gueldres, his endless wars, his chivalrous love of his wife, and his frequent separation from her, particularly after the battle of Bastweiler in 1371, when he remained ten months in captivity. The effect upon his poetry is, I think, recognisable. The songs in *Méliador* vary in merit; some are thinner than

[1] See Froissart, Chronicles, and Altmeyer, *Précis de l'histoire du Brabant* (Bruxelles, 1847).

[2] Adrian Barlande, *Chroniques des Ducs de Brabant*, 1599. Ed. J. B. Vrints, 1612.

others, some more cramped by the highly technical rules of their age, but they are singularly, almost monotonously, uniform in tone. There are no albas or dirges among them; they are songs of separation, of patient longing, of faithful hope. I have chosen for translation the three which follow, not because they are especially representative, but because they offer more chance than others of keeping fairly near to the original. It must be remembered that there are many among them longer and more elaborate, and that they belong to a time when songs were written to be sung.

RONDEL.

Though I wander far-off ways
  Dearest, never doubt thou me:

Mine is not the love that strays,
Though I wander far-off ways:

Faithfully for all my days
  I have vowed myself to thee;
Though I wander far-off ways
  Dearest, never doubt thou me.

The second is an example of a slightly different form, one of the variations from the original type, of which several were used by Wenceslas, but not, so far as I know, continued by his successors.

RONDEL.

Long ago to thee I gave
Body, soul, and all I have,
  Nothing in the world I keep:

All that in return I crave
Is that thou accept the slave
Long ago to thee I gave—
Body, soul, and all I have:

Had I more to share or save
I would give as give the brave,
  Stooping not to part the heap;
Long ago to thee I gave
Body, soul, and all I have,
  Nothing in the world I keep.

The third follows an older and simpler form of the well-known ballade type: this, too, is, I believe, rare; in our own language I have found no example of it. The theme is, perhaps, the most conventional in the whole book.

BALADE.

I cannot tell, of twain beneath this bond,
Which one in grief the other went beyond,
Narcissus, who, to end the pain he bore,
Died of the love that could not help him more,
Or I, that pine because I cannot see
The lady who is queen and love to me.

Nay—for Narcissus, in the forest pond
Seeing his image, made entreaty fond,
"Belovèd, comfort on my longing pour."
So for awhile he soothed his passion sore:
So cannot I, for all too far is she—
The lady who is queen and love to me.

But since that I have Love's true colours donned
I in his service will not now despond,
For in extremes Love yet can all restore;
So till her beauty walks the world no more,
All day remembered in my hope shall be
The lady who is queen and love to me.

These are not verse of high pretensions; if any one thinks it worth while to decry them by a comparison with the work of Charles of Orleans, of Villon, of our own Swinburnes, Langs, and Dobsons, I have no quarrel with him; but he is looking at them from a different point of view. The thoughts and customs of our forefathers, however antiquated or unpractical they may seem, were at any rate the thoughts and customs of living men, without whose life we had not been; and any thing which can help us to look, and still more to enter, into that life, even in a dream, is for me a talisman and a treasure when it can be found. I have tried to show how these old songs, however thin, may be said to have about them the charm of things recovered beyond hope, the magic

of a ghostly secret, the faint music of the drowned bells of Caer-Is: for they belong to a past that has sunk below very deep waters. Whether they are something more than relics of an early civilisation, whether with these a knight of the Middle Age unlocked his heart, it is perhaps impossible to say; it would be pleasant to fancy that they do retain, not only the fashion of the time, but some outline or impression of a personal temperament, formed in what is to us a half alien but never quite forgotten order of the world.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

GRAY AND DANTE

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore.
(The distant bell
That seems to mourn the dying of the day.)

THE parallel is fairly obvious, and suggests at once that Gray borrowed his thrice-famous opening from the commencement of the eighth canto of the *Purgatorio*. Such resemblances, it is true, by no means always prove borrowing, or at any rate conscious borrowing. Often they are due to unconscious cerebration, as often to mere coincidence. In the case quoted, however, there is evidence that Gray himself admitted the debt. He even avowed that it was originally fuller. "He had first written," he said, "the knell of dying day," but "changed 'dying' into 'parting' to avoid the *concetto*."

Gray is, of course, generally considered a highly imitative poet. It is certain that he was a very learned poet. He congratulated himself, indeed, as we are told, on not possessing a good verbal memory, for even without this, he said, he had imitated too much, and had he possessed it, all he wrote would have been imitations, from his having read so much.

The poetic power and importance of Gray have recently been impugned, in much the same way, and on much the same grounds, that the poetic power and importance of Horace have

also recently been impugned. He may well be content to be disparaged in such company.

> Ego apis Matinæ
> More modoque,
> Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
> Plurimum circa nemus uvidique
> Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
> Carmina fingo.

So wrote Horace of himself. But what Horace called the modest industry of the "Matine bee," the world called *curiosa felicitas*, "felicity reduced to a science." And of this *curiosa felicitas* Gray has a large share. Nay, of this special combination of learning with poetic genius he is, perhaps, although there are other good examples, the most complete example in English letters, in which, moreover, he is surely a very singular and fascinating figure.

For what is Gray? A don, a "futile don," as the late Mr. G. W. Steevens, himself that infallible being, a non-resident junior fellow, might have called him; a "futile don" in days when the life of a resident don at Oxford or Cambridge was one of real academic seclusion and sequestration; a "futile don" and yet a first-rate poet; shy, fastidious, academic, yet fired with genuine if suppressed passion, and filled with world-wide sympathies; a cross between, shall we say, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" and Lord Tennyson; a don who, from his college rooms, indited the most popular poem in the language, which Wolfe, if the tale be true, repeated as he rowed down the St. Lawrence, on the eve of his victory and his death, saying he would rather have written it than take Quebec; a poet, too, who achieved the first rank with so few lines, yet a poet again whose little represented so much, whose tiny posy, "a handful but all roses," was the outcome of an acquisition and culture truly immense.

If Milton, after making his Italian journey, had returned to Cambridge, had never married or become Latin Secretary, but had immured himself, with his books and his mulberry-tree, in

the delightful courts and gardens of Christ's College, we might have seen, a century and more earlier than Gray's time, the same phenomenon. As it is, Callimachus writing "They told me Heraclitus" in the Museum of Alexandria, is perhaps a parallel from Greek literature, but in English letters Gray is unique. So many explanations have been given of the paradox which he presents, that it is worth while to consider once more how he came to be what he was, to do what he did, and, what is not less remarkable, to do, or at any rate to write, no more than he did.

Gray's temperament no doubt made him a don. He did not like Cambridge, or rather with many of her sons, he liked her best in vacation, when the University was down. He said hard things of her both as an undergraduate and in middle age. Yet he returned there after seeing something of the world, he lingered there, and finally made his life or, at any rate, his home there, and it is doubtful if he would have been either happier or more productive elsewhere.

Had he married Madam Speed with her thirty thousand pounds, her "house in town, plate, jewels, china, and old japan infinite," he might have been shaken out of himself, but it would have been a dangerous experiment. Addison was not perhaps very happy with his Countess. And being a don confirmed and set the bent of Gray's temperament. But it is character, not circumstance, that is destiny, and it was his temperament that was really responsible for his manner of life. His genius, his instinct, were rather for acquisition than creation. He knew it himself. As to creation, his answer to Wharton, when asked by him to write an epitaph, is sufficient evidence:

> I by no means pretend to inspiration [he replied], but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on oneself, and which I have not felt this long time. You, that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

As to acquisition, his own language is no less significant. "When I expressed my astonishment that he had read so

much," says Norton Nicholls, he replied, "Why should you be surprised, for I do nothing else?" He had essentially the temperament of the scholar. Like Mark Pattison, he could not, or would not, write on any topic until he had read all that had been written upon it.

The fact that he was a good classical scholar, that he wrote Latin verses, some of which have even made an enduring mark, is well known. The true character and amount of his classical studies is not so fully recognised. Gray was not merely a scholar in the ordinary sense in which many well-educated men of letters, and not a few men of action, have been scholars; he was a genuine and deep student, an original researcher. Temple and Potter, scholars of his own day, described him as the most learned man in Europe or of the age, "equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly," and the opinions of Temple and Potter in the eighteenth century have been endorsed in the last by Fynes-Clinton and the late Master of Trinity, Dr. W. H. Thompson.

"Gray projected," says the learned author of the *Fasti Hellenici*, "a literary chronology. Had this work been completed by a writer of Gray's taste, learning and accuracy, it would have undoubtedly superseded the necessity of any other undertaking of the same kind." Gibbon, indeed, lamented that the poet was sometimes lost in the scholar and man of science. After quoting from the fragmentary piece on "Education and Government," he proceeds to ask, "Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?"

But the answer is that Gray was by nature as much of a student, nay, perhaps, though he never achieved a History, even as much of an historian, as Gibbon himself, and that it was part of his genius to compile. Like Gibbon, he would seem to have read, and even observed, pen in hand. Whether he was at home or abroad, he was always jotting, noting, extracting,

recording. When he made the Grand Tour he kept elaborate notes of travel, often probably to the annoyance of his more volatile companion, Horace Walpole, who writes significantly to West, "Only think what a vile employment 'tis, making catalogues."

He studied the fine arts in the same methodical, diligent way in which he travelled, or in which he perused the classics. He was a great lover of music, and early acquired a taste for the Italian schools of that art as well as of painting. His acquaintance with painting is shown in his letter of criticism to Walpole in reference to the latter's "Lives of the Painters." Pergolesi, Leo and Scarlatti were among his favourite composers. Galuppi, whom many admirers of Browning suppose him to have discovered, was well known to Gray. Walpole even thought that Gray had first introduced Pergolesi into England. This cannot be established, but what is certain is, that when in Italy he collected, transcribing many pieces with his own hand, nine volumes of Italian music, which are still in existence, a monument alike to his predilections and his indefatigable industry. Dr. H. E. Krehbiel, in whose possession they now are, gives a very full and precise account of them in his interesting little book on "Music and Manners in the Classical Period." Gray was also at the pains to add the names of the chief singers by whom he had heard these pieces performed. The whole collection thus forms now a most valuable record of forgotten music and musicians. He kept a journal in France, a journal in Italy. He wrote an essay on Architecture. Above all, he was interested in Natural History of every kind. About the same time as White of Selborne, he kept a naturalist's calendar of the same sort as that kept by White. He drew up a list of the "Fishes that live in the Mediterranean about whose names we know nothing from the Greeks or Romans." He wrote an exceedingly clever account, in Latin hexameters, of the "Generick Characters of the Orders of Insects," beginning thus with the Coleoptera,

Alas lorica tectas Coleoptera jactant.

He annotated Gerard's "Herbal" and Ray's "Select Remains"; Linnæus' *Systema Naturæ* he not only annotated, but illustrated with careful pen-and-ink drawings of birds and insects, producing a volume which deservedly is or was one of the chief treasures of Mr. Ruskin's library. But, indeed, he annotated many, if not most, of his books. It is a thousand pities that his library was dispersed, after being kept together for some seventy years. The items, a few out of many, that have been recovered from dispersal, afford a most striking testimony to the width of his interests, the depth of his knowledge. The catalogue of it, printed in 1851, when it was sold, makes our mouths water. He annotated Euripides and "The Digest," Boccaccio and Milton, Clarendon and Bishop Burnet, Roger Lord Orrery, Dugdale's "Baronage," and various volumes of memoirs and travels. On Aristophanes, and on Plato, he left a body of systematic notes.

But what is not less remarkable than Gray's learning is his culture. He had, as has been said by his graceful and sympathetic biographer, Mr. Edmund Gosse, all the modern tastes. He knew and loved the Elizabethan writers and even the earlier English literature of Lydgate and Gower and Chaucer. He appreciated Gothic architecture. He loved mountainous scenery. He was fascinated by the Alps, though their terrors when he crossed them were very various and very real. He discovered the English Lakes before Wordsworth, and the Scotch Highlands before Scott. He played the spinet, he collected blue china, he had flower-boxes in his college windows at Cambridge, and when he was in London went every day to Covent Garden for a nosegay. He was a connoisseur in wall-papers, stained glass, and high-art furniture, and in these matters it may be noted that his taste was more fastidious than that of Strawberry Hill, where he accused Walpole of having "degenerated into finery."

He loved the classical, but he loved the romantic too. He translated Norse and Welsh poetry before York Powell had collected the one or Matthew Arnold written on the other.

Among Gray's modern tastes was the taste for Dante. Dante was, of course, well known to England and England's poets long before. Three hundred and seventy years earlier Chaucer visited Italy, and probably met Petrarch and very possibly heard Boccaccio lecture, while his various allusions to Dante, and his reproduction of the story of Erl Hugelyn of Pise are well known.

Milton in his day also made the Italian tour, and knew Italian well—better than some of his critics, such as the late Rector of Lincoln, who have had the temerity to find fault with his knowledge. Milton copies Dante, he translates him, he avows that he took him for his model. "Above all I preferred," he says, "the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of those to whom they devote their verse."

In what was till yesterday our own century, from first to last, our poets, with hardly an exception, have been students and lovers of Dante.

Keats in 1817, then a young man of twenty-two, wrote of him:

> He is less to be commended than loved, and they who truly feel his charm will need no argument for their passionate fondness. With them he has attained the highest favour of an author, exemption from those canons to which the little herd must bow; Dante whether he has been glorified by the Germans or derided by the French, it matters little.

Shelley writes more precisely but not less fervently. Byron, who told Murray that he thought his "Prophecy of Dante" was the best thing he had ever done if not unintelligible, and who published a very careful translation of the Paolo and Francesca episode, felt, and acknowledged that he felt, the power and compulsion of the great Florentine. It was, it would seem, from the motto prefixed by him to "The Corsair" that Tennyson as a boy of twelve first learned that "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Of Tennyson himself, or the other poets nearer our own time, Browning and Matthew Arnold, Longfellow and Lowell,

Rossetti and Swinburne, there is no need to speak. They share, and indeed have done much alike to illustrate and to stimulate, that "great love and long study" of Dante which has been among the most characteristic symptoms of the process of thought and letters in England and, we may add, in America, in our own century and day.

But if such was the taste of Chaucer and of Milton, if such was the taste of the nineteenth century, such was not the taste of the eighteenth. And this is just one of the points which makes Gray so interesting. It is true that to study Italian was fashionable enough in England in the last century. The little Eton set at Cambridge, who, with West at Oxford, formed the "Quadruple Alliance," the set to which Gray belonged, the picture of which has been so delightfully recovered for us by Mr. Tovey, began the study of their own motion as young men, with Signor Hieronimo Piazza, the University teacher.

> I learn Italian like any dragon [he writes to West, in one of the first letters preserved], and in two months am got through the 16th book of Tasso, whom I hold in great admiration; I want you to learn too, that I may know your opinion of him; nothing can be easier than that language to any one who knows Latin and French already, and there are few so copious and expressive.

And again in one of his early letters he alludes to having translated (like all beginners) the *Pastor Fido*.

But to learn Italian is not always, certainly was not then, necessarily to love Dante. Walpole, for instance, began Italian with Gray, with Gray he travelled to Italy, and studied Italian art. In two places in his letters he makes allusion to the author of the "Divine Comedy"; in the first, he says that, asking Mr. Hayley's pardon, he does not admire Dante; in the second, he tells Mr. William Mason that "Dante was extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short, a methodist parson in Bedlam." This may seem astonishing by itself, but it is worth noting that in the same vein Walpole poured equal contempt on Gray's modern taste for Norse. "Who can care," he said, "through what horrors a Runic savage

arrived at all the joys and glories they conceive—the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's Hall?" In point of fact, Walpole's language is strong, but the sentiment is only too characteristic of that wonderful eighteenth century through which poor Gray wandered in life-long exile. It is only fair to Walpole, however, to say that he also made a serious and sensible observation about Dante, and one which bore fruit. "Dante," he said, "is a difficult author. I wish we had a complete translation in prose with the original on the opposite page." The remark had some influence in setting Cary on his admirable rendering.[1]

Dr. Johnson, the English oracle of the century, held probably much the same views. Few things of the kind are more interesting than to contrast the attitude of Dr. Johnson towards Ossian and Macpherson with that of Gray.[2] Johnson's is the more amusing and even heroic, but Gray's is undoubtedly the more scholarly and sympathetic, and the more in accord with modern views.

Johnson hardly mentions Dante except, oddly enough, to compare the opening of the "Pilgrim's Progress" with that of the "Divine Comedy." Yet Johnson knew Italian, and speaks with appreciation of Petrarch and Arioste. Still more strange, Boswell quotes two lines from the "Divine Comedy," but avows that he does not know the author of the quotation.

Gibbon in the same way, who knew Italy and Italian well, never mentions Dante at all, but seems to have regarded Petrarch as the founder of the Italian language and literature.

Gray knew and loved Petrarch too. His copy of Petrarch was marked, after his methodical academic manner, with signs indicating the comparative merit of the various pieces.

[1] I am indebted for these quotations from Walpole to Mrs. Paget Toynbee.

[2] The pious diligence of Dr. Neil, Librarian of Pembroke, has recovered for his College Library, *inter alia*, Gray's copy of Macpherson's "Ossian."

Boccaccio, we have seen, he had studied minutely. He was also well acquainted with Tasso and Ariosto. Indeed, there is little doubt that Norton Nicholls was right in saying that Gray knew the whole range of Italian literature, both prose and verse. And it has been seen that to know, with Gray, was to know exactly and exhaustively.

What is pretty certain then is that his acquaintance with Dante was of the same minute and profound kind as his acquaintance with Aristophanes or Plato. The evidence for this, it is true, is somewhat scattered and scanty, but, taken with what we know of Gray, it seems sufficient.

The statement about the debt to Dante with which this paper begins is drawn from what is, perhaps, the most graphic and best account of Gray preserved, namely, the "Reminiscences" of the Rev. Norton Nicholls. This gentleman, a Suffolk rector, wealthy and of artistic tastes, the owner of a "villa" at Blundeston, near Lowestoft, who died in 1809, at the age of sixty-eight, was in particular deeply versed in Italian. Among the curiosities of literature is an Italian *Canzone*, prefixed by Mr. Mathias, one of the chief biographers of Gray, to a collection of lyrics from the most illustrious Italian poets, and dedicated, "Al erudito e nell' amena letteratura versatissimo Norton Nicholls." In this singular piece Gray figures several times. He is called

Quel Grande che canto le tombe e i Bardi.

and later figures somewhat grotesquely as one of the well-known "swans of the Lord of Delos, who are seen disporting, and whose cries are heard, along the learned stream."

Mr. Norton Nicholls went up from Eton to Cambridge in 1760. Apparently he had already learnt Italian at Eton. His first acquaintance with Gray, he tells us, was one afternoon, drinking tea, at the rooms of a Mr. Lobb, a Fellow of Peterhouse. Was afternoon tea, too, one of Gray's modern tastes? Collins, poor lad, used, we know, to give afternoon tea-parties in his undergraduate's rooms at Magdalen,

The conversation, Mr. Nicholls goes on to say, turned on the use of bold metaphors in poetry, and that of Milton was quoted, "The sun to me is dark and silent as the moon."[1] Nicholls does not say, indeed, quoted by Gray, but it is probable that this was so, for Gray seems to have affected the quotation, and makes it, as will be seen later, in his Journal in the Lakes.

Nicholls, a humble freshman, ventured to ask if it might not possibly be imitated from Dante's "Mi ripingeva la dov' il sol tace." Gray turned quickly round to him and said, "Sir, do you read Dante?" "I have endeavoured to understand him," was the reply. Gray was much pleased, addressed the chief of his discourse to him for the rest of the evening, and invited him to Pembroke Hall. Nicholls afterwards told a friend of the awe he felt, at the time, of the poet, and the lightning of his eye, that "*folgorante sguardo*, as the Tuscans term it," but "Mr. Gray's courtesy and encouraging affability," he said, "soon dispersed every uneasy sensation and gave him confidence."

This "snapshot," if we may call it so, gives a glimpse, for which we cannot be too grateful, of the poet in the environment of the Cambridge of his day, and of his personality and interests. Was Gray's surprise rather that young Norton Nicholls knew Italian at all, or that he read Dante? Perhaps we are not justified in saying the latter. After they became friends, it seems clear, though it is not stated, from several quotations and allusions which are scattered up and down the "Reminiscences" that they read Dante together. "Gray," Norton Nicholls proceeds, "had a perfect knowledge of the Italian language, and of the poets of Italy of the first class, to whom he looked up as his great progenitors, and to Dante as the father of all; to whose genius, if I remember right, he thought it an advantage to have been produced in a rude age of strong and uncontrolled passions, when the Muse was not checked by refinement and the fear of criticism."

This reminiscence by Norton Nicholls is, to speak strictly,

[1] *Samson Agonistes*, v. 85.

almost the only piece of external evidence we have of Gray's study of Dante. The rest is all, or almost all, internal.

It is characteristic of Gray that he only once in his life asked for any preferment; that when he asked for it, he half hoped and half expected to be refused, and, as a matter of fact, was refused. What he solicited, yet shrank from, is also significant of the "futile don." It was a Professorship, that of Modern History and Modern Languages. This post became vacant in the year 1782, and Gray made some little interest to obtain it. Five years earlier he had declined the office of Poet Laureate offered him on the death of Colley Cibber. That he did so seems a pity. Gray evidently did not really despise the office, though he made fun of it. He wished somebody might be found to revive its credit, but he shrank from trying himself. His prevailing reason seems to have been his donnish temperament, his constitutional, chilly, hesitancy. Had Gray accepted the post, Scott might apparently afterwards have done the same. The tradition of Spenser and Ben Jonson and Dryden would have been revived, that of Southey, Wordsworth and Tennyson would have been anticipated, the series would have become, by so much, at any rate, the more continuously illustrious. That Gray was well suited for it is shown by his Installation Ode, one of the best examples in the language of an official "Pindaric"—written for a set occasion, but he declined it. He would have been even better suited to be Professor of Poetry; but Cambridge had not, like Oxford, such a Professorship.

The Chair of History, to which he now aspired, was given to a Mr. Brockett, a friend of Gray's pet aversion, Lord Sandwich. Fortunately, if it is permissible to say so, the Professorship was, three years later, again vacant. Mr. Brockett, who had been dining with his noble patron, fell from his horse on the way back to Cambridge and broke his neck. Augustus, Duke of Grafton, that often and over-much maligned potentate, for whose quiet merits the pen of an accomplished Vice-Chancellor and Burgess of Oxford has at last procured a tardy

recognition, had the good sense at once to select Gray, and the tact to write—no easy matter—a letter which secured his acceptance, and Gray became Professor.

Being Professor in those days unfortunately did not involve lecturing, and though Gray drew out an admirable sketch of an inaugural lecture, he never inaugurated. One duty, however, attached to the office of Regius Professor of History, which Gray discharged, as it happened, with a very interesting sequel—the duty of providing teachers such as those under whom he had himself studied, in French and Italian. The Italian teacher whom Gray introduced was one Agostino Isola, afterwards editor of Tasso. Under Isola's tuition Gray himself took the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with the Italian poets. The same teacher some years later taught Italian to Wordsworth, while his granddaughter, Emma Isola, became the adopted daughter of Charles and Mary Lamb, and later, the wife of Tennyson's friend, fellow-traveller, and publisher, the friend, too, of other poets beside Tennyson, and himself an author, Edward Moxon.

We said it was a pity that Cambridge had no Professorship of Poetry. Not that Gray would have been more likely to lecture from the Poetic than from the Historic Chair, but that he would have filled it specially well, and it might have induced him to write, if not to deliver, what he projected, and what he could have executed better than any one else. His letters show him to have been as good a critic of poetry as he was poet. He projected a history of English poetry. He dropped the scheme as he dropped so many, but he handed on a sketch of his intentions to his friend the Oxford Professor, Dr. Thomas Warton. The idea, he told Warton, was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper by Pope.

The sketch, which is still extant, is naturally a dry and dull syllabus, but has its interest in the light it throws upon the extent of Gray's reading and the scope of his conception. After an "Introduction": "On the poetry of the Gallic or Celtic nations as far back as it can be traced; on that of the

Goths; on the origin of rhyme," &c., the First Part was to have been: "On the school of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poetry or romances in verse, allegories, fabliaux, syrvientes, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnets, ballades, madrigals, sestines, &c. Of their imitators, the French, and of the first Italian School, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and others."

Had Gray carried out the design, of which this is the outline, we should have known more accurately the extent of his acquaintance with Dante. But he did not do so. All that remains of it are some scattered essays or collections of notes, on English metre, on the Pseudo-Rhythmus, and on Rhyme, &c. These notes are again annotated, and the annotations contain several references to Dante. Scattered and haphazard as these are, they are sufficient to show an acquaintance with Dante's works of no common kind. Thus they show Gray to have been familiar not only with the "Divine Comedy" but with the *Canzoni*, and, what is still more remarkable, with Dante's prose work, the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. This last Gray quotes at least six times. He understands and discusses its literary and philological allusions; Arnauld Daniel, Guido of Arezzo, Dante's master, Brunetto Latini, are all familiar names to him. He discusses the *provenance* and history of the decasyllabic metre, "our blank verse," and of the Terza Rima; and the form and use of the Sonnet, the Sestine, and the Canzone. He notes the employment of a mixture of languages, as appearing not only in Dante's *Canzoni*, from which he quotes in illustration, but also in the *Divina Commedia* itself. To illustrate the omission of final syllables in the older poets, he cites *Purgatorio* XIV. 66.

Nello stato prima(io) non si rinselva.

A good deal of this lore is avowedly derived from Crescimbeni. Some, too, no doubt, was drawn from the old Italian

commentators; for it is pretty clear that in studying the Italian, as in studying the ancient classics, Gray read everything that could possibly help him to understand or illustrate his author.

We said just now that his library, had it been preserved, would doubtless have furnished abundant evidence of this; some evidence is afforded even by such record of it as remains. Messrs. Sotheby's sale catalogue of 1851, alluded to above, is fortunately unusually descriptive. It contains an account of two items which in this regard are of much significance—Gray's copy of Dante and his copy of Milton. The former appears as follows:

> Dante (Alighieri) Opere con l' esposizioni di C. Landino e di A. Vellutello, etc., Hogskin, gilt leaves; fol. Venet. 1578, with an extract from *De Bure* relative to this edition and an elaborate note on the word "Comedia," "The Mysteries," etc., with passages from Weever's "Funeral Monuments" and *Crescimbeni della Volgar Poesia:* all in Gray's autograph.

The copy of Milton is described as "interleaved, annotated and illustrated with abundance of passages from various authors, ancient and modern, wherein a similitude of thought or expression to that of Milton has been considered observable by Gray." Among the quotations it is noted are some, as there could hardly fail to be, from Dante.

Where these copies are at present is, perhaps, not known, but doubtless they are in existence, and, if inspected with this view, would afford yet further information than that suggested by this bare description, of Gray's knowledge of Dante.

In the meanwhile, an interesting and eloquent testimony to the fact and value of Gray's remarks is to be found in the use made of them by one of the earliest, and still the best, translator of Dante, the scholarly and poetic Cary.

To return, however, from Gray the student and philologist to Gray the poet, the same sale catalogue quoted above contains a notice of a manuscript translation by Gray of Inferno XXXIII. 1–75, the Ugolino episode. A note in the catalogue suggests that it was probably written very early, and when Gray was

commencing the study of Italian. It also exists in a MS. now in the possession of the Earl of Crewe. It was among the new matter which the industry of Mr. Gosse recovered and printed, and may be consulted in his edition. Mr. Gosse, a little kind, perhaps, to his discovery, speaks of it as dating in all probability from Gray's best poetic years and possessing extraordinary merit. The ground on which he so dates it is the spelling. It may be doubted, however, whether this evidence is very conclusive. The merit, considering that it is the work of Gray, can hardly be rated so high, and, all things considered, it appears more probable that the note in the sale catalogue is right, and that the piece is a youthful exercise belonging to the period when Gray, as appears from his letters, was much occupied with translations, when he translated Statius for the delectation of his friend West, and when, as we know, he translated for his teacher the *Pastor Fido*. A translation of Tasso,[1] also printed by Mr. Gosse, probably belongs to the same period, for, as we may remember, he speaks of Tasso to West in the letter quoted earlier in this paper.[2]

It should be remembered, too, that the story of Ugolino is one which has fastened on the imagination of the world. It is probably, with the exception of that of Paolo and Francesca, the best-known picture in the many-chambered gallery of Dante. In Italy especially, where the study of Dante has been, as a rule, more popular, not to say superficial, than in England and with fashionable teachers of Italian, it has always been specially popular, and it is the more likely for that reason that it was suggested to Gray by Signor Piazza than that it was selected by his own taste.

At the same time it must be admitted, in favour of Mr. Gosse's view, that, if selected by Gray's own taste, it would be an excellent illustration of the remarks made by him and

[1] Gerus. Lib. Cant. xiv. St. 32.

[2] I am glad to find in Mr. Tovey's new and careful edition of "Gray's Letters," for which all lovers of Gray will be grateful, that this view has the confirmation of his favour.

quoted earlier about the "rude age of strong and uncontrolled passion, when the Muse was not checked by refinement and the fear of criticism."

The point, after all, is not one of much moment; what is far more interesting is to note that Dante would seem to have been an author much in Gray's mind and often on his lips.

One of the most characteristic and striking of Gray's remains is his Journal in the Lakes. It has often been noticed how he anticipates Wordsworth in his love of this lovely region; how, for instance, he made the observation the use of which is one of Wordsworth's most admired touches, of the noise caused by the streams at night, "the sound of streams inaudible by day."

It has perhaps not been noted that his Journal, short as it is, contains two quotations from Dante. One indeed is only that already referred to, derived from Dante through Milton: "The moon was dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave." The other is more important. The whole passage in which it occurs is significant and merits reproduction *in extenso*. It is a description of Gowder Crag. "The place reminds one," says Gray, speaking of it with admiration, "of those passes in the Alps where the guides tell you to move on with speed and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel and hastened on in silence";

Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!

The quotation is now quite hackneyed; was it so in Gray's day? Perhaps it is impossible to tell. In Italy very likely it was. But certainly the whole passage, with this line occurring in the context and manner in which it is here found, is a striking utterance for the year of grace 1769 in England.

To love the lakes, even tremblingly to admire, as we know Gray admired, the Alps, to compare the one with the other, to be reminded by both of Dante, all this says much for the shy

self-suppressing scholar, the "futile don," who in the small hours of the classic period was a romanticist before the dawn. Wordsworth in his well-known preface pours special scorn upon Gray's "Elegy" on West. But Gray was a far better critic than Wordsworth. His account of the nature of poetic diction is far more just and scholarly than that of Wordsworth. And if always learned and often artificial, yet he did not, as the direct large sympathy of Burns at once detected, want for genuine passion. Burns admired Gray not for diction but for passion, professing, strangely enough, that he himself is unable

> To pour with Gray the moving flow
> Warm on the heart.

It is this fusing passion that is the true secret of the success of the "Elegy." It seldom flamed up or burnt bright in Gray's poems. But he was a very real poet and knew what real poetry was. He knew his own limitations and those of his age. He knew that what poets most need, as one of our own living poets has said, is inspiration. He knew and wrote that his was not a time of great poets:

> But not to one in this benighted age
> Is that diviner inspiration given,
> That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
> The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

But he knew and loved the great poets as few have loved and still fewer have known them. And among the greatest in his estimation, the first in his regard, must pretty clearly be reckoned the author of the "Divine Comedy."

T. H. WARREN.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XX

THE TRISTRAM WAY—A SPECIMEN

HARRY TRISTRAM had led Lady Evenswood to believe that he would inform himself of his cousin's state of mind, or even open direct communication with her. He had done nothing to redeem this implied promise, although the remembrance of it had not passed out of his mind. But he was disinclined to fulfil it. In the first place, he was much occupied with the pursuits and interests of his new life; secondly, he saw no way to approach her in which he would not seem a disagreeable reminder; he might even be taken for a beggar or at least regarded as a reproachful suppliant. The splendour, the dramatic effect of his surrender, and of the scene which led up to it, would be endangered and probably spoilt by a resumption of intercourse between them. His disappearance had been magnificent—no other conclusion could explain the satisfaction with which he looked back on the episode. There was no material yet for a reappearance equally striking. When he thought about her—which was not very often just now—it was not to say that he would never meet her again; he liked her too well, and she was too deeply

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bound up with the associations of his life for that; but it was to decide to postpone the meeting, and to dream perhaps of some progress or turn of events which should present him with his opportunity, and invest their renewed acquaintance with an atmosphere as unusual and as stimulating as that in which their first days together had been spent. Thus thinking of her only as she affected him, he remained at heart insensible to the aspect of the case which Lady Evenswood had commended to his notice. Cecily's possible unhappiness did not come home to him. After all, she had everything and he nothing—and even he was not insupportably unhappy. His idea, perhaps, was that Blent and a high position would console most folk for somebody else's bad luck; men in bad luck themselves will easily take such a view as that; their intimacy makes a second-hand acquaintance with sorrow seem a trifling trouble.

Yet he had known his mother well. And he had made his surrender. Well, only a very observant man can tell what his own moods may be; it is too much to ask anybody to prophesy another's; and the last thing a man appreciates are the family peculiarities—unless he happens not to share them.

Southend was working quietly; aided by Jenkinson Neeld, he had prepared an elaborate statement and fired it in at Mr. Disney's door, himself retreating as hastily as the urchin who has thrown a cracker. Lady Evenswood was trying to induce her eminent cousin to come to tea. The Imp, in response to that official missive which had made such an impression on her, was compiling her reminiscences of Heidelberg and Addie Tristram. Everybody was at work, and it was vaguely understood that Mr. Disney was considering the matter, at least that he had not consigned all the documents to the waste-paper basket and the writers to perdition—which was a great point gained with Mr. Disney. "No hurry, give me time"—"don't push it"—"wait"—"do nothing"—the "*status quo*"—all these various phrases expressed Lord Southend's earnest and reiterated advice to the conspirators. A barony had, in his judgment, begun to be a thing which might be

mentioned without a smile. And the viscounty—Well, said Lady Evenswood, if Robert were once convinced, the want of precedents would not stop him; precedents must, after all, be made, and why should not Robert make them?

This then, the moment when all the wise and experienced people were agreed that nothing could, should, or ought to be done, was the chance for a Tristram. Addie would have seized it without an instant's hesitation; Cecily, her blood unavoidably diluted with a strain of Gainsborough, took two whole days to make the plunge—two days and a struggle, neither of which would have happened had she been Addie. But she did at last reach the conclusion that immediate action was necessary, that she was the person to act, that she could endure no more delay, that she must herself go to Harry and do the one terrible thing which alone suited, met, and could save the situation. It was very horrible to her. Here was its last and irresistible fascination, Mina supplied Harry's address—ostensibly for the purpose of a letter; nothing else was necessary but a hansom cab.

In his quiet room in Duke Street Harry was working out some details of the proposed buildings at Blinkhampton. Iver was to come to town next day, and Harry thought that the more entirely ready they seemed to go on, the more eager Iver would be to stop them; so he was at it with his elevations, plans, and estimates. It was just six o'clock, and a couple of quiet hours stretched before him. Nothing was in his mind except Blinkhampton; he had forgotten himself and his past fortunes, Blent and the rest of it; he had even forgotten the peculiarities of his own family. He heard with most genuine vexation that a lady must see him on urgent business; but he had not experience enough to embolden him to send word that he was out.

Such a message would probably have availed nothing. Cecily was already at the door; she was in the room before he had done giving directions that she should be admitted. Again the likeness which had already worked on him so power-

fully struck him with unlessened force; for its sake he sprang forward to greet her and met her outstretched hands with his. There was no appearance of embarrassment about her, rather a great gladness and a triumph in her own courage in coming. She seemed quite sure that she had done the right thing.

"You didn't come to me, so I came to you," she explained, as though the explanation were quite sufficient.

She brought everything back to him very strongly—and in a moment banished Blinkhampton.

"Does anybody know you've come?"

"No," she smiled. "That was a part of the fun. Mina didn't know I was going out. You see everybody's been doing something except me and——"

"Everybody doing something? Doing what?"

"Oh, never mind now. Nothing of any real use."

"There's nothing to do," said Harry with a smile and a shrug.

She was a little disappointed to find him looking so well, so cheerful, so busy. But the new impression was not strong enough to upset the preconceptions with which she had come. "I've come to tell you I can't bear it," she said. "Oh, why did you ever do it, Harry?"

"On my honour I don't know," he admitted after a moment's thought. "Won't you sit down?" He watched her seat herself, actually hoping for the famous attitude. But she was too excited for it. She sat upright, her hands clasped on her knees. Her air was one of gravity, of tremulous importance. She realised what she was going to do; if she had failed to understand its very unusual character she would probably never have done it at all.

"I can't bear this state of things," she began. "I can't endure it any longer."

"Oh, I can; I'm all right. I hope you haven't been worrying."

"Worrying! I've robbed you, robbed you of everything. Oh, I know you did it yourself! That makes it worse. How did I come to make you do it?"

"I don't know," he said again. "Well, you seemed so in your place at Blent. Somehow you made me feel an interloper. And——" He paused a moment. "Yes, I'm glad," he ended.

"No, no; you mustn't be glad," she cried quickly. "Because it's unendurable, unendurable!"

"To you? It's not to me. I thought it might be. It isn't."

"Yes, to me, to me! Oh, end it for me, Harry, end it for me!"

She was imploring, she was the suppliant. The reversal of parts, strange in itself, hardly seemed strange to Harry Tristram. And it made him quite his old self again. He felt that he had something to give. But her next words shattered that delusion.

"You must take it back. Let me give it back to you," she prayed.

He was silent a full minute before he answered slowly and coldly.

"From anybody else I should treat that as an insult; with you I'm willing to think it merely ignorance. In either case the absurdity's the same." He turned away from her with a look of distaste, almost of disgust. "How in the world could you do it?" he added by way of climax.

"I could do it. In one way I could." She rose as he turned back to her. "I want you to have Blent. You're the proper master of Blent. Do you think I want to have it, by accident?"

"You have it by law, not by accident," he answered curtly. He was growing angry. "Why do you come here and unsettle me?" he demanded. "I wasn't thinking of it. And then you come here!"

She was apologetic no longer. She faced him boldly.

"You ought to think of it," she insisted. "And, yes, I've come here because it was right for me to come, because I couldn't respect myself unless I came. I want you to take back Blent."

"What infernal nonsense!" he exclaimed. "You know it's impossible."

"No," she said; she was calm, but her breath came quick. "There's one way in which it's possible."

In an instant he understood her; there was no need of more words. She knew herself to be understood as she looked at him; and for a while she looked steadily. But his gaze too was long, and it became very searching, so that presently, in spite of her efforts, she felt herself flushing red, and her eyes fell. The room had become uncomfortably quiet too. At last he spoke.

"I suppose you remember what I told you about Janie Iver," he said, "and that's how you came to think I might do this. You must see that that was different. I gave as much as I got there. She was rich, I was——" He smiled sourly. "I was Tristram of Blent. You are Tristram of Blent, I am——" He shrugged his shoulders.

He made no reference to the personal side of the case. She was not hurt, she was enormously relieved.

"I'm not inclined to be a pensioner on my wife," he said.

She opened her lips to speak; she was within an ace of telling him that, if this and that went well, he would have so assured and recognised a position that none could throw stones at him. Her words died away in face of the peremptory finality of his words and the bitter anger on his face. She sat silent and forlorn, wondering what had become of her resolve and her inspiration.

"In my place you would feel as I do," he said a moment later. His tone was milder. "You can't deny it," he insisted. "Look me in the face and deny it if you can. I know you too well."

For some minutes longer she sat still. Then she got up with a desolate air. Everything seemed over; the great offer, with its great scene, had come to very little. Anti-climax, foe to emotion! She remembered how the scene in the Long Gallery had gone. So much better, so much better! But

Harry dominated her—and he had stopped the scene. Without attempting to bid him any farewell she moved towards the door slowly and drearily.

She was arrested by his voice—a new voice, very good-natured, rather chaffing.

"Are you doing anything particular to-night?" he asked.

She turned round; he was smiling at her in an open but friendly amusement.

"No," she murmured. "I'm going back home, I suppose."

"To Blent?" he asked quickly.

"No; to our house. Mina's there, and then——" Her face was puzzled; she left her sentence unfinished.

"Well, I've got nothing to do. Let's have dinner and go somewhere together?"

Their eyes met. Gradually Cecily's lightened into a sparkle as her lips bent and her white teeth showed a little. She was almost laughing outright as she answered readily, without so much as a show of hesitation or a hint of surprise, "Yes."

Nothing else can be so ample as a monosyllable is sometimes. If it had been Harry's object to escape from a tragic or sensational situation he had achieved it triumphantly. The question was no longer who should have Blent, but where they should have dinner. Nothing in his manner showed that he had risked and succeeded in a hazardous experiment; he had brought her down to the level of common sense—that is, to his own view of things; incidentally he had secured what he hoped would prove a very pleasant evening. Finally he meant to have one more word with her on the matter of her visit before they parted. His plan was very clear in his head. By the end of the evening she would have forgotten the exalted mood which had led her into absurdity; she would listen to a few wise and weighty words—such as he would have at command. Then the ludicrous episode would be over and done with for ever; to its likeness, superficially at least rather strong, to that other scene in which he had been chief actor his mind did not advert.

A very pleasant evening it proved; so that it prolonged itself, naturally as it were and without express arrangement, beyond dinner and the play, and embraced in its many hours a little supper and a long drive in a cab to those distant regions where Cecily's house was situated. There was no more talk of Blent; there was some of Harry's new life, its features and its plans; there was a good deal about nothing in particular; and there was not much of any sort as they drove along in the cab at one o'clock in the morning.

But Harry's purpose was not forgotten. He bade the cabman wait and followed Cecily into the house. He looked round it with lively interest and curiosity.

"So this is where you came from!" he exclaimed with a compassionate smile. "You do want something to make up for this!"

She laughed as she took off her hat and sank into a chair. "Yes, this is—home," she said.

"Have you had a pleasant evening?" he demanded.

"You know I have."

"Are you feeling friendly to me?"

Now came the attitude; she threw herself into it and smiled.

"That's what I wanted," he went on. "Now I can say what I have to say."

She sat still, waiting to hear him. There was now no sign of uneasiness about her. She smiled luxuriously, and her eyes were resting on his face with evident pleasure. They were together again as they had been in the Long Gallery; the same contentment possessed her. The inner feeling had its outward effect. There came on him the same admiration, the same sense that she commanded his loyalty. When she had come to his rooms that afternoon he had found it easy to rebuke and to rule her. His intent for the evening had been the same; he had sought to bring her to a more friendly mind, chiefly that she might accept with greater readiness the chastening of cool common sense, and a rebuke from the

decent pride which her proposal had outraged. Harry was amazed to find himself suddenly at a loss, looking at the girl, hardly knowing how to speak to her.

"Well?" she said. Where now was the tremulous excitement? She was magnificently at her ease and commanded him to speak, if he had anything to say. If not, let him hold his peace.

But he was proud and obstinate too. They came to a conflict there in the little room—the forgotten cab waiting outside, the forgotten Mina beginning to stir in her bed as voices dimly reached her ears and she awoke to the question—where was Cecily?

"If we're to be friends," Harry began, "I must hear no more of what you said this afternoon. You asked me to be a pensioner, you proposed yourself to be——" He did not finish. The word was not handy, or he wished to spare her.

She showed no signs of receiving mercy.

"Very well," she said, smiling. "If you knew everything, you wouldn't talk like that. I suppose you've no idea what it cost me?"

"What it cost you?"

She broke into a scornful laugh. "You know what it really meant. Still, you've only a scolding for me! How funny that you see one half and not the other! But you've given me a very pleasant evening, Cousin Harry."

"You must leave my life alone," he insisted brusquely.

"Oh yes, for the future. I've nothing left to offer, have I? I have been—refused!" She seemed to exult in the abandonment of her candour.

He looked at her angrily, almost dangerously. For a passing moment she had a sensation of that physical fear from which no moral courage can wholly redeem the weak in body. But she showed none of it; her pose was unchanged; only the hand on which her head rested shook a little. And she began to laugh. "You look as though you were going to hit me," she said.

"Oh, you do talk nonsense!" he groaned. But she was too much for him; he laughed too. She had spoken with such a grand security. "If you tell me to walk out of the door I shall go."

"Well, in five minutes. It's very late."

"Oh, we weren't bred in Bayswater," he reminded her.

"I was—in Chelsea."

"So you say. I think in heaven—no, Olympus—really."

"Have you said what you wanted to say, Cousin Harry?"

"I suppose you hadn't the least idea what you were doing?"

"I was as cool as you were when you gave me Blent."

"You're cool enough now, anyhow," he admitted, in admiration of her parry.

"Quite, thanks." The hand behind her head trembled sorely. His eyes were on her, and a confusion threatened to overwhelm the composure of which she boasted.

"I gave you Blent because it was yours."

"What I offered you is mine."

"By God, no. Never yours to give till you've lost it!"

With an effort she kept her pose. His words hummed through her head.

"Did you say that to Janie Iver?" she mustered coolness to ask him mockingly.

He thrust away the taunt with a motion of his hand; one of Gainsborough's gimcracks fell smashed on the floor. Cecily laughed, glad of the excuse to seem at her ease.

"Hang the thing! If you'd loved me, you'd have been ashamed to do it."

"I was ashamed without loving you, Cousin Harry."

"Oh, do drop 'Cousin' Harry!"

"Well, I proposed to. But you wouldn't." Her only refuge now was in quips and verbal victories. They served her well, for Harry, less master of himself than usual, was hindered and tripped up by them. "Still, if we ever meet again, I'll say 'Harry' if you like."

"Of course we shall meet again." She surprised that out of him.

"It'll be so awkward for me now," she laughed lightly. But her mirth broke off suddenly as he came closer and stood over her.

"I could hate you for coming to me with that offer," he said.

Almost hating herself now, yet sorely wounded that he should think of hating her, she answered him in a fury.

"Well then, shouldn't I hate you for giving me Blent? That was worse. You could refuse, I couldn't. I have it, I have to keep it." In her excitement she rose and faced him. "And because of you I can't be happy!" she cried resentfully.

"I see! I ought to have drowned myself, instead of merely going away? Oh, I know I owe the world at large apologies for my existence, and you in particular, of course. Unfortunately, though, I intend to go on existing; I even intend to live a life of my own—not the life of a hanger-on—if you'll kindly allow me."

"Would any other man in the world talk like this after——?"

"Any man who had the sense to see what you'd done. I'm bound to be a nuisance to you anyhow. I should be least of a nuisance as your husband! That was it. Oh, I'm past astonishment at you."

His words sounded savage, but it was not their fierceness that banished her mirth. It was the new light they threw on that impulse of hers. She could only fall back on her old recrimination.

"When you gave me Blent——"

"Hold your tongue about Blent," he commanded imperiously. "If it were mine again, and I came to you and said, 'You're on my conscience, you fret me, you worry me. Marry me, and I shall be more comfortable!' What then?"

"Why, it would be just like you to do it!" she cried in malicious triumph.

"The sort of thing runs in the family, then." She started

at the plainness of his sneer. "Oh, yes, that was it. Well, what would your answer be? Shall I tell you? You'd ask the first man who came by to kick me out of the room. And you'd be right."

The truth of his words pierced her. She flushed red, but she was resolved to admit nothing. Before him, at any rate, she would cling to her case, to the view of her own action to which she stood committed. He at least should never know that now at last he had made her bitterly and horribly ashamed, with a shame not for what she had proposed to do herself, but for what she had dared to ask him to do. She saw the thing now as he saw it. Had his manner softened, had he made any appeal, had he not lashed her with the bitterest words he could find, she would have been in tears at his feet. But now she faced him so boldly that he took her flush to mean anger. He turned away from her and picked up his hat from the chair on which he had thrown it.

"Well, that's all, isn't it?" he asked.

Before she had time to answer, there was a cry from the doorway, full of astonishment, consternation, and (it must be added) outraged propriety. For it was past two o'clock, and Mina Zabriska, for all her freakishness, had been bred on strict lines of decorum. "Cecily!" she cried. "And you!" she added a moment later. They turned and saw her standing there in her dressing-gown, holding a candle. The sudden turn of events, the introduction of this new figure, the intrusion that seemed so absurd, overcame Cecily. She sank back in her chair, and laid her head on her hands on the table, laughing hysterically. Harry's frown grew heavier.

"Oh, you're there?" he said to Mina. "You're in it too, I suppose? I've always had the misfortune to interest you, haven't I? You wanted to turn me out first. Now you're trying to put me in again, are you? Oh, you women, can't you leave a man alone?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. And what are you doing here? Do you know it's half-past two?"

"It would be all the same to me if it was half-past twenty-two," said Harry contemptuously.

"You've been with her all the time?"

"Oh, lord, yes. Are you the chaperon?" He laughed, as he unceremoniously clapped his hat on his head. "We've had an evening out, my cousin and I, and I saw her home. And now I'm going home. Nothing wrong, I hope, Madame Zabriska?"

Cecily raised her head; she was laughing still, with tears in her eyes.

Mina looked at her. Considerations of propriety fell into the background.

"But what's it all about?" she cried.

"I'll leave Cecily to tell you." He was quiet now, but with a vicious quietness. "I've been explaining that I have a preference for being left alone. Perhaps it may not be superfluous to mention the fact to you too, Madame Zabriska. My cab's waiting. Good-night." He looked a moment at Cecily, and his eyes seemed to dwell a little longer than he had meant. In a tone rather softer and more gentle he repeated, "Good-night."

Cecily sprang to her feet. "I shall remember!" she cried. "I shall remember! If ever—if ever the time comes, I shall remember!" Her voice was full of bitterness, her manner proudly defiant.

Harry hesitated a moment, then smiled grimly. "I shouldn't be able to complain of that," he said, as he turned and went out to his cab.

Cecily threw herself into her chair again. The bewildered Imp stood staring at her.

"I didn't know where you were," Mina complained.

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

"Fancy being here with him at this time of night!"

Cecily gave no signs of hearing this superficial criticism on her conduct.

"You must tell me what it's all about," Mina insisted.

Cecily raised her eyes with a weary air, as though she spoke of a distasteful subject unwillingly and to no good purpose.

"I went to tell him he could get Blent back by marrying me."

"Cecily!" Many emotions were packed into the cry. "What did he say?"

Cecily seemed to consider for a moment, then she answered slowly:

"Well, he very nearly beat me—and I rather wish he had," she said.

The net result of the day had distinctly not been to further certain schemes. All that had been achieved—and both of them had contributed to it—was an admirable example of the Tristram way.

CHAPTER XXI

THE PERSISTENCE OF BLENT

HARRY TRISTRAM awoke next morning with visions in his head—no unusual thing with young men, yet strange and almost unknown to him. They had not been wont to come at Blent, nor had his affair with Janie Iver created them. Possibly a constant, although unconscious, reference of all attractions *to* the standard, or the tradition, of Addie Tristram's had hitherto kept him free; or perhaps it was merely that there were no striking attractions in the valley of the Blent. Anyhow the visions were here now, a series of them covering all the hours of the evening before, and embodying for him the manifold changes of feeling which had marked the time. He saw himself as well as Cecily, and the approval of his eyes was still for himself, their irritation for her. But he could not dismiss her from the pictures; he realised this with a new annoyance. He lay later than his custom was, looking at her, recalling what she had said as he found the need of words to write beneath each mental apparition. Under the irritation, and

greater than it, was the same sort of satisfaction that his activities had given him—a feeling of more life and broader; this thing, though rising out of the old life, fitted in well with the new. Above all, that sentence of hers rang in his head, its extravagance perhaps gaining pre-eminence for it: "If ever the time comes, I shall remember!" The time did not seem likely to come—so far as he could interpret the vague and rather threadbare phrase—but her resolution stirred his interest, and ended by exacting his applause. He was glad that she had resisted, and had not allowed herself to be trampled on. Though the threat was very empty, its utterance showed a high spirit, such a spirit as he still wished to preside over Blent. It was just what his mother might have said, with an equal intensity of determination and an equal absence of definite purpose. But then the whole proceedings had been just what he could imagine his mother bringing about. Consequently he was rather blind to the extraordinary character of the step Cecily had taken; so far he was of the same clay as his cousin. He was, however, none the less outraged by it, and none the less sure that he had met it in the right way. Yet he did not consider that there was any quarrel between them, and he meant to see more of her; he was accustomed to "scenes" occurring and leaving no permanent estrangement or bitterness; the storms blew over the sand, but they did not in the end make much difference in the sand.

There was work to be done—the first grave critical bit of work he had ever had to do, the first real measuring of himself against an opponent of proved ability. So he would think no more about the girl. This resolve did not work. She, or rather her apparition, seemed to insist that she had something to do with the work, was concerned in it, or at least meant to look on at it. Harry found that he had small objection, or even a sort of welcome for her presence. Side by side with the man's pleasure in doing the thing, there was still some of the boy's delight in showing he could do it. What had passed yesterday, particularly that idea of doing things for him which

he had detected and raged at, made it additionally pleasant that he should be seen to be capable of doing things for himself. All this was vague, but it was in his mind as he walked to Sloyd's offices.

Grave and critical! Sloyd's nervous excitement and uneasy deference towards Iver were the only indications of any such thing. Duplay was there in the background, cool and easy. Iver himself was inclined to gossip with Harry and to chaff him on the fresh departure he had made, rather than to settle down to a discussion of Blinkhampton. That was after all a small matter—so his manner seemed to assert; he had been in town anyhow, so he dropped in; Duplay had made a point of it in his scrupulous modesty as to his own experience. Harry found that he could resist the impression he was meant to receive only by saying to himself as he faced his old friend and present antagonist: "But you're here—you're here—you're here!" Iver could neither gossip nor argue that fact away.

"Well now," said Iver, with a glance at his watch, "we must really get to business. You don't want to live in Blinkhampton, you gentlemen, I suppose? You want to leave a little better for your visit, eh? Quite so. That's the proper thing with the seaside. But you can't expect to find fortunes growing on the beach. Surely Major Duplay mistook your figures?"

"Unless he mentioned fifty thousand, he did," said Harry firmly.

"H'm, I did you injustice, Major—with some excuse, though. Surely, Mr. Sloyd——?" He turned away from Harry as he spoke.

"I beg pardon," interrupted Harry. "Am I to talk to Major Duplay?"

Iver looked at him curiously. "Well, I'd rather talk to you, Harry," he said. "And I'll tell you plainly what I think. Mr. Sloyd's a young business man—so are you."

"I'm a baby," Harry agreed.

"And blackmailing big people isn't a good way to start."

He watched Harry, but he did not forget to watch Sloyd too. "Of course I use the word in a figurative sense. The estate's not worth half that money to you; we happen to want it—Oh, I'm always open!—So——" He gave a shrug.

"Sorry to introduce new and immoral methods into business, Mr. Iver. It must be painful to you after all these years." Harry laughed good-humouredly. "I shall corrupt the Major too," he added.

"We'll give you five thousand for your bargain—twenty-five in all."

"I suggested to Major Duplay that being ahead of you was so rare an achievement that it ought to be properly recognised."

Duplay whispered to Iver. Sloyd whispered to Harry. Iver listened attentively, Harry with evident impatience. "Let it go for thirty, don't make an enemy of him," had been Sloyd's secret counsel.

"My dear Harry, the simple fact is that the business won't stand more than a certain amount. If we put money into Blinkhampton, it's because we want it to come out again. Now the crop will be limited"—he paused. "I'll make you an absolutely final offer—thirty."

"My price is fifty," said Harry immovably.

"Out of the question."

"All right." Harry lit a cigarette with an air of having finished the business.

"It simply cannot be done on the figures," Iver declared with genuine vexation. "We've worked it out, Harry, and it can't be done. If I showed our calculations to Mr. Sloyd, who is, I'm sure, willing to be reasonable——"

"Yes, Mr. Iver, I am. I am, I hope, always desirous of —er—meeting gentlemen half-way; and nothing could give me greater pleasure than to do business with you, Mr. Iver."

"Unfortunately you seem to have—a partner," Iver observed. "No, I've told you the most we can give." He

leant back in his chair. This time it was he who had finished business.

"And I've told you the least we can take."

"It's hopeless. Fifty! Oh, we should be out of pocket. It's really unreasonable." He was looking at Sloyd. "It's treating me as an enemy—and I shall have no alternative but to accept the situation. Blinkhampton is not essential to me; and your hotel and so on won't flourish much if I leave my tumble-down cottages and pigsties just behind them. Will you put these papers together, Duplay?"

The Major obeyed leisurely. Sloyd was licking his lips and looking acutely unhappy.

"You're absolutely resolved, Harry?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Iver."

"Well I give it up. It's bad for me, and it's worse for you. In all my experience I never was so treated. You won't even discuss! If you'd said thirty-five, well, I'd have listened. If you'd even said forty, I'd have——"

"I say, Done for forty!" said Harry quietly. "I'd a sort of idea all the time that that might be your limit. I expect the thing really wouldn't stand fifty, you know. Oh, that's just my notion."

Iver's face was a study. He was surprised, he was annoyed, but he was also somewhat amused. Harry's acting had been good. That obstinate, uncompromising, immutable fifty!—Iver had really believed in it. And forty had been his limit—his extreme limit. He just saw his way to square his accounts satisfactorily if he were driven to pay that as the penalty of one of his rare mistakes. He glanced at Sloyd; radiant joy and relief illumined that young man's face, as he gave his moustache an upward twirl. Duplay was smiling—yes, smiling. At last Iver smiled too. Harry was grave—not solemn—but merely not smiling, because he did not perceive anything to smile at. No doubt he was gratified by the success of his tactics, and pleased that his formidable opponent had been deceived by them. But he thought nothing of what

impressed Iver most. The tactics had been, no doubt, well conceived and carried out, but they were ordinary enough in their nature; Iver himself, and dozens of men he had met, could have executed them as well. What struck him was that Harry knew how far he could go, that he stopped on the verge, but not beyond the boundary where a deal was possible. Mere guesswork could not account for that, nor had he commanded the sources of information which would have made the conclusion a matter of ordinary intelligent calculation. No, he had intuitions; he must have an eye. Now, eyes were rare; and when they were found they were to be used. Iver was much surprised at finding one in Harry. Yet it must be in Harry; Iver was certain that Sloyd had known nothing of the plan of campaign or of the decisive figure on which his associate had pitched.

"I'll give you forty," he said at last. "For the whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel—forty."

"It's a bargain," said Harry, and Iver, with a sigh (for forty was the extreme figure), pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

"We've got a good many plans, sir," suggested Sloyd, very anxious to establish pleasant relations. "I'm sure we should be very glad if you found them of any service."

"You're very good, Mr. Sloyd, but——"

"You may as well have a look at them," interrupted Harry. "There are one or two good ideas. You'll explain them, won't you, Sloyd?"

Sloyd had already placed one in Iver's hand, who glanced at it, took another, compared them, and after a minute's pause held both out to the Major.

"Well, Duplay, suppose you look at them and hear anything that Mr. Sloyd is good enough to say, and report to me? You're at leisure?"

"Certainly," said Duplay. He was in good humour, better perhaps than if his chief had proved more signally successful. Harry turned to him, smiling.

"I saw Madame Zabriska last night, at Lady Tristram's house. She's forsaken you, Major?"

"Mina's very busy about something," smiled the Major.

"Yes, she generally is," said Harry, frowning a little. "If she tells you anything about me——"

"I'm not to believe it?"

"You may believe it, but not the way she puts it," laughed Harry.

"Now there's an end of business! Walk down to the Imperium with me, Harry, and have a bit of lunch. You've earned it, eh? How do you like the feeling of making money?"

"Well, I think it might grow on a man. What's your experience?"

"Sometimes better than this morning, or I should hardly have been your neighbour at Fairholme."

The two walked off together, leaving Duplay and Sloyd very amicable. Iver was thoughtful.

"You did that well," he said as they turned the corner into Berkeley Square.

"I suppose I learnt to bluff a bit when I was at Blent."

"That was all right, but—well, how did you put your finger on the figure?"

"I don't know. It looked like being about that, you know."

"It was very exactly that," admitted Iver.

"Rather a surprise to find our friend the Major going into business with you."

"He'll be useful, I think, and—well, I'm short of help." He was eyeing Harry now, but he said no more about the morning's transaction till they reached the club.

"Perhaps we shall find Neeld here," he remarked, as they went in.

They did find Neeld, and also Lord Southend, the latter gentleman in a state of disturbance about his curry. It was not what any man would seriously call a curry; it was no more than a fortuitous concurrence of mutton and rice.

It's an extraordinary thing," he observed to Iver, "that whenever Wilmot Edge is away, the curries in this club go to the devil—to the devil. And he's always going off somewhere, confound him!"

"He can't be expected to stay at home just to look after your curry," Iver suggested.

"I suppose he's in South America, or South Africa, or South somewhere or other out of reach. Waiter!" The embarrassed servant came. "When is Colonel Edge expected back?"

"In a few weeks, I believe, my lord."

"Who's Chairman of the Committee while he's away?"

"Mr. Gore-Marston, my lord."

"There—what can you expect?" He pushed away his plate. "Bring me some cold beef," he commanded, and the waiter brought it with an air that said "Ichabod" for the Imperium. "As soon as ever Edge comes back, I shall draw his attention to the curry."

Everybody else had rather lost their interest in the subject. Neeld and Harry were in conversation. Iver sat down by Southend, and, while lunch was preparing, endeavoured to distract his mind by giving him a history of the morning. Southend, too, was concerned in Blinkhampton. Gradually the curry was forgotten as he listened to the story of Harry's victory.

"Sort of young fellow who might be useful?" he suggested presently.

"That's what I was thinking. He's quite ready to work too, I fancy."

Southend regarded his friend. He was thinking if this and that happened—and they were things now within the bounds of possibility—Iver might live to be sorry that Harry was not to be his son-in-law. Hastily and in ignorance he included Janie in the scope of this supposed regret. But at this moment the guilty and incompetent Mr. Gore-Marston had the misfortune to come in. Southend, all his grievance revived,

fell on him tooth and nail. His defence was feeble; he admitted that he knew next to nothing of curries, and—yes, the cook did get careless when Wilmot Edge's vigilant eye was removed.

"He'll be home soon," Gore-Marston pleaded. "I've had a letter from him; he's just got back to civilisation after being out in the wilderness, shooting, for six weeks. He'll be here in a month now, I think."

"We shall have to salary him to stay," growled Southend.

Harry was amused at this little episode and listened smiling. Possessing a knowledge of curries seemed an odd way to acquire importance for a fellow creature, a strange reason for a man's return being desired. He knew who Wilmot Edge was, and it was funny to hear of him again in connection with curries. And curries seemed the only reason why anybody should be interested in Colonel Edge's return. Not till they met again in the smoking-room were the curries finally forgotten.

In later days Harry came to look back on that afternoon as the beginning of many new things for him. Iver and Southend talked; old Mr. Neeld sat by, listening with the interest of a man who feels he has missed something in life and would fain learn, even though he is too old to turn the knowledge to account. Harry found himself listening too, but in a different way.

They were not talking idly; they talked for him. That much he soon discerned. And they were not offering to help him. His vigilant pride, still sore from the blow that Cecily had dealt it, was on the look-out for that. But the triumph of the morning, no less than the manner of the men, reassured him. It is in its way an exciting moment for a young man when he first receives proof that his seniors, the men of actual achievement and admitted ability, think that there is something in him, that he can be of service to them, that it is in his power, if it be in his will, to emerge from the ruck and take a leading place. Harry was glad for

himself; he would have been touched had he spared time to observe how delighted old Neeld was on his account. They made him no gift; they asked work from him, and Iver, true to his traditions and ingrained ideas, asked money as a guarantee for the work. "You give me back what I'm going to pay you," he said, "and since you've taken such an interest in Blinkhampton, turn to and see what you can make of it. It looked as if there was a notion or two worth considering in those plans of yours."

Southend agreed to every suggestion with an emphatic nod. But there was something more in his mind. With every evidence of capability that Harry showed, even with every increase in the chances of his attaining position and wealth for himself, the prospect of success in the other scheme —the scheme still secret—grew brighter. The thought of that queer little woman Madame Zabriska, Harry's champion, came into his mind. He would have something to tell her, if ever they met again at Lady Evenswood's. He would have something to tell Lady Evenswood herself too. He quite forgot his curry—and Colonel Wilmot Edge, who derived his importance from it.

Nothing was settled; there were only suggestions for Harry to think over. But he was left quite clear that everything depended on himself alone, that he had only to will and to work, and a career of prosperous activity was before him. The day had more than fulfilled its promise; what had seemed its great triumph appeared now to be valuable only as an introduction and a prelude to something larger and more real. Already he was looking back with some surprise on the extreme gravity which he had attached to his little Blinkhampton speculation. He grew very readily where he was given room to grow; and all the while there was the impulse to show himself—and others too—that he did not depend on Blent or on having Blent. Blent or no Blent, he was a man who could make himself felt. He was on his trial still of course; but he did not doubt of the verdict. When a thing

depended for success or failure on Harry alone, Harry had never been in the habit of doubting the result. The Major had noticed that trait in days which seemed now quite long ago; the Major had not liked it, but in the affairs of life it probably had some value.

Except for one thing he seemed to be well settled into his new existence. People had stopped staring at him. They had almost ceased to talk of him. He was rapidly becoming a bygone story. Even to himself it seemed months since he had been Tristram of Blent; he had no idea that any plans were afoot concerning him which found their basis and justification in his having filled that position. Except for one thing he was quit of it all. But that remained, and in such strength as to colour all the new existence. The business of the day had not driven out the visions of the morning. Real things should drive out fancies; it is serious, perhaps deplorable, when the real things seem to derive at least half their importance from the relation that they bear to the fancies. Perhaps the proper conclusion would be that in such a case the fancies too have their share of reality.

"Neeld and I go down to Fairholme to-morrow, Harry," said Iver as they parted. "No chance of seeing you down there, I suppose?"

Neeld thought the question rather brutal; Iver's feelings were not perhaps of the finest. But Harry was apparently unconscious of anything that grated.

"Really I don't suppose I shall ever go there again," he answered with a laugh. "Off with the old love, you know, Mr. Neeld!"

"Oh, don't say that," protested Southend.

There was a hint of some meaning in his speech which made Harry turn to him with quick attention.

"Blent's a mere memory to me," he declared.

The three elder men were silent, but they seemed to receive what he said with scepticism.

"Well, that's the only way, isn't it?" he asked.

"Just at present, I suppose," Southend said to him in a low voice, as he shook hands.

These few words, with the subdued hint they carried, reinforced the strength of the visions. Harry was rather full of his own will and proud of his own powers just now—perhaps with some little excuse. But he began, thanks to the bearing of these men and to the obstinate thoughts of his own mind, to feel still dimly that it was a difficult thing to forget and to get rid of the whole of a life, to make an entirely fresh start, to be quite a different man. Unsuspected chains revealed themselves with each new motion towards liberty. Absolute detachment had been his ideal. He awoke with a start to the fact that he was still, in the main, living with and moving among people who smacked strong of Blent, who had known him as Tristram of Blent, whose lives had crossed his because he was Addie Tristram's son. That was true of even his new acquaintance Lady Evenswood—truer still of Neeld, of Southend, aye, of Sloyd and the Major—most true of his cousin Cecily. This interdependence of its periods is what welds life into a whole; even able and wilful young men have, for good and evil, to reckon with it. Otherwise morality would be in a bad case, and even logic rather at sea. The disadvantage is that the difficulties in the way of heroic or dramatic conduct are materially increased.

Yes, he was not to escape, not to forget. That day one scene more awaited him which rose out of Blent and belonged to Blent. The Imp made an appointment by telegram, and the Imp came. Harry could no longer regard his bachelor-chambers as any barrier against the incursions of excited young women. Anything that concerned the Tristrams seemed naturally anti-pathetic to conventions. He surrendered and let Mina in; that he wanted to see her—her for want of a better—was not recognised by him. She was in a great temper, and he was soon inclined to regret his accessibility. Still he endured; for it was an absolutely final interview, she said. She had just come to tell him what she thought of him

—and there was an end of it. Then she was going back to Merrion and she hoped Cecily was coming with her. He—Harry—would not be there anyhow!

"Certainly not," he agreed. "But what's the matter, Madame Zabriska? You don't complain that I didn't accept—that I couldn't fall in with my cousin's peculiar ideas?"

"Oh, you can't get out of it like that! You know that isn't the point."

"What in the world is then?" cried Harry. "There's nothing else the matter, is there?"

Mina could hardly sit still for rage; she was on pins.

"Nothing else?" She gathered herself together for the attack. "What did you take her to dinner and to the theatre for? What did you bring her home for?"

"I wanted to be friendly. I wanted to soften what I had to say."

"To soften it! Not you! Shall I tell you what you wanted, Mr. Tristram? Sometimes men seem to know so little about themselves!"

"If you'll philosophise on the subject of men—about which you know a lot, of course—I'll listen with pleasure."

"It's the horrible selfishness of the thing. Why didn't you send her away directly? Oh no; you kept her, you made yourself pleasant, you made her think you liked her——"

"What?"

"You never thought of anything but yourself all the way through. You were lecturing her? Oh, no! You were posing and posturing. Being very fine and very heroic! And then at the end you turned round and—and as good as struck her in the face. Oh, I hope she'll never speak to you again!"

"Did she send you to say this?"

"Of course not."

"Yes, of course not! You're right there. If it had happened to be in any way your business——"

"Ah!" cried the Imp triumphantly. "You've no answer, so you turn round and abuse me! But I don't care. I meant to tell you what I thought of you, and I've done it."

"A post-card would have done it as well," Harry suggested.

"But you've gone too far; oh yes, you have. If you ever change your mind——"

"What about? Oh, don't talk nonsense, Madame Zabriska."

"It's not nonsense. You behaved even worse than I think if you're not at least half in love with her."

Harry threw a quick glance at her.

"That would be very unlucky for me," he suggested.

"Very—now," said the Imp, with every appearance of delight.

"London will be dull without you, Madame Zabriska."

"I'm not going to take any more trouble about you, anyhow.

He rose and walked over to her.

"In the end," he said more seriously, "what's your complaint against me?"

"You've made Cecily terribly unhappy."

"I couldn't help it. She—she did an impossible thing."

"After which you made her spend the evening with you! Even a Tristram must have had a reason for that."

"I've told you. I felt friendly and I wanted her to be friendly. And I like her. The whole thing's a ludicrous trifle." He paused a moment and added: "I'm sorry if she's distressed."

"You've made everything impossible—that's all."

"I don't understand. It so happens that to-day all sorts of things have begun to seem possible to me. Perhaps you've seen your uncle?"

"Yes, I have—and—and it would have been splendid if you hadn't treated her as you did."

"You hint at something I know nothing about." He was growing angry again. "I really believe I could manage my own affairs." He returned to his pet grievance.

"You don't understand? Well, you will soon." She grew cooler as her mischievous pleasure in puzzling him overcame her wrath. "You'll know what you've done soon."

"Shall I? How shall I find it out?"

"You'll be sorry when—when a certain thing happens."

He threw himself into a chair with a peevish laugh.

"I confess your riddles rather bore me. Is there any answer to this one?"

"Yes, very soon. I've been to see Lady Evenswood."

"She knows the answer, does she?"

"Perhaps." Her animation suddenly left her. "But I suppose it's all no use now," she said dolefully.

They sat silent for a minute or two, Harry seeming to fall into a fit of abstraction.

"What did you mean by saying I oughtn't to have taken her to dinner and so on?" he asked, as Mina rose to go.

She shook her head. "I've nothing more to say," she declared.

"And you say I'm half in love with her?"

"Yes, I do," she snapped viciously as she turned towards the door. But she looked back at him before she went out.

"As far as that goes," he said slowly, "I'm not sure you're wrong, Madame Zabriska. But I could never marry her."

The Imp launched a prophecy, confidently, triumphantly, maliciously.

"Before very long she'll be the one to say that, and you've got yourself to thank for it too! Good-bye!"

She was gone. Harry sat down and slowly filled and lit his pipe. It was probably all nonsense; but again he recollected Cecily's words: "If ever the time comes, I shall remember!"

Whatever might be the state of his feelings towards her, or of hers towards him, a satisfactory outcome seemed impossible. And somehow this notion had the effect of spoiling the success of the day for Harry Tristram; so that amongst the Imp's whirling words there was perhaps a grain or two of wisdom. At least his talk with her did not make Harry's visions less constant or less intense.

(*To be continued.*)

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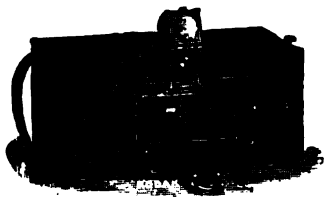

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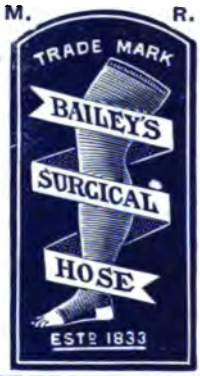

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